Jan. 2, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

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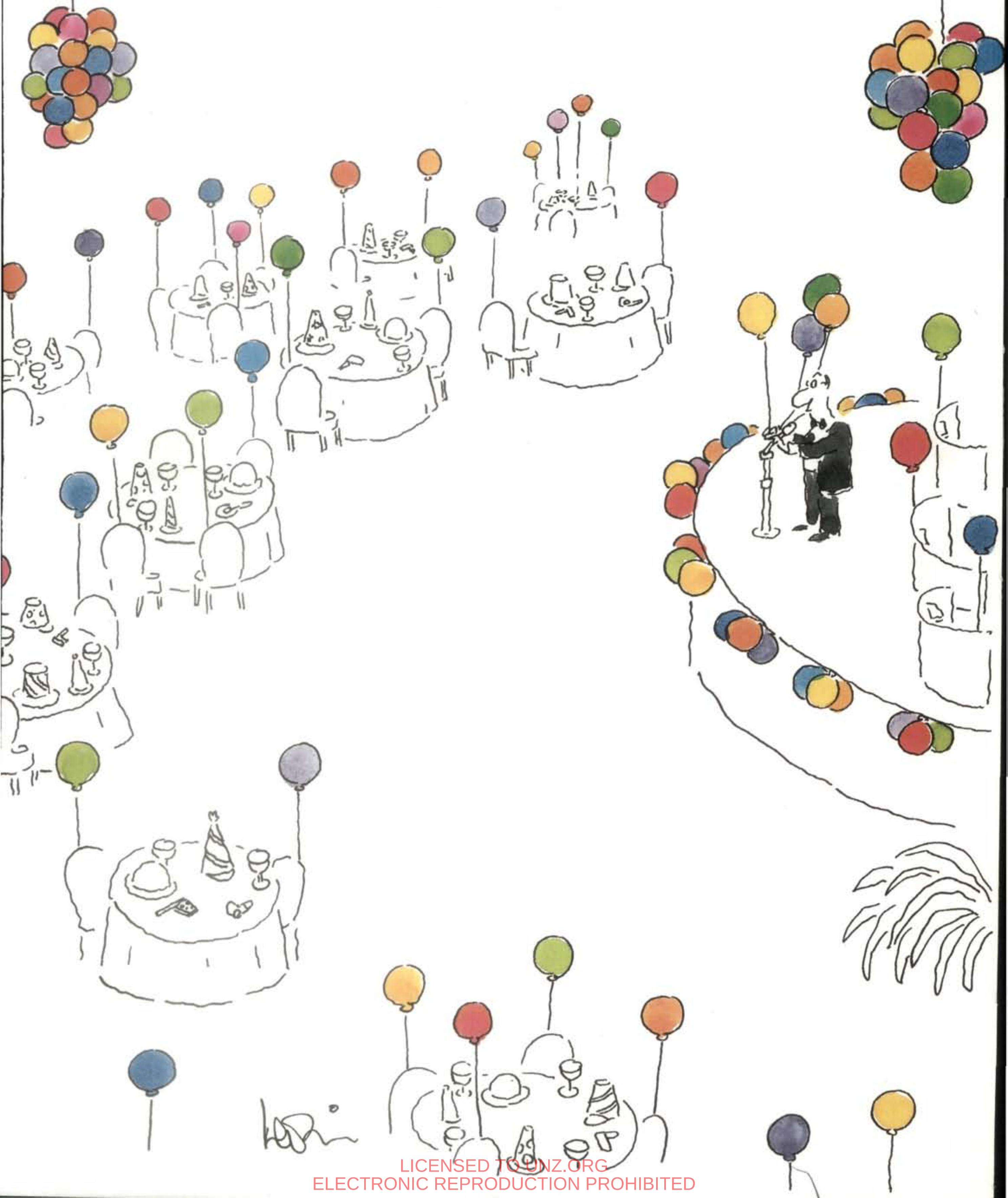

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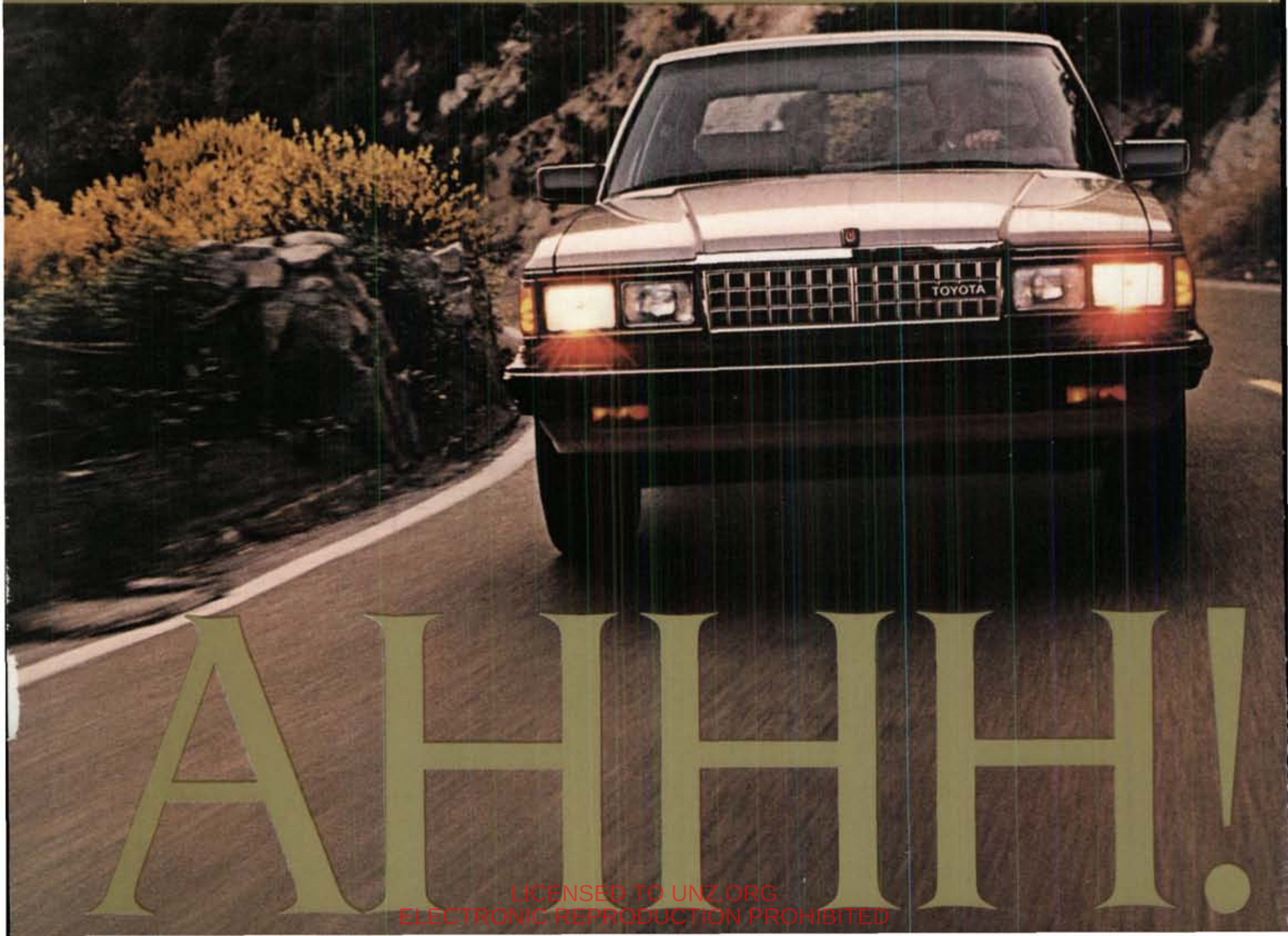

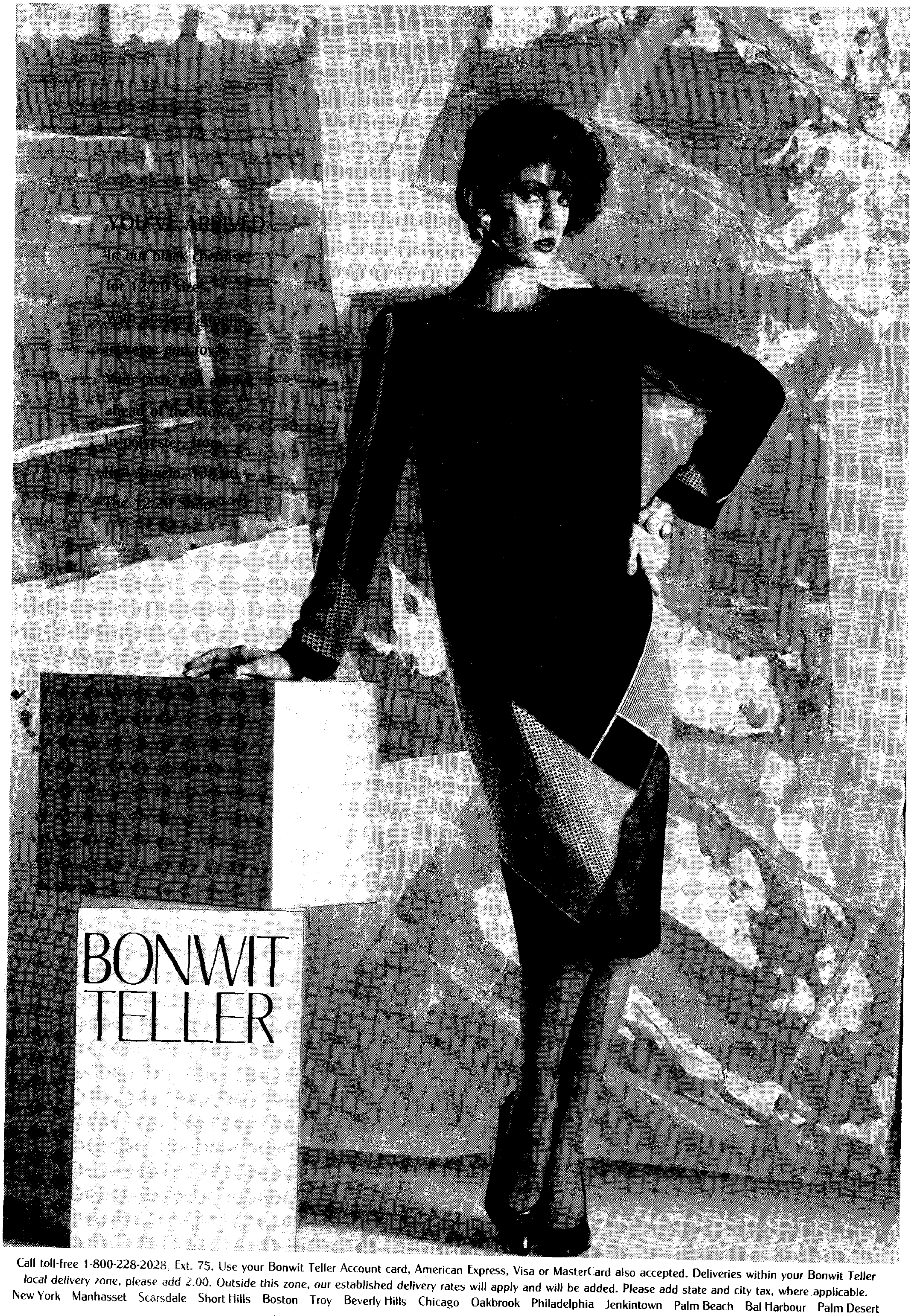

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—James O'Neill played in "The Count of Monte Cristo" for many decades, and Al Pacino is likely to do the same with David Mamet's harsh comedy about grifters in the lower depths of Chicago. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/83.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A pleasant comedy about life in England during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor and directed by Terry Kinney. (12/12/83) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby—A musical that is just the ticket for gynecologists and obstetricians, but of less interest to ordinary theatregoers. The cast is numerous and oddly enthusiastic. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby with the Bathwater—Christopher Durang is, line by line, one of the funniest satirists around. The target, this time, is parents. They are played by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy; Keith Reddin is their put-upon offspring; and Kate McGregor-Stewart and Leslie Geraci appear in multiple roles. All of them perform to perfection under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks. (11/21/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays and New Year's Eve at 7; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Conrad Bishop and Elizabeth Fuller, ***full hookup.*** Previews Wednesday, Dec. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 29, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2.)

Damnée Manon, Sacrée Sandra—A drama by the Canadian playwright Michael Tremblay, translated by John Van Burek. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Doonesbury—Garry Trudeau's celebrated comic strip comes agreeably to life in a musical that demonstrates Trudeau's gift for writing clever lyrics. The music is by Elizabeth Swados. (12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2.)

The Glass Menagerie—An admirable production of Tennessee Williams' first big success. Jessica Tandy is a formidable Amanda Wingfield; also in the cast are Bruce Davison, Amanda Plummer, and John Heard. John Dexter directed. (12/12/83) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Heartbreak House—Shaw, paying homage to Chekhov, wrote this play as what he called "A Fantasia in the Russian Manner," its subject being the decline of England during the period of the First World War. Rex Harrison makes a magnificent Captain Shotover. (12/19/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St., west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Jo Henderson, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Christine Rose, Chip Zien, and with Betty Comden (as Mother). (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Lady and the Clarinet—A woman presumably in her thirties recounts and reënacts the three most telling sexual adventures of her life for the benefit of a clarinettist who responds only musically. Michael Cristofer's script has its shortcomings, but it is undeniably theatrical and sometimes funny. The acting, under Gordon Davidson's direction, is first-rate. Stockard Channing is the lady, and Kevin Geer, Paul Rudd, and Josef Sommer are the objects of her affections. Jay Dryer is the eloquent clarinettist, who plays Stanley Silverman's music. (12/12/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Friday, Jan. 6, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 30, at 7 and 10.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Friday, Dec. 30: Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 4: Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 28-30, at 2 and 8; Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 5-6, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 3:30 and 8.)

Mirror Theatre Company—Two revivals, opening a season of alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS,** and Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page. (Mirror Theatre, 320 W. 46th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 279-4200.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

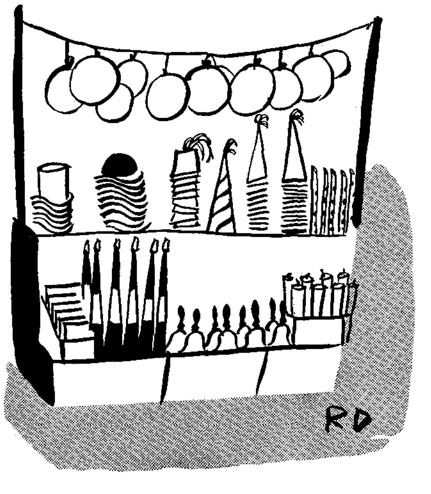
Negro Ensemble Company—The enthralling jazz saxophone of Wendell Brooks propels the action of **PUPPETPLAY,** a poetic story of two young women who are held captive by a masculine puppet. Pearl Cleage is the dramatist, Seret Scott and Phylicia Ayers-Allen are the women, and Brad Brewer designed and manipulates the puppet. Clinton Turner Davis directed the fine performance for the Negro Ensemble Company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; New Year's Eve at 7; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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A Private View—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (12/5/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Frances Cuka. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7:30; New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Dec. 28, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 8.)

The Real Thing—A new comedy by Tom Stoppard, imported from London, and with Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. Mike Nichols is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 4. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 5. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7 and 10.)

Sound and Beauty—A pair of one-acters by the extremely gifted young playwright David Henry Hwang. The first of them is a fantasy based on a novel by Yasunari Kawabata; the second is a satire about an Oriental warrior who sees himself in more heroic terms than does the unfortunate woman he falls in love with. John Lone, who directed both plays, is very good as the lead in the second. With Victor Wong, Ching Valdes, and Natsuko Ohama. (11/21/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 30, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 30, at 3.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A truncated version of the Bizet opera, with Carmen as a doomed slut and Don José as a murderer four times over. The chief instigator of this travesty is the director, Peter Brook. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Eddie Albert and Colleen Dewhurst. (4/18/83) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,848 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7:30; New Year's Eve at 6 and 9; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday at 7 and 10; and Saturday at 6 and 9. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7; New Year's Eve at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays and New Year's Eve at 7; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Dennis Quaid and Randy Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Special matinée Friday, Dec. 30, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8:30 and 11:30; Sundays at 8:30; New Year's Eve at 8:30 and 12:30; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30 and 11; and New Year's Eve at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 5:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 29.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Final performances of the annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 11 and 7:30; New Year's Day at 4 and 7:30; Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 3-4, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Final performances of this one-ring circus. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 28-30, at 1 and 4; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 8; and Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2, at 1 and 4. For information about tickets, call 362-2500.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Princess Ida." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, and Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 3-6, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 7.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 6; Thursday, Dec. 29, at 6; Friday, Dec. 30, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Mozartiana," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Ballet d'Isoline," "Glass Pieces," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8: "In G Major," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

BALLETFORE—"Magic Nutcracker." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 7.)

KAROLE ARMITAGE—With her dance company in the New York première of "Paradise," a full-length work. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Monday, Jan. 5-9, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, the **JAKI BYARD** trio will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty, and a New Year's Eve show that will begin about eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Singer **SHIRLEY HORN** and her trio will alternate with singer Carol Fredette's trio on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 28-29; singer **CARMEN MC RAE** and her quartet will perform with tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** Friday through Sunday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, and Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 3-8; and Monday, Jan. 2, will be given over to the Carol Chaiken–Laura Dreyer quintet and the Amy Duncan trio. Sets begin after nine-thirty. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 28, **ERIC ANDERSEN;** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, the Turtles, with Flo & Eddie and "Weird Al" Yankovic; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, **NRBQ.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On New Year's Eve, shows at nine-thirty and one-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians are pianists and bassists: **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Dec. 31. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is graced by the presence of **BOBBY SHORT,** his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** and his drummer, **ROBBIE SCOTT,** through Saturday, Dec. 31. On Tuesday, Jan. 3, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** a melodist always, will move in for a two-month stay. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight; on New Year's Eve at eleven and one. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** a delicate, elegantly swinging piano soloist given to playing short, abbreviated sets, works here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Dec. 28, Pinhead, Mood Elevators, New Toys, and the Academy; Thursday, Dec. 29, La Guapa Papa, Walter Steding, Regressive Aid, and Play by Numbers; Friday, Dec. 30, the Ned Sublette Band, Nonpareil, the Posters, and L.E.S.R.; Saturday, Dec. 31, Human Switchboard, the Del Lords, and Hoy Boy & the Doys; and Monday, Jan. 2, the Go-Betweens. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, **ALBERTA HUNTER** sings here, and Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-thirty, belong to singer Laura Theodore. Dining. On New Year's Eve, there will be one show, at ten.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, Dec. 28, Carol Freeman and Aharon Bensoussan, and Saturday, Jan. 7, Charged Particles. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Jan. 1, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra will be on hand. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio can be heard. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Right now the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** is here with his latest quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, Dec. 29, Hugo Napier and Jane Brucker; Friday,

POP SCHULTZ'S MKT
tom funk

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 30, Citizen Kafka Band; Saturday, Dec. 31, the Bermuda Triangle and the Washington Squares; Monday, Jan. 2, Steve & Mark; and Saturday, Jan. 7, Ronee Blakley. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. The roster: Wednesday, Dec. 28, pianist RONNIE MATHEWS; Thursday, Dec. 29, pianist Kenny Brawner; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, Raw Sugar; Sunday, Jan. 1, pianist BROOKS KERR; Monday through Thursday, Jan. 2-5, pianist ANDY LAVERNE and guitarist VIC JURIS; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, pianist MICKEY TUCKER'S trio. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, singer Alicia Sherman and the Matt McErlean trio are on the stand; on Mondays pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and on Tuesdays CHUCK WAYNE, whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson is present.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride specialist DICK WELLSTOOD is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard on Sundays, and Mondays belong to DICK HYMAN. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining. Closed New Year's Eve.

JASMINE, 168 W. 96th St. (662-6665)—Contemporary, up-to-date, downtown-quality jazz on the upper West Side. Tenor saxophonist LEW TABAKIN guides a quintet through Sunday, Jan. 1; pianist RAY BRYANT will begin working with bassist JIMMY ROWSER on Tuesday, Jan. 3. Mondays are the property of pianist MIKE NOCK and bassist ANTHONY COX. Music from about ten until about two-thirty. Dining.

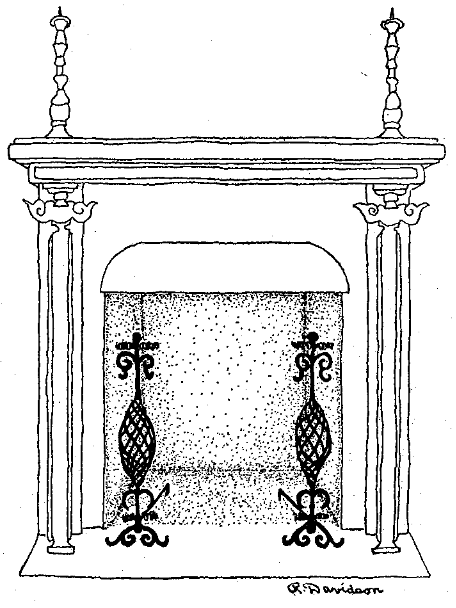
KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. The good listeners get to hear the regular Sunday-and-Monday men, pianist JUNIOR MANCE and bassist MARTY RIVERA, who are here every night for the next couple of weeks. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 28-29, Steve Morse; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, Six Gun and Blackwater; Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 4-5, JAMES BROWN; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, Bud Moffett and the Carter Brothers band. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable unpretentious jazz club. Singer and lyricist JON HENDRICKS and his singing family are on hand through Saturday, Dec. 31, supplemented on New Year's Eve by pianist JORGE DALTO & HIS INTER-AMERICAN BAND. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 5-7, the Dalto band will again be on the stand. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—JACKIE CAIN and ROY KRAL—JACKIE & ROY to their ardent fans—are devoting themselves to the music of Cy Coleman through Saturday, Dec. 31. On Tuesday, Jan. 3, Julie Wilson will begin singing Cole Porter's songs. Music from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The partial lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 28, singer Mark Sadane, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, singer CARMEN LUNDY. Music from ten until two. Dining.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Dec. 28, Modulators, Dick Tracey, and Urgence; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, the PERSUASIONS and, on Friday and Saturday, Premises Premises; Monday, Jan. 2, Band Next Door, Future Fuzz, and End to End; Wednesday, Jan. 4, the Janie Barnett band, the Backsters, Joey Ace, and the Deal; Thursday, Jan. 5, White Noise, Strate A's, and 4-Way Ping; Friday, Jan. 6, the Tapes and No Vacancy; and Saturday, Jan. 7, Pluto Pluck & the I-Witness. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing. Closed New Year's Day.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Dec. 30, Panther Burns; Saturday, Dec. 31, the Waitresses and Dez Dickerson; Friday, Jan. 6, Indoor Life; and Saturday, Jan. 7, Nitecaps. Wednesdays and Thursdays are in the hands of the resident d.j.s and v.j.s. Live music from after eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor where SY OLIVER leads his bounce septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Dec. 28, Aerosmith; Thursday, Dec. 29, the RAMONES; Saturday, Dec. 31, the Scandal; Thursday, Jan. 5, MARTHA REEVES, Ronnie Spector, and the Crystals; and Saturday, Jan. 7, Specimen. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Dec. 28, the GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, trumpet ace JON FADDIS and his quintet; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 5-6, saxophonist BOB MINTZER'S sextet; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 7-8, drummer RONNIE BURRAGE'S quintet. Music from nine-thirty. On New Year's Eve, shows will be at ten-thirty and one-thirty. Closed Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become *percussionists: they are given* previously emptied and mysteriously resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. The roster: Wednesday, Dec. 28, La Troupe Makandal; Thursday, Dec. 29, OLATUNJI; Friday, Dec. 30, African Connection; Saturday, Dec. 31, and Tuesday, Jan. 3, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND; Wednesday, Jan. 4, Mario Rivera; Thursday, Jan. 5, Kimati Dinizulu; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, PÉ-DE-BOI. Music from about ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist, flutist, monologuist, and wag JAMES MOODY leads a combo through Sunday, Jan. 1; Monday, Jan. 2, violinist and composer LEROY JENKINS will direct his group, Sting; and starting Tuesday, Jan. 3, bassist RICHARD DAVIS will guide a quintet involving trumpeter HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON, saxophonist RICKY FORD, pianist KENNY BARRON, and drummer FREDDIE WAITS. Shows from nine-thirty. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: On Jan. 2, MANNY OQUENDO'S *LIBRE and Hector Lequillow y la Sensual '83* will share the stage, along with guest jazz soloist, trumpeter Terrance Blanchard. Friday, Dec. 30, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at eight and eleven, singer PHYLLIS HYMAN will appear. . . . ¶ In the Top of the Gate, on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, drummer ART BLAKEY and his latest batch of JAZZ MESSENGERS will perform, along with singer Ruth Brisbane and the New Orleans Serenaders, after nine-thirty. Dancing. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, ROLAND HANNA and RON MC CLURE handle piano-bass duets after nine-thirty until Saturday, Dec. 31; on Tuesday, Jan. 3, HILTON RUIZ and MAJOR HOLLEY will take charge. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN alternates with the duo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Pianist MC COY TYNER leads a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 1; on Tuesday, Jan. 3, alto saxophonist ARTHUR BLYTHE and his quartet take over. The MEL LEWIS BIG BAND supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The pianists: Wednesday, Dec. 28, Sheree Sano; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, Carl Borelli; and Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 5-8, Richard Shulman. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS will occupy the stand through Saturday, Dec. 31. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** can be found in the midst of piano-bass duets through Saturday, Dec. 31. On Tuesday, Jan. 3, the podium will be preëmpted by pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER.** Music from eight, except Mondays. Closed New Year's Day.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Ann Reinking—In a program called "One More Song One More Dance." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 3 and 8.)

tevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble—With Outlaws and Nighthawks. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8.)

Collin Walcott and Nana Vasconcelos—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 8.

Manhattan Transfer—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Salute to Hank Jones—Mr. Jones will be there, along with Billy Taylor, Clark Terry, Al Cohn, George Duvivier, and Bob Durham. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

ART

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open uesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 1 to between 5 and 6. Many will be closed aturday, Dec. 31, or will close early on that ay.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

lly Al Bengston—Three-dimensional watercolor collages, plus five small wood tables. Through Jan. 14. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

aul-Émile Borduas (1905-60)—*Automatiste* abstractions by this Canadian artist, whose work was characterized by broad swipes of paint, laid on as with a trowel. Through Jan. 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Saturday through Monday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, from noon to 6.)

oseph Cornell (1903-72)—A selection of boxes and collages inspired by ballerinas, past and present. Through Jan. 20. (Feigen, 113 E. 79th St.)

alter Hatke—Realist landscapes on canvas and paper. Through Jan. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

arino Marini (1901-80)—Sculptures, paintings, and prints dealing primarily with his favored theme of the horse and rider. Through Jan. 14. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Kuo Saito—Recent color-field acrylics on canvas. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

roup Shows—At the **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Bacon, Balthus, and Baselitz are the first three (alphabetically) of the nineteen artists in the current show, dedicated to Willem de Kooning, who, of course, is also represented. Through Jan. 21. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St.: Three New York School artists—Adolph Gottlieb and Robert Motherwell (paintings) and David Smith (sculptures). Through Wednesday, Jan. 4. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by a half-dozen Cobra artists. Through Jan. 14. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works on paper by Léger, Matisse, Dubuffet, Picasso, et al. Through Jan. 14. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Two small works apiece by forty-two artists, among them Kit-Yin Snyder, Mary Ann Unger, and Charles Seplowin. Through Tuesday, Jan. 3. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Toys designed and made by more than fifty artists, among them Judy Rifka, John Willenbecher, Louise Bourgeois, and Victor Faccinto. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Paul Cadmus—A selection of drawings, mostly figure studies, ranging over a period of nearly sixty years. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Willem de Kooning—A show of paintings from 1969 to the present which coincides with his retrospective at the Whitney. Through Jan. 27. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Martha Diamond / Joseph Nechvatal—Abstractions from cityscapes. / Drawings of a political nature in which an endless stream of figures seems to be welling up into the picture plane. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Large new works in which streaks of thick, poured-on paint are superimposed on the colorful stains characteristic of her canvases. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Hard-edge semi-abstract works in pencil and acrylic depicting the Brooklyn Bridge, the sea, and the Greek ruins at Paestum. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Drawings and collages by a Spanish artist known primarily for his tapestries, two of which are on view. Through Jan. 31. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Gershon Iskowitz—Twenty new abstract paintings; also, six drawings done during the forties, while this Polish-born artist was interned at Auschwitz and at Buchenwald. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Collage paintings, most of them incorporating found objects from Tibet (pieces of old rugs, of manuscripts). Through Tuesday, Jan. 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Alfred Jensen (1903-81)—Astronomical notations and arithmetic progressions painted in heavily impastoed, vivid colors. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closes at 3 on Friday, Dec. 30; closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Philip Johnson—Photographs and original models of his designs for private residences (including his own) and for public buildings (the A.T. & T. headquarters nearing completion in New York). Through Friday, Dec. 30. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.)

Steve Keister / Donald Sultan—Sculptures. / Charcoal drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Kirschen-Cole / Forrest Moses—Collages fashioned from handmade paper, stamps, bits of thread, and pieces of canvas. / Paintings that are closeups of water flowing over rocks in the Rio Grande and other rivers in New Mexico. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Frank Lobdell—Recent abstract paintings and monotypes. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)—A hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by a German modernist. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alice Neel and Elaine de Kooning—Portraits by both, plus a selection of paintings by the latter from her series based on a public statue of Bacchus, located in Paris. Through Jan. 14. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Quintero—Oils and drawings by a Spanish realist. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by this School of Paris painter. Through Jan. 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—Early constructions (of wire, plaster, and twine) and late welded-steel sculptures (these seen in public for the first time) bracket a memorial exhibition of twenty-five works. Through Jan. 21. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Late paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

George Woodman—Large paintings and screens in which human figures are seen among decorative patterns, usually floral. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Sarah Canright and D. Jack Solomon, and two wall installations by Don Dudley. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: A pastel by William Beckman and a painting by Jack Beal are two works in a show of gallery artists. Through Thursday, Jan. 5. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St.: A small sterling-silver reclining figure by Henry Moore is included in an exhibit of primarily twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and graphics. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **JANIS,** 110 W. 57th St.: "Post-Graffiti" has paintings and sculptures by eighteen young artists who, as the title suggests, first practiced their talents on city streets and subways. Keith Haring, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Futura 2000, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by New York artists of Latin-American or Caribbean heritage, including Luis Cruz Azaceta, Rafael Ferrer, and Pedro Perez. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **PROTETCH,** 37 W. 57th St.: Siah Armajani, Scott Burton, Jackie Ferrara, Richard Fleischner, and Mary Miss, five sculptors exhibiting models, drawings, and small sculptures representing their outdoor commissions; Burton has a prototype for a terrazzo subway bench. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Howard Buchwald—Abstract oils on linen; the surfaces are perforated in a pattern of conic sections. Through Jan. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closes at 3 on Friday, Dec. 30; closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Dale Chihuly / Jacques Henri Lartigue—Abstract

blown-glass sculptures. / Photographs, recently printed from the original negatives, of life in France from La Belle Époque to the mid-thirties. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Masao Gozu—Twenty photographs of a Bowery bar window, taken over six years, during which time an aspidistra waxes and dies and the owner changes the name from Harry's to Harold's, perhaps to avoid confusion with the Harry's in Venice. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Keith Haring—Totem sculptures fourteen feet tall, wood cutouts of figures and abstractions, and paintings in vinyl ink, crowding walls that the artist has covered with red candy-striped decorations. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Ronald America Kleemann / Murray Alcosser—Photo-Realist paintings in which, for instance, every highlight on a fire truck gleams, by an artist whose newly acquired middle name is a patriotic gesture. / Color photographs of things like bacon and eggs, doll heads, and a pile of nails. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Lizbeth Mitty—Landscapes of middle-class urban areas painted in a funky style on acrylic-stained canvas. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Shari Urquhart / Frances Cohen Gillespie—Hooked rugs with a garish, Punk-art quality. / Paintings of still-lifes of flower arrangements and their reflections in mirrors. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31.)

Daisy Youngblood / David Nelson—Figurative sculptures done in unglazed, low-fired clay. / Sculptural lamps combining welded steel and Plexiglas. Through Thursday, Jan. 5. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Nuclear war, the aftermath of nuclear war, natural disasters, doomsday, and just impending doom are the subjects for a large group of works by a great many contemporary artists. Through Jan. 22. (Tuesdays through Sundays, except New Year's Day, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **eno,** 101 Wooster St.: This ten-year-old coöperative gallery is showing all kinds of works by its members. Through Jan. 28. (Opens at noon.) . . . **14 sculptors,** 164 Mercer St.: A tenth-anniversary exhibit by founding and present members of this coöperative. Accounted for are Margaret Miller, Allan Cyprys, and David Brooks, among others. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **manhattan art,** 81 Greene St.: A mechanical installation called "Thought Drain," by Dennis Oppenheim, and a portrait of William Burroughs by Les Levine are two of the works in this show of twenty-nine artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 31.

Sculpture—"Varieties of Sculptural Ideas," a show of sixty artists, both contemporary (Bourgeois, Aycock, di Suvero) and from earlier days (Giacometti, Lachaise). Through Jan. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Kate Sutphin—Religious figures are prominent in these semi-abstract paintings. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Michael Tracy—Textured sculptural works centered on religious symbols and intended by the artist as commentary on Latin-American political events. Through Jan. 21. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Alison Wilding—Sculptures made of rubber, copper, brass, slate, lead, and other elements by this British artist. First solo show in New York. Through Jan. 14. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Eleven vintage prints, among other works. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

André Kertész—Twenty-two recently printed color photographs; some of the original transparencies reach back into the early fifties. Through Jan. 14. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

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Doug Prince—Photographic works (some surreal, some just straight prints) from the past dozen years. Through Jan. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Aaron Siskind—An eightieth-birthday show of photographs completed in the past four years, plus a few earlier prints. Through Jan. 21. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Roman Vishniac—About fifty prints by a photographer who, at risk to himself, recorded life in Jewish communities of Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939. Through Jan. 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, including New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **jewish museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Two exhibits representing recent efforts to document Jewish experience in the Soviet Union—"Hidden Lives," a collaboration by Nodar Djindjihashvili and Albert Ben-Zion, has fifty-five prints and is the realization of a two-year, twenty-thousand-mile surreptitious odyssey. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight works by Bill Aron, whose subjects live in Leningrad, Minsk, and Moscow. Through March 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **schomburg center,** 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.: "14 Photographers," a show with ten times that many works, either allegorical (Albert Chong, Jon Thomas) or documentary (Marilyn Nance, Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe). Through Jan. 24. (Mondays, except Jan. 2, through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **staley-wise,** 177 Prince St.: Prints by fourteen well-known photographers (Bill Brandt, Elliott Erwitt, Louise Dahl-Wolfe) accompanied by Pat Booth's portraits of the artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Opens at noon; closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. A complementary show of drawings for ballet, theatre, and film costumes is at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century American painter and exponent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of Chinese garden and flower paintings, twelfth century to eighteenth, from the museum's collection. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A hundred drawings from the museum's collection which are eminent examples of all the major artistic movements from Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurative styles of the fifties. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Pollock, Diebenkorn, others. Through Tuesday, Jan. 3, after which the museum's welcome mat will be rolled up and its front doors closed until late spring. (Open daily, except Wednesday, Dec. 28, from 11 to 6; open Thursday evening, Dec. 29, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933," the second of three exhibits (being held at two-year intervals) examining his output in the context of the artistic milieu of his period. Supplementary works by Russian avant-garde artists and Kandinsky's Bauhaus colleagues. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, including New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave at 75th St.—Two concurrent shows of the works of Willem de Kooning: Drawings (close to a hundred and thirty) from the past six decades have been mounted on the second floor. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and sculptures from the past fifty years occupies the fourth-floor galleries. Through Feb. 26. A complementary show of recent paintings is at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6 Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6 Sundays, including New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than two hundred and fifty prints by Picasso from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso, none of which have been exhibited in public before. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22 (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 t 5; Sundays, except New Year's Day, noon t 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Centra Park W. at 79th St.—Something from th Sky Is Falling Department: Wethersfiel (1971) and Wethersfield (1982), the meteorites named after the town in Connecticu where they landed, are on display in th Arthur Ross Hall of Meteorites. Their travelling days are over. Through March 31. (Ope daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 t 9; Fridays and Saturdays, except Dec. 31 from 10 to 9, with no admission charge afte 5; closes at 6 on Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.— loan show of Korean folk art. Through Jan 22. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Satur days, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings unt 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91s St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairi School," an exhibit examining the evolutio of that style, as well as the results of Wright' collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hote Drawings, photographs, sculptures, furniture decorative glass, and silverware. Throug Saturday, Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays 10 to 9, with no admission charge after Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of hundred drawings and watercolors of flowe

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which date from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; most of the painters of these botanical studies were either Dutch, French, or German. From the Fitzwilliam Museum of Great Britain. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of folk dolls dating back to the early eighteen hundreds; most of them, in their simplicity and their distance from the factory-made mannequins of today, will probably captivate adults more than children. But take the kids anyway. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-two portraits of artist-members (such as Asher B. Durand, Thomas Eakins, and Andrew Wyeth) provide a survey of the academy's collection and, by extension, of portrait styles since 1826. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Photographs of New York a century ago by Robert L. Bracklow, a businessman who pursued photography as an avocation between 1882 and 1918. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, Jan. 2, from 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—*More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract* paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturday, Jan. 7, from 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 29, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Rosalind Elias, and Mignon Dunn; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription *performance.)* . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 30, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Manfred Jung, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Rosalind Elias, and Mignon Dunn; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; Klaus Tennstedt. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 2, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Betsy Norden, Claudia Catania, Rosalind Elias, and Peter Glossop; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Johanna Meier, Lorna Myers, Manfred Jung, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; Klaus Tennstedt. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," with Ariel Bybee, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, and Ragnar Ulfung; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 6, at 8: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 1:30: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon *Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen;* Klaus Tennstedt. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Johanna Meier, Lorna Myers, Manfred Jung, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine.

"Lenny and the Heartbreakers"—A multimedia opera with music by Scott Killian and Kim D. Sherman and a libretto by Kenneth Robins, Mr. Killian, and Miss Sherman. Staged by Murray Louis and Alwin Nikolais. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Amato Opera Company—Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery at 2nd St. 228-8200. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2:30.)

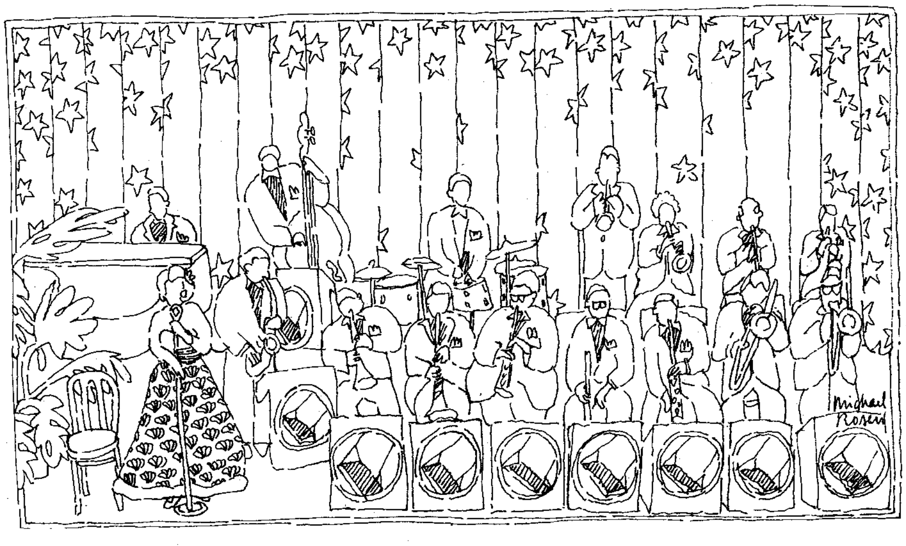
ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Sanderling conducting—Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8; Friday, Dec. 30, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); and Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 7:30: A program of music by Moussorgsky-Shostakovich, Prokofieff, and Schubert, with Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 5-7, and Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8: Mahler's Tenth Symphony; no soloists.

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting two performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, Dec. 29, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting a Brahms-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss and Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting a program of baroque music, with Mr. Foss doubling as piano soloist and Mr. Rampal doubling as flute soloist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2.)



RECITALS

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano, in a program *of songs by American composers. With the* American Symphony, conducted by Leonard Slatkin, and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Members of the Ensemble, under the name of Guido's Other Hand, performing a program of Renaissance music called "The Age of Josquin." With Maryanne Hart, mezzo-soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Richard Taruskin, viola da gamba; and others. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 1, at 4. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

Guarneri Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Beverly Hoch, soprano; James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; and Leon Kirchner and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 5.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music. 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Minoru Nojima—Piano, performing the complete Debussy preludes. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Gospel at Colonus—Performed by Morgan Freeman, the Institutional Radio Choir, the J. D. Steele Singers, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8.)

New Year's Eve Concert—Participants in a concert to benefit Carnegie Hall will include Marilyn Horne, Yo-Yo Ma, Isaac Stern, Pinchas Zukerman, and Orpheus. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Knicks vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Tuesday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Jan. 7. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, Dec. 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Dec. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Dec. 31, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Jan. 6, at 7:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 31, and the Paumonok, Sunday, Jan. 1. . . . **meadowlands:** Final days Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 28-30, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1:30. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 13.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Jan. 6, through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—The tenth annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by more than a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Dec. 31, at noon, through the early afternoon of Monday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE
M. IAN

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Wuthering Heights" (1954; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 29: "Return of the Jedi" (†); and "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.
Dec. 30-Jan. 5: "Return of the Jedi" (†); and "The Black Stallion" (1979; Carroll Ballard), with Mickey Rooney, Kelly Reno, and Teri Garr.
From Jan. 6: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Educating Rita" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: "To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Star 80" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silkwood" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Kurt Russell.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

J. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
Theatre 2: "The Keep" (Michael Mann), with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 3: "Dear Mr. Wonderful" (1982; directed by Peter Lilienthal), with Joe Pesci. From Jan. 4: "The Horse" (1982; Ali Ozgentürk; in Turkish).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 29: "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick). Dec. 30-31: "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman; and "Vortex" (Scott B and Beth B), with Lydia Lunch. Jan. 1-2: "North by Northwest" (†) and "Suspicion" (†). Jan. 3: "Diabolique" (†) and "The Wages of Fear" (†). Jan. 4-5: "The Naked Kiss" (†) and "Shock Corridor" (†). Jan. 6-7: "Day for Night" (†) and "Shoot the Piano Player" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).
Theatre 2: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 4: "Vertigo."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yentl" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Educating Rita" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Gospel" (David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Star 80" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 3: "The Eyes, the Mouth" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Lou Castel and Angela Molina. From Jan. 4: "Basileus Quartet" (Fabio Capri; in Italian and French).
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 2: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Malou" (Jeanine Meerapfel; in German).
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 3: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 4: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.
Theatre 2: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 4: "Educating Rita" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: "To Be or Not to Be" (directed by Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.
Theatre 3: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 4: "7 Doors of Death" (Louis Fuller), with Katherine MacColl.
Theatre 5: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
Theatre 6: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

LOEWS STATE I AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Keep" (Michael Mann),

with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 2: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

Theatre 2: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Kurt Russell.

Theatre 2: 'Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Never Say Never Again" (1983; Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 29: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi), and "Wizards" (1977; Ralph Bakshi), both animated films.

Dec. 30-31: "Straw Dogs" (Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

Jan. 1-3: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

Jan. 4-5: "Naked Came the Stranger" (1975) and "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" (1975).

Jan. 6-7: "Up in Smoke" (†); and "Stir Crazy" (1980; Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Ziggy Stardust."

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Dec. 28: "Frankenstein" (1931; James Whale), with Boris Karloff, Mae Clark, and John Boles; "Dracula" (1931; Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye; "The Wolf Man" (1941; George Waggner), with Lon Chaney and Bela Lugosi; and "The Mummy" (1932; Karl Freund), with Boris Karloff, Zita Johnson, David Manners, and Arthur Bryon.

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Dec. 29-31: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker); and "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.

Jan. 1-2: "North by Northwest" (†); and "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Jan. 3-4: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

Jan. 5-7: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, and Annette O'Toole.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Dec. 29: "Supervixens" (1975) and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979), both directed by Russ Meyer.

Dec. 30-31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

Jan. 1: "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" (1979; Robert Wise), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley; and "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (1982; Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and Ricardo Montalban.

Jan. 2-3: "Fame" (†) and "The Turning Point" (†).

Jan. 4-5: "Breathless" (1983; Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky; and "Beyond the Limit" (1983; John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

Jan. 6-7: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Still of the Night" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Dec. 28: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian).

Dec. 29: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (1983; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Dec. 30: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla.

Dec. 31: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.; and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.

Jan. 1: "Tootsie" (†); and "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras.

Jan. 2: "The Human Condition, Part II" (1959; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

Jan. 3: "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Jan. 4: "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Coup de Grâce" (†).

Jan. 5: "Lucia" (†).

Jan. 6: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1971; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hans Hirschmiller; and "Katzelmacher" (1969; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Fassbinder himself.

Jan. 7: "A Clockwork Orange" (†) and "THX 1138" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 31: "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

Jan. 1-3: "The Lady Eve" (†) and "Palm Beach Story" (†).

Jan. 4-5: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (†).

Jan. 6-7: "The Rose Tattoo" (†); and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 28: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian); and "Last Days of the Samurai" (1957; Hiromichi Horikawa; in Japanese).

Dec. 29: "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Black Tights" (1962), a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

Dec. 30-Jan. 1: A program of surrealistic films.

Jan. 2: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Little Murders" (†).

Jan. 3: "Playtime" (1968; Jacques Tati), with Tati; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay.

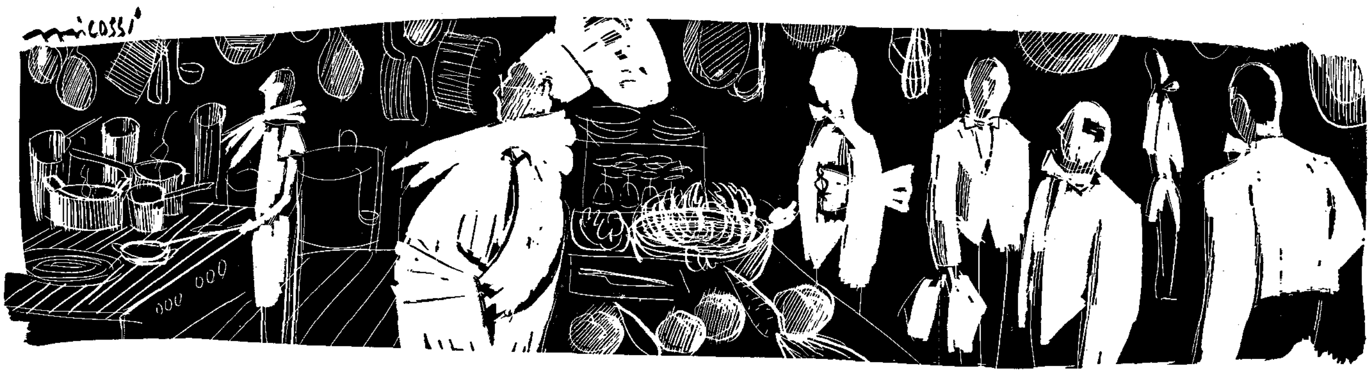
Jan. 4: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Onibaba" (1983; Kaneto Shindo; in Japanese).

Jan. 5: "Suspicion" (†) and "Sabotage" (†).

Jan. 6-7: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau, Valeria D'Obici, and Laura Antonelli.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 28: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray),



with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

Dec. 29: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey) and "Monkey Business" (1931; Norman McLeod), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Dec. 30: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith; and "Desire" (1936; Frank Borzage), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

Jan. 2: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (†).

Jan. 3: "The Good Earth" (1937; Sidney Franklin), with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni; and "The Painted Veil" (†).

Jan. 4: "Now, Voyager" (†) and "Dark Victory" (†).

Jan. 5: "Sleepers West" (1941; Eugene Forde) and "Dressed to Kill" (1941; Eugene Forde), both films with Lloyd Nolan as Michael Shayne.

Jan. 6-7: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th. St. (708-9490)—Dec. 29 at 2:30: "Jane Austen in Manhattan" (1980; directed by James Ivory), with Anne Baxter, Robert Powell, and Sean Young. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6: "The Guru" (1969; James Ivory), with Michael York, Rita Tushingham, Utpal Dutt, and Saeed Jaffrey. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Heat and Dust" (1983; James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Savages" (1972; James Ivory), with Kathleen Widdoes, Sam Waterston, Salome Jens, Susan Blakely, and Ultra Violet. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at noon: "Louisiana Story" (1948; Robert Flaherty). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Man of Aran" (1934; Robert Flaherty). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "Louisiana Story." . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 5: "Man of Aran." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.) The museum auditorium will be closed for renovations from Jan. 2 until sometime in May.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Seesaw" (1983; Alvin Lucier), a sound installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Waverly, Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—This Stanley Kubrick film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. The movie is adapted from Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, which is set in a vaguely socialist future of the late seventies or early eighties—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. In this dehumanizing society, there seems to be no way for the boys to release their energies except in vandalism and crime. The protagonist, Alex (Malcolm McDowell), is the leader of one of these gangs; he's a conscienceless schoolboy sadist who enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying, until he kills a woman and is sent to prison. There he is conditioned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated at thoughts of sex and violence. Burgess wrote an ironic fable about a future in which men lose their capacity for moral choice. Kubrick, however, gives us an Alex who is more alive than anybody else in the movie, and younger and more attractive, and McDowell plays him exuberantly, with power and slyness. So at the end, when Alex's bold, aggressive punk's nature is restored to him, it seems not a joke on all of us (as it does in the book) but, rather, a victory in which we share, and Kubrick takes an exultant tone. Along the way, Alex has been set apart as the hero by making his victims less human than he; the picture plays with violence in an intellectually seductive way—Alex's victims are twisted and incapable of suffering. Kubrick carefully estranges us from these victims so that we can *enjoy* the rapes and beatings. Alex alone suffers. And how he suffers! He's a male Little Nell—screaming in a straitjacket during the brainwashing; sweet and helpless when rejected by his parents; alone, weeping, on a bridge; beaten, bleeding, lost in a rainstorm; pounding his head on a floor and crying for death. Kubrick pours on the hearts and flowers; what is done to Alex is far worse than what Alex has done, so society itself can be felt to justify Alex's hoodlumism. With Patrick Magee and Adrienne Corri; score by Walter Carlos. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 7.)

Coup de Grâce (1976)—This Franco-German film version of Marguerite Yourcenar's novel is so gray and bleak and wintry that it's like a classic made in the Soviet Union twenty-five years ago. It's by no means bad; the director, Volker Schlöndorff ("The Tin Drum"), is highly skilled. But the emotions don't fully emerge, and even after it's over one isn't certain what it was about—though probably we're meant to see that the proud Countess Sophie (Margarethe von Trotta) has been deeply wounded because Erich, the Prussian officer she loves (Matthias Habich, a heel-clicking Richard Harris), doesn't love her. And so she throws her life away. Her self-destructive passion is only one element in a movie that has a few too many sexual, historical, and political crosscurrents; some of them, such as Erich's sexual involvement with Sophie's brother Konrad (Rudiger Kirschstein), are presented so elliptically they're like blurred memories of a dream. (Schlöndorff's artistry gets in the viewer's way.) The story takes place in 1919 in the Baltic area (which had just been divided into Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia) during the sporadic fighting that continued among various factions after the official end of the First World War. Sophie, who is struggling to emancipate herself, is involved with the Communist cause, while Erich is fighting against Red Army units and mopping up Bolshevik guerrillas. Eventually, she is killed by the man she loves, as in the spy melodramas of thirty years ago—only this time there are more layers of ambiguity about the feelings of each. The legendary cabaret artist Valeska Gert (she played the procuress who got Greta Garbo into the brothel in Pabst's 1925 "Joyless Street") now appears as Sophie's half-crazed aunt and is utterly bizarre: shriveled, yet more intensely alive than anyone else in the movie. The screenplay is by Schlöndorff and von Trotta (his wife). In French and German. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executed, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains, and Geraldine Fitzgerald is her best friend. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. It's a backstage story about the making of an American-financed movie, "Meet Pamela," set on the Riviera, in which Jacqueline Bisset, married to Jean-Pierre Léaud, falls in love with his father, Jean-Pierre Aumont. Truffaut, who plays the efficient and rather colorless director of "Meet Pamela," brings it all off gracefully. Among the performers, Valentina Cortese is the liveliest, in her juicy, if familiar, theatrical turn as a drunken has-been star, and Léaud's elfin piques are amusing enough. Truffaut's approach is very childlike; it's filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. But the large cast is very ordinary and the film is too fan-magazinish in approach and too tenderly shallow. Also with Nathalie Baye and Alexandra Stewart. From a script by Truffaut, Jean-Louis Richard, and Suzanne Schiffman. In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 6-7.)

Diabolique (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. It sounds simple, but the characters seem fearfully knowing, and there are undertones of strange, tainted pleasures and punishments. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.' " Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster, and Charles Vanel, Noel Roquevert, and Michel Serrault. From a novel by Boileau and Narcejac. In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 3.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own

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play. (11/14/83) (Gramercy, Festival, and Olympia Quad.)

Fame (1980)—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffy, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore, lyrics by Dean Pitchford. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 2-3.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, based on a story by Monckton Hoffe, and with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Remade as a musical in 1956—"The Birds and the Bees.") (Regency; Jan. 1-3.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's 1967 play was a wisp of a satirical comedy about the American adjustment to random violence—to assassinations on the national and local levels. In this movie version, which Feiffer also wrote, and which was directed by Alan Arkin, the dialogue has comic authority, and there are some strong scenes of rabid farce, yet things keep going out of kilter and the humor slides into something ugly and slightly rancid. The film seems to be a collection of ideological points—it's pious about its anti-establishment attitudes. With Elliott Gould as the catatonic hero—a saintly dropout; and Marcia Rodd, Vincent Gardenia, Elizabeth Wilson, Lou Jacobi, Jon Korkes, Doris Roberts, John Randolph, and Arkin, and Donald Sutherland in a funny turn as an all-accepting minister. Cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Thalia; Jan. 2.)

Lucia (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred felt for the dictatorial President Machado, is intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironic fable about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 5.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob (1973)—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2.)

Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Regency; Jan. 4-5.)

The Naked Kiss (1965)—A New England town that is pleasant on the outside and filthy rotten on the inside. Samuel Fuller's movie is like soap opera run hysterically amok. With Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, Betty Bronson, and a bunch of forgettable men. (Film Forum; Jan. 4-5.)

North by Northwest (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the demented geography and the improbable plot. Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces (such as the chase on Mt. Rushmore) that he wants to put in. But it has a classic sequence in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust the hero (Cary Grant), and a genial, sophisticated, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggest a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Martin Landau (as the blue-eyed menace, Leonard), and, in smaller roles, Josephine Hutchinson, Philip Ober, Carleton Young, Adam Williams, and Ned Glass. The music is by Bernard Herrmann; the script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps" (and bits of it turn up again, slightly transposed, in Lehman's script for Mark Robson's "The Prize"). (Film Forum, and Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 1-2.)

Now, Voyager (1942)—A campy tearjerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder—"Let's not linger over it." The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a schlock classic. With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, Franklin Pangborn, James Rennie, Frank Puglia, and Janis Wilson as Tina. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4.)

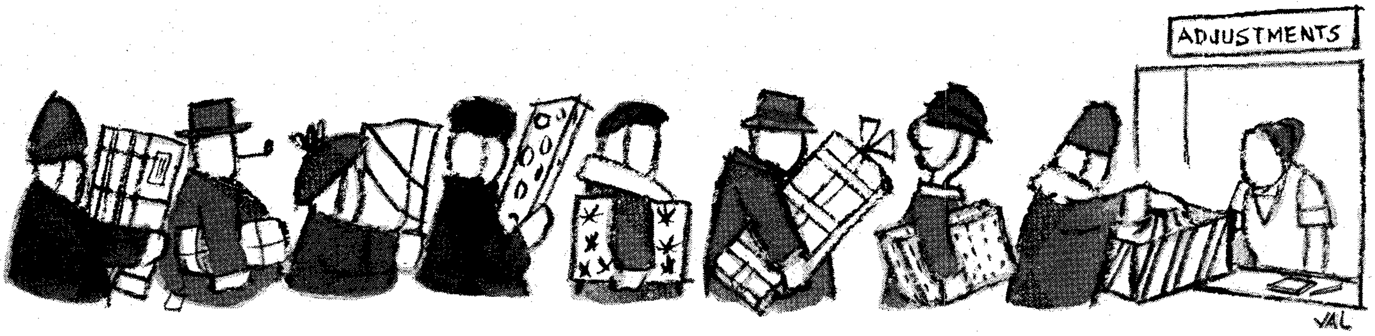
The Painted Veil (1934)—Richard Boleslavsky directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall, as her husband, and George Brent, as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 3.)

Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic problems of the leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert) get shoved aside by the secondary characters. Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Regency; Jan. 1-3.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 5.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The

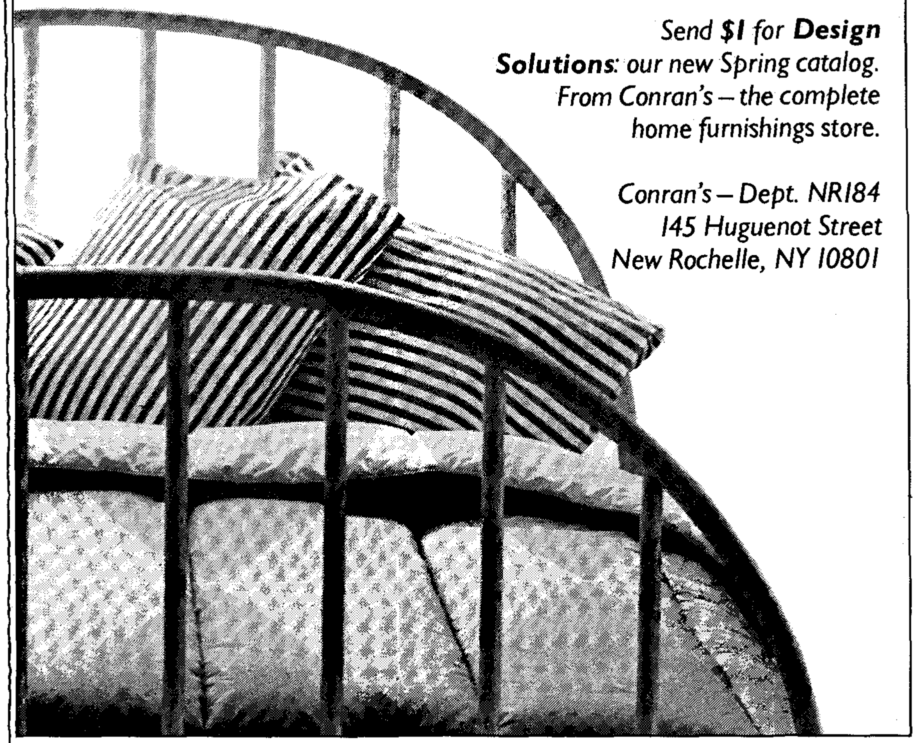


writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

THE ROSE TATTOO (1955)—Tennessee Williams' Serafina (Anna Magnani) is a Sicilian-American widow still in love with the fantasy of her dead husband's perfection—a woman cut off from the life around her because nothing is as good as that dream (and, from the way it looks, the squalid Gulf Coast town around her isn't up to anybody's dream). Magnani's virtuoso display of vitality makes it almost frighteningly clear that her husband's perfection was his sexual potency. The weakness of the material is that the reduction of all human needs to sex is handled only semi-comically. Burt Lancaster is rather embarrassing as Serafina's not-too-smart suitor, though he has a funny scene when he chases a goat. Magnani won an Academy Award for her performance; Tennessee Williams reputedly wrote the role for her, though Maureen Stapleton played it on Broadway. Directed by Daniel Mann, the picture comes across as a rather foolish, good-hearted romp; with Jo Van Fleet, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey. James Wong Howe also won an Academy Award, for cinematography. (Regency; Jan. 6-7.)

SABOTAGE (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thought that he erred in this one, and that this explained why the picture wasn't a hit. But he was wrong: this adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb on behalf of her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Thalia; Jan. 5.)

SCARFACE—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic, and its dramatic arc is faulty. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The middle of the movie is missing; we get the aftermaths but not the capers. For the first three-quarters of an hour, the film feels like the beginning of a new-style, post-"Godfather" gangster epic—hot and raw, like a spaghetti Western. But when Tony gets everything he wants he's a pig rooting around in money and cocaine, and, as things go wrong, he snorts more and more. Probably all this excess is intended to be satirical—snorting coke turns into a running gag. But the scenes are so shapeless that we don't know at what point we're meant to laugh. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. The whole feeling of the movie is limp. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham as Omar, Steven Bauer as Manolo, Robert Loggia as Frank Lopez, Michelle Pfeiffer as Elvira, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio as Gina, Paul Shenar as Sosa, Harris Yulin as Bernstein, Arnaldo Santana as Ernie, Richard Belzer as the night-club m.c., and some highly expendable



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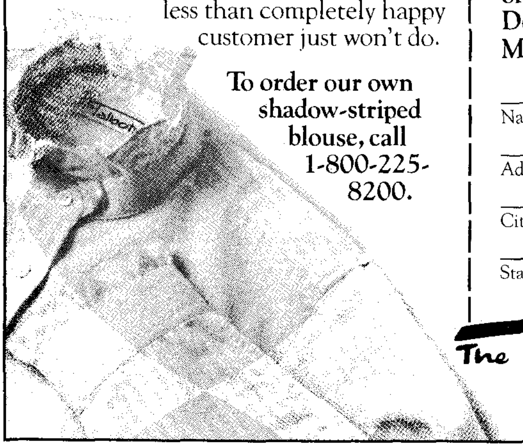

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scenes with Miriam Colon as Tony's poor-but-proud mother. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder—it's reminiscent of his music for "Cat People." (12/26/83) (Gemini, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Shock Corridor (1963)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (Film Forum; Jan. 4-5.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1960)—This François Truffaut film is based on David Goodis's "Down There," a trim, well-written American crime novel. The movie busts out all over—and that's what's wonderful about it. Comedy, pathos, and tragedy are all scrambled up. Charlie, the sad-faced little piano player (Charles Aznavour), is the thinnest-skinned of modern heroes: each time he has cared about someone he has suffered, and now he just wants to be "out of it." This is a comedy about melancholia—perhaps the only comedy about melancholia. Truffaut is freely inventive here—a young director willing to try almost *anything*—and Charlie's encounters with the world are filled with good and bad jokes, bits from old Sacha Guitry films, clowns and thugs, tough kids, songs and fantasy and snow scenes, and homage to the American Grade-B gangster films of the forties and fifties. The film is nihilistic in attitude yet by its wit and good spirits it's totally involved in life and fun. Nothing is clear-cut; the ironies crisscross and bounce. With Nicole Berger, Marie Dubois, Albert Rémy, Michèle Mercier, and Daniel Boulanger. Written by Truffaut and Marcel Moussy; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 6-7.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

Still of the Night (1982)—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy-hot woman suspected of murder, and her performance is all about her hair. It's platinum-white, it hangs bone straight like a curtain, and part of her face is hidden behind it; from time to time she peers up and shakes it back a little. This femme fatale is meant to be guileful and slinky—a woman with neurotic wiles. But Streep's high-strung emotionality isn't fun in the way that Faye Dunaway's has often been. She seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless; he brings nothing to his role but his physical frame—some sinews, a profile. In the early part we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house that resembles Sotheby Parke Bernet. Sommer here is like a snide and slightly dirty Trevor Howard; he and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). But Benton seems to have misplaced his sense of fun; it's as if he couldn't really get down to dirtying his mind with the genre he's working in. The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 6-7.)

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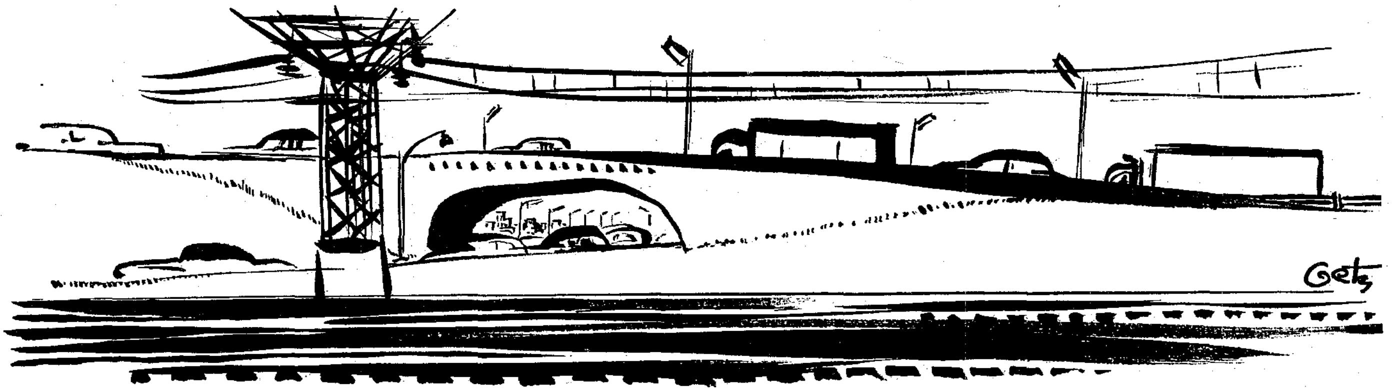
Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Film Forum; Jan. 1-2. . . . ¶ Thalia; Jan. 5.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Baronet, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THX 1138 (1971)—George Lucas's first feature—a psychedelic view of the horrors of the twenty-fifth century, which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984." The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie lovers may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. With Ian Wolfe, Marshall Efron, and Irene Forrest. Screenplay by Lucas and Walter Murch, from Lucas's story; titles and animation by Hal Barwood; editing by Lucas, with sound montages by Murch; cinematography by Dave Myers and Albert Kihn; music by Lalo Schifrin. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 7.)

Tootsie (1982)—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman is both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors. He plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as "Dorothy Michaels," and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. He's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role—you can see it in his intense, glittering eyes. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him; she says her lines in such a mild, natural way that it makes perfect sense for Michael to stop in his tracks and stare at her in wonder. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Metro Cinema; Jan. 1.)

The Turning Point (1977)—This is a forties women's picture (like "Old Acquaintance," in which a noble Bette Davis and a catty Miriam Hopkins played scrapping lifelong friends) transferred to a backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. In his screen-acting début, Baryshnikov plays a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's young aspiring-ballerina daughter (Leslie Browne) falls in love; this swoony romance helped to make the film a box-office hit. Herbert Ross directed, unexcitingly; there's no visual sweep, no lift. The effort here is to domesticate ballet—to remove the



taint of European decadence; most of the characters are so heartland ordinary that they disinfect one's imagination. With Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, Martha Scott, Lisa Lucas, Phillip Saunders, James Mitchell, Marshall Thompson, Daniel Levans, Starr Danias, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, Antoinette Sibley, Marcia Haydée, Richard Cragun, Lucette Aldous, Martine Van Hamel, and other dancers. Nora Kaye was the executive producer; Robert Surtees was the cinematographer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 2-3.)

Up in Smoke (1978)—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. It's an exploitation slapstick comedy, rather than a family picture, such as "Blazing Saddles" or "High Anxiety"—which means that it's dirtier, wilder, and sillier. (It's also better paced.) With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax, and Otto Felix, Tom Skerritt, Stacy Keach, Louisa Moritz, Strother Martin, and Edie Adams. Produced and directed by Lou Adler. (Cinema Village; Jan. 6-7.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—An existential thriller—the most original and shocking French melodrama of the fifties. The opening sequence shows us a verminous South American village and the Europeans trapped in it; they will risk everything for the money to get out. An oil well three hundred miles away has caught fire, and the oil company offers four of them two thousand dollars each to drive two trucks loaded with nitroglycerine (to explode out the fire) over primitive roads. The four are a Corsican (Yves Montand), a Frenchman (Charles Vanel), an Italian (Folco Lulli), and a German (Peter Van Eyck), and the film is about their responses to the gruelling test of driving the trucks. When you can be blown up at any moment, only a fool believes that character determines fate. In this situation, courage and caution are almost irrelevant, and ordinary human responses are futile and archaic—yet nothing else is left. If this isn't a parable of man's position in the modern world, it's at least an illustration of it. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed his own adaptation of Georges Arnaud's novel. Clouzot's most controversial film, it is also his most powerful; the violence is not used simply for excitement—it's used as in Eisenstein's and Buñuel's films: to force a vision of human experience. With Vera Clouzot and William Tubbs. The music is by Georges Auric; the cinematography is by Armand Thirard. Awarded the Golden Palm at Cannes. Originally released in the United States in a cut version, partly because of the film's length (156 minutes) and partly because of nervousness about how Americans would react to the sequences touching on the exploitative practices of American oil companies; the footage trimmed was later restored. (You can see the influence of this picture in Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch.") Remade by William Friedkin in 1977, under the title "Sorcerer." In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 3.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld.)

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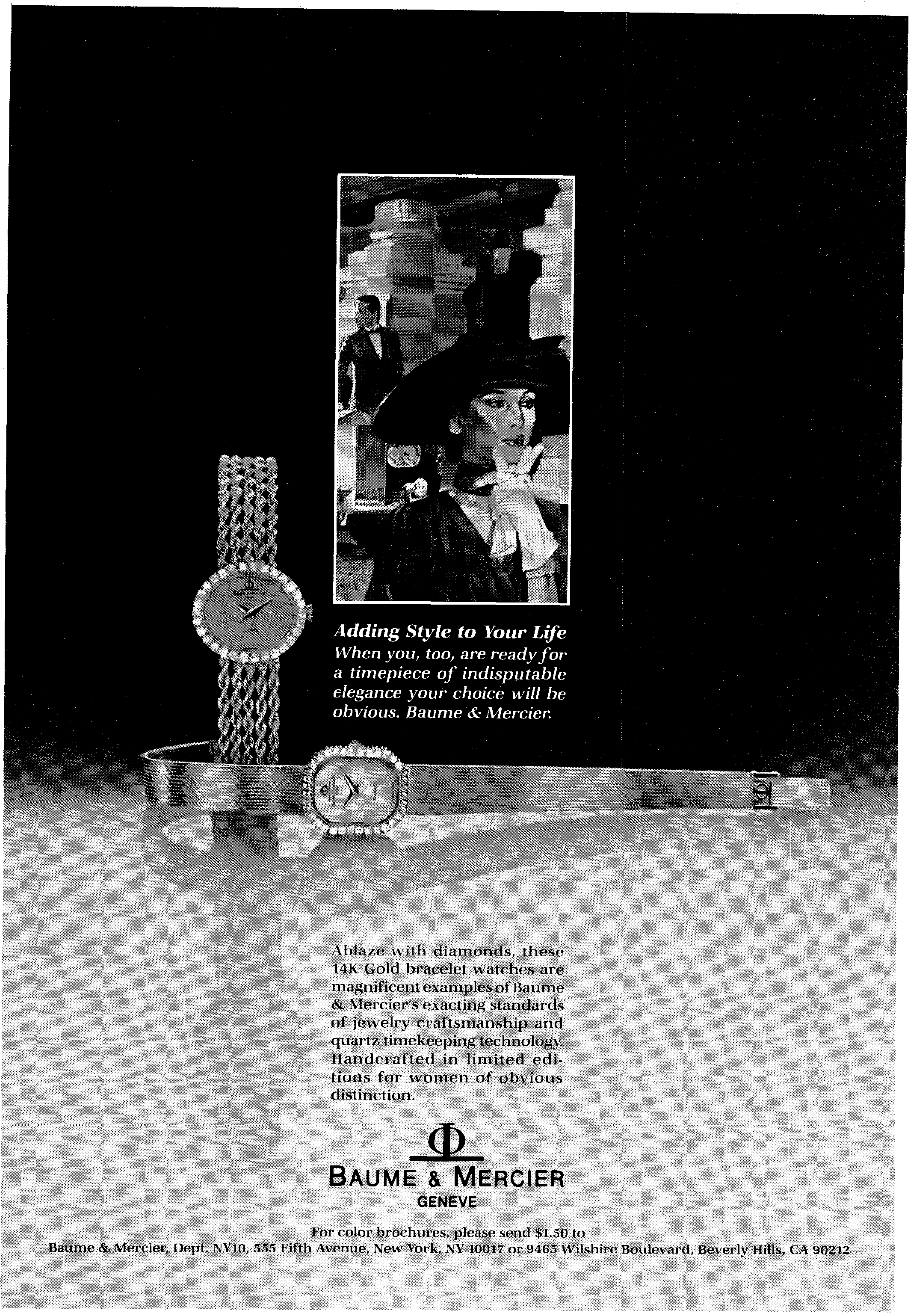

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ACCORDING to W. H. Auden, poetry could be defined quite simply as "memorable speech," and in his writings he left behind him much that was memorable. Besides that, he was, as a presence, unforgettable. In this city, he keeps intruding into the talk of those who knew him, and they unwrap their carefully kept glimpses of him like talismans. Some of these separate rememberings came together over a week not long ago in a series of events arranged by the New York Institute for the Humanities, at the instigation of the poet Joseph Brodsky, to mark the tenth anniversary of Auden's death, in Vienna. A friend of ours visited his grave in Kirchstätten, Austria, last summer, and she reported to us that the villagers are still enormously proud of the presence that came to rest among them, and still feel great affection for his shade, as we do. We remember him coming to these offices, rarely but emphatically, for even his occasional conversations would yield up some of those gnomic pronouncements that the poet's friends saved like first editions.

Perhaps the most affecting commemoration took place at the Guggenheim Museum, where a group of distinguished poets read their own choices of Auden's work. Auden is not one of those writers who have imprinted themselves on us with a few works, or only one. He was always shifting and experimenting, and he left behind a string of good books, prose as well as poetry, like discarded selves. The poets made clear to us not only how many Audens there are but how many of his poems are as familiar as furniture, as places once lived in. Later in the week, others recalled Auden, but in less than memorable speech—the kind of discourse he impatiently dismissed as "humbug," for while intelligent appreciation pleased him any other kind embarrassed him.

It was Auden's old friend Christopher Isherwood who spoke of him with the pure light of insight: "We met in school, when Auden was ten and I three years older. Our relationship was set then, in a kind of schoolboy irreverence we shared all our life. As we met in later life, we were still conspirators, two gifted schoolboys playing grownups and getting away with it. When Auden began to be referred to as a 'great poet,' we giggled together at the idea." This gave us a clue to something essential in Auden. The imagery of school stayed with him lifelong. He felt himself at first the bright, irreverent schoolboy, and then, as he aged, the brusque but kindly headmaster, with ever-wagging finger. He liked to acquire pocketfuls of miscellaneous information, and he presided over dinner conversations with the vigilant eye of a housemaster. He was much too impatient, much too iconoclastic to enter the academy, except in occasional forays, but he taught instinctively all his life and, like every good teacher, learned thirstily. He sometimes made absent-minded professors look like faded imitations of him, for his mind was always working, often to the exclusion of everything else. The world was a school, and, in Auden's view, our lives were a long struggle with the rules.

In a time that, as he pointed out, was not indulgent to poetry, he took the office of poet most seriously, for he saw the poet both as guardian of the clarity of the language and as refresher of it. We had a number of conversations with him about words, always illuminating, for at the tip of his memory he had a wealth of example. He also had another, quite separate importance. T. S. Eliot, who, as poet and critic, dominated the generation before Auden, and who published him from the beginning, had settled in London and taken British nationality—a cultural transplant. Auden, by far the most brilliant poet of his generation in England, restored a sort of balance by choosing to move to New York and become an American citizen. As Christopher Isherwood reminded us, he remained the most English of beings, but he lived in New York decisively, a devout New Yorker, and could not help becoming something of a cultural interpreter, much prized by both his friends here and his readers. He was a thoroughly domestic creature: his active world was truly the top of his long, rickety work table, his forum the dining-room table.

We stood, soon after the event at the Guggenheim, in a knot of people looking up at the second-floor windows of 77 St. Mark's Place, behind which he used to write. Below the windows, a newly installed brass plaque on the wall read:

Wystan Hugh Auden
Feb. 21, 1907—Sept. 28, 1973
Here lived, from 1953 to 1972,
W. H. Auden, English poet and
American citizen.
"If equal affection cannot be,
Let the more loving one be me."

Auden is buried in Kirchstätten, and a memorial stone is in place in Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey. We felt immensely glad to see the brass plate, for Auden's civilizing presence has meant a lot to this city, and it was an inspired notion to remember his death by celebrating in the recent events his survival. So many lines of his reverberate in the memory. We reach for these four, from a poem that appeared in these pages in the issue of November 13, 1954:

What but tall tales, the luck of verbal playing,
Can trick his lying nature into saying
That love, or truth in any serious sense,
Like orthodoxy, is a reticence.

• •

Brother

GAUZY black curtains were draped over the windows of the Peacock Lounge, at 148th Street and Frederick Douglass Boulevard, one afternoon a while back, and the sidewalk fairly teemed with jeans-clad young persons toting walkie-talkies. We stopped to listen as a passerby, a woman who seemed to have a proprietary feeling about the block, sought an explanation.

"What are you-all doing, may I ask?" the woman said.

"We're shooting a movie," a hefty young black man replied. "It's called 'The Brother Who Fell to Earth.' It's about an alien who comes to Harlem and visits this bar."

" 'The Man Who Fell from Earth'?"

"No, '*to* Earth.' "

" 'The Man Who Fell to Earth'?"

"No, not 'The Man'—'The Brother.' "

The news took a moment to register. "This is a nice bar," she said. "I hope you get a Grammy." She moved on.

The young man, who stayed put, told us that his name was Gil Williams and that he had quit his job as an advertising traffic manager for Lord & Taylor in order to work as a "P.A.," or production assistant, on "The Brother." His duties, he said, included quite a bit of the sort of community-relations activity in which we had just observed him. "All day long, they're coming at you with questions," he said. "You've got to make talk with them."

Another P.A., a blond-haired young man named Larry Justice, said he, too, had just made a career move—and also a physical one, from Dallas to New York. "I'm twenty-seven, and I'm starting my life over," he said. "This is something I've been wanting to do for a long time, but maybe I didn't have the courage." In his three months as a New Yorker, Mr. Justice said, he had worked on three films, passing by word of mouth from one to the next.

We remarked that that sounded to us like quick progress.

"Most people tell me it is," he said. On the other hand, he went on, the first job had paid only a hundred dollars for three weeks' work, while this one offered only a deferred salary, which is to come from the hypothetical profits. Mr. Justice said that before leaving Dallas he had saved up money with just such a contingency in mind. "I knew I would have to work for free," he said. "I'm interested in directing or producing, but I don't know any other way to get started in the business. You can have a film degree or not have a film degree"—his degree is in finance—"but you're still going to have to go and work as a production assistant for free."

Stepping through the door beneath an unlit sign reading "BAR—PEACOCK," we were immediately engulfed in more representatives of the species Young Aspiring Filmmaker, and their accessories. A scene was under way, set in the interior of a friendly Harlem saloon decorated with purple and yellow tinsel and with posters of everyone from Martin Luther King, Jr., to Bruce Lee. Among the cast of characters we focussed on a silent fellow with exotically curled hair and with a vaguely otherworldly look to the rest of him, who had purposefully placed his hand on the back of a machine we recognized as a video game.

Suddenly, one of the other actor-patrons let out a cry of astonishment: "He fixed it! The brother fixed it!"

Was this, then, the Brother of the title? We guessed it was, for we recalled several aliens in our cinematic experience who had been similarly possessed of the power to fix.

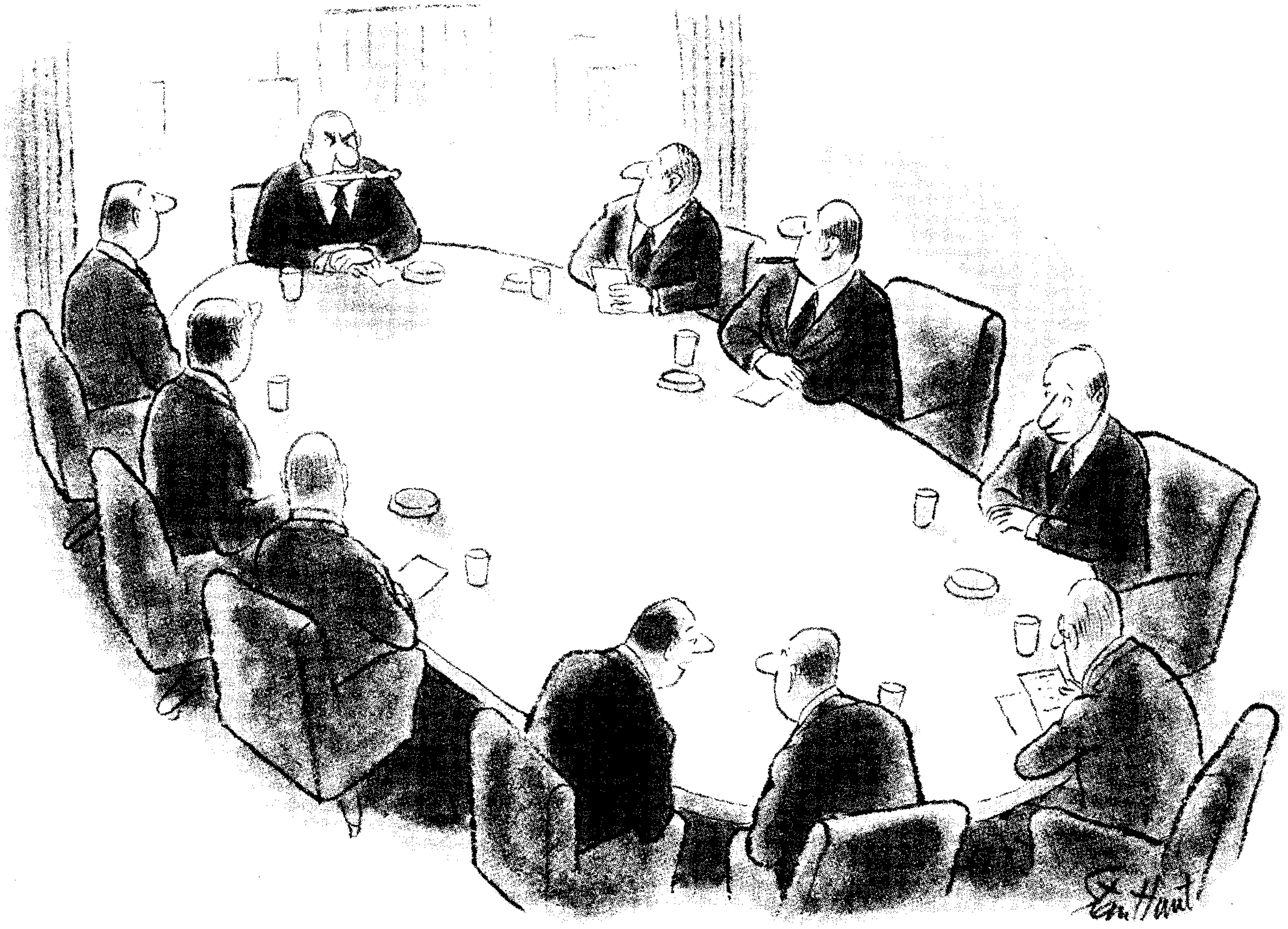
At barside, meanwhile, one of the patrons—script in hand, because he was off camera—asked where this miracle worker hailed from. The Brother's only reply was to lift his thumb in the general direction of the Above and Beyond.

"Up," someone suggested. "Uptown."

"Man's from the South Bronx," said a second voice.

Between takes, we approached a lanky, low-keyed young man—not so young as the majority of the crew, but young nonetheless—wearing a Coors Light cap and a day's growth of beard. We recognized him as John Sayles, the writer-director of "Return of the Secaucus 7," "Liana," and "Baby, It's You," and the screenwriter of such fast and furious productions as "Piranha," "Alligator," and "The Howling." "It's very hard to shoot in New York City for two hundred thousand dollars," Mr. Sayles said, taking a seat in the rear of the premises, "because you have to get locations for free and you don't have a thousand police officers to block off the street. You just have to ask people as politely as you can to stay back, and sometimes it doesn't work. People have to get where they're going, and sometimes they want to look in the camera on the way."

Two hundred thousand dollars, he explained, is what it will take, more or less, to get "The Brother Who Fell to Earth" "in the can." That sum is coming out of his own pocket, recently swelled by one of those MacArthur Foundation awards that have become known as "genius awards." With post-production expenses and deferred payments, the cost might



"Chief would seem to be in a fractious mood."

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climb to about three hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Sayles told us, and the extra funds remained to be found.

When Mr. Sayles returned to his duties, we noted that the actor playing the Brother was at liberty, so we trailed him out onto the sidewalk to ask if he, too, was working for sub-standard pay. Joe Morton—that was his name—said he was getting union scale but in order to act in the movie had made some sacrifice of income from his far more lucrative work on the daytime soap opera "Another World." On that show, Mr. Morton said, he received not only a normal TV-sized salary for the part of the ophthalmologist Dr. Abel Marsh but a bonus for playing Dr. Marsh's free-wheeling twin brother, the rock-and-roll singer Leo Mars—a character Mr. Morton himself had created after deciding that the doctor's role didn't give him enough range.

"What attracted me to this picture was that even though it's about an alien it's extremely human," Mr. Morton said. "It's very much like what would happen if I had been born in Africa and was seeing Harlem for the first time." At first, the Brother is an observer, he explained. "Where he comes from, they don't speak. The communication is through the eyes and the emotions."

Just then, Mr. Morton was spotted. "This is the man on 'Another World'!" an ample woman wearing an "E.T." sweatshirt called to her companion, who was sucking on the remains of a lime lollipop. Turning to Mr. Morton, she said, "I want to know which one you like."

"You mean Quinn or Henrietta?" Mr. Morton replied, impressively quick to interpret a question that had struck us as elusive.

"That's right," said the woman.

"I'm not going to tell you," he answered.

"And you've got a brother that's a doctor, right?" she asked.

Mr. Morton admitted that this was so, adding, delicately, "Did you know I play both parts?"

"Well, we figured that, since you're doubles," the woman said.

A moment later, Mr. Morton was up on the fender of a white Dodge Dart and in the affectionate embrace of the two neighborhood admirers while a third admirer snapped their picture.

"Hey, Mildred, I finally met me a movie star!" said the woman in the "E.T." sweatshirt, sitting to Mr. Morton's right and leaving no discernible distance between them. "Oh, boy! Come on, Mildred." The camera clicked. "Your hand is on the flash, Mildred."

"Will you get down?" said the photographer. "It's my turn."

Ignoring the entreaty, the first woman asked Mr. Morton if he was married, and he answered in the affirmative. (Mr. Morton, we subsequently learned, made this statement in "selfdefense;" actually, he is divorced.)

"Hey, Mildred, he's married," she said. "Let's go."

•

A Fortnight later, we met up with Mr. Sayles' company again, now working with a new title, "The Brother from Another Planet," and at a new location, the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, on the corner of 135th Street and Lenox Avenue. Inside, Mr. Sayles was quietly supervising a scene in which the Brother and a small boy passed through a photographic exhibit depicting Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad. The Brother, still speechless, was pointing to a picture of an escaped slave and then to himself, to let the boy and the audience understand his origins as a slave from outer space.

After three takes, Mr. Sayles leaned against a handy pillar, and we asked him how things were going. In reply, he spoke enthusiastically about an all-night stint of shooting on Ellis Island, where, in the movie, the Brother's spacecraft crashes to Earth. "I had been out there about two years ago for the tour, and had got really strong vibes from the place, having had relatives who had come through there," Mr. Sayles said. "And the minute I started writing this film I said, 'He'll have to crash there.' Being out there was very nice. Half of the place is falling down and half of it is the way it used to be. It had this very eerie quiet." True, Mr. Sayles said, getting the cast and crew onto Ellis Island had been costly, but "not nearly as difficult as shooting in the subway." He laughed, and observed that many filmmakers, faced with a scene set in the subway system, probably figure they can just go down there and shoot. That, Mr. Sayles had learned, is definitely not the case; what with insurance and the difficulty of getting a permit from the Transit Authority, he had hardly even considered shooting there. Instead, "The Brother," like countless movies before it, had used the subway museum in downtown Brooklyn. That had entailed a seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar deposit for four hours—big money in Mr. Sayles' budget.

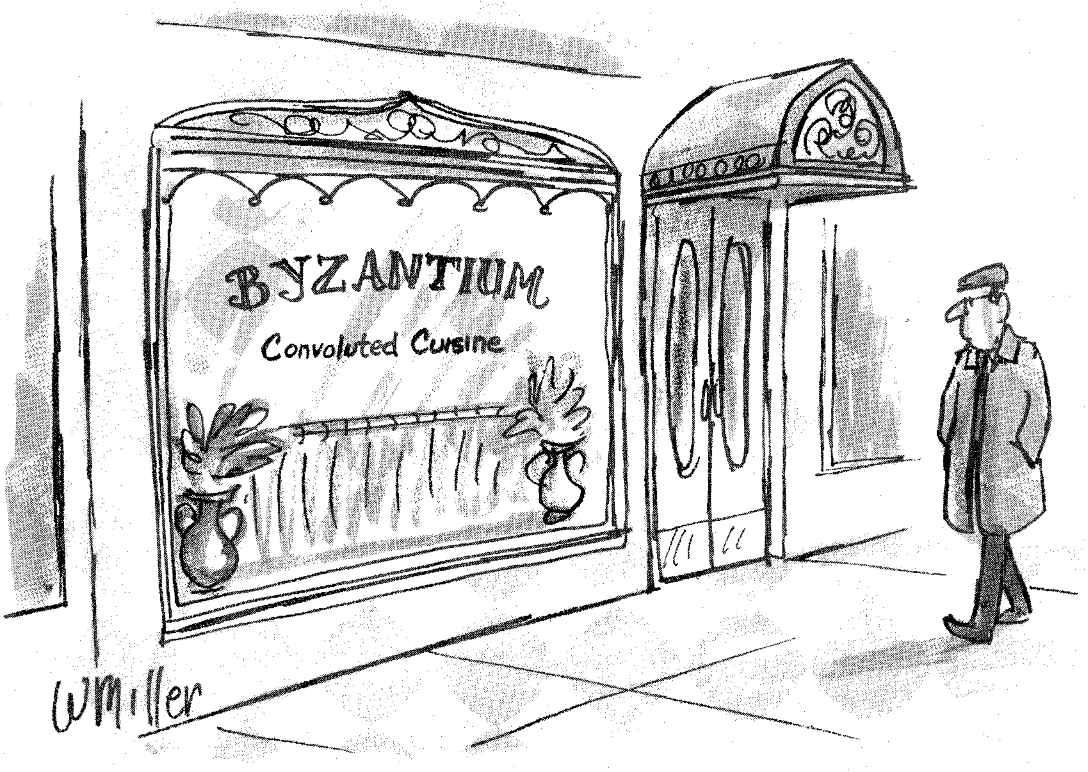
Luckily, much of "The Brother" takes place on the streets, and there, Mr. Sayles said, he had had a minimum of hassles. "In fact, at one site, where we had a bunch of guys around one of those little fires in an oil drum, two sort of wino-type guys came by and said, 'That's not how we do it,' " he told us. The mistake, Mr. Sayles learned, lay in using wood instead of newspaper. "During another scene," he went on, "five or six people showed up saying that they were the superintendent of the building and wanted to be paid." Perhaps, he speculated, the recent presence in Harlem of several bigger-spending film companies had heightened expectations. But now that "The Brother" was in its fourth, and last, week of shooting, he said, more and more residents seemed to know that his movie was somehow different. "The other day, a couple of guys came up to me and said, 'Are you hiring?' And I said, 'No. Sorry.' And they said, 'Oh, we heard about you. You're the low-budget film.' "

The crew finished setting up for the next shot. With little fuss, Mr. Sayles ambled back to his place as director and, after a few soft words to the actors, spoke, just as softly, the magic word "Action."

Voices from Nowhere

Out there on the frontier, smack up against the great or ghastly unknown, it can get, oh, so very quiet. Sometimes the only sound is your heartbeat. (Sometimes there are chain saws.) But stay out there long enough and it's a sure bet you'll begin to hear voices. Voices that belong to no man. Voices from *nowhere.* These last weeks, we've spent a little time with the pioneers on America's newest frontier—the uncharted wilderness of high tech. And we've heard some voices.

To operate DECtalk, a new way for computers to talk with an unlimited vocabulary, you type the words you wish to hear on a keyboard—"Fourscore and seven years ago," perhaps—and then hit the return key. Instantly, in the unmistakable tones of an inebriated Swede speaking English, DECtalk delivers your message. Larry Twaits, the DECtalk product manager at Digital Equipment Corporation, was standing on the sidelines at the press conference where DECtalk announced its entry into the market. How, we asked him, did the four-thousand-



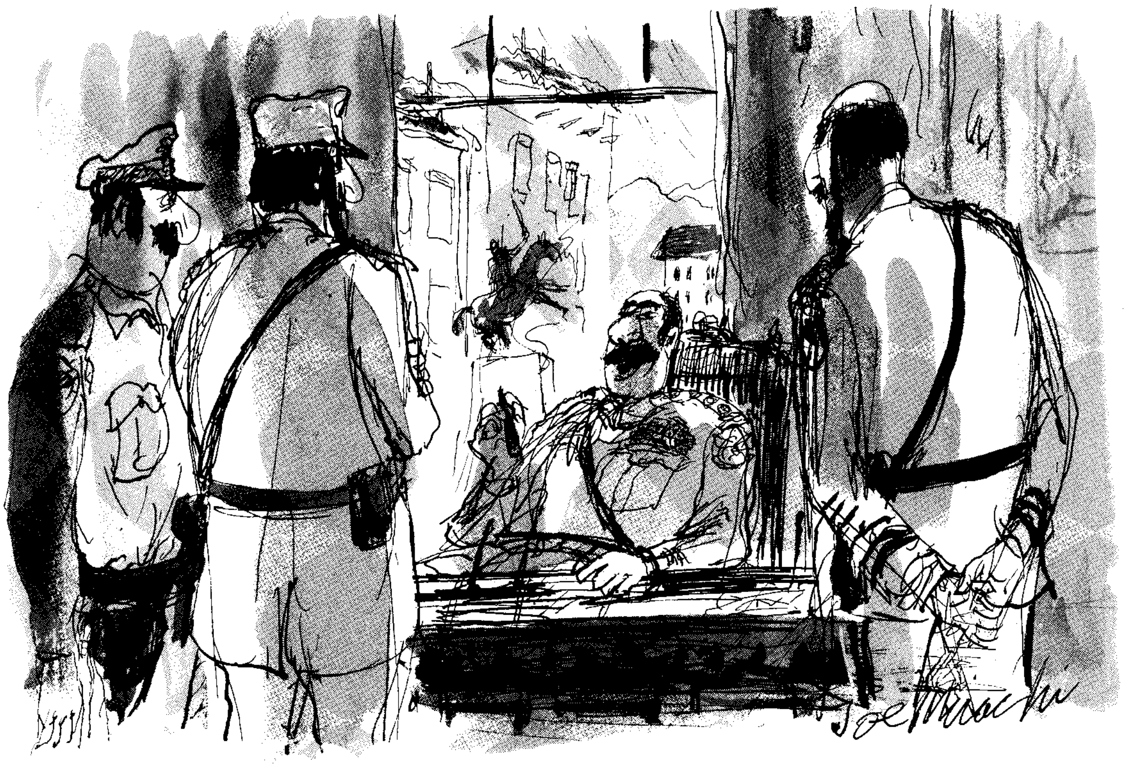
dollar box of logic circuits—chips, bits, bytes—learn to talk?

"It was like magic," he said, and for a second we understood. But then Twaits launched into a long and devious spiel about "computer models of the human vocal track" and the calculation of sixteen variables, including the size of sinus cavities, and by the time he was done we were reduced to asking, "Can it sing?"

Yes, this one can, provided you request "Strangers in the Night."

A roomful of adult reporters listened respectfully as DECtalk showed off at its press conference. It spoke in five of its eight voices (an extended family of soused Scandinavians, from a grade-schooler named Kit the Kid right up through Frail Frank, a senior citizen), and recited "Peter Piper picked" at three hundred and fifty words per minute, and introduced a lot of Digital Equipment executives, *none* of whom performed tongue twisters or anything else. Instead, they talked about bisynchronous terminal support, and the automated office of the future, and the awesome number of potential applications for DECtalk, which is being used at the Children's Hospital in Boston to speak for young children who are nonspeaking or have very severe speech difficulties.

When the press conference ended, we sidled up to a keyboard and put the machine through its paces. "War is peace," it burbled dutifully. For a moment, we couldn't think of anything else we wanted it to say, but only for a moment. We carefully selected Voice Four, Uppity Ursula, typed in our message, and then leaned back to hear her say, "I find you fascinating and handsome—indeed, the fairest of them all."



"Good news. The 'Times' has upgraded us from a 'junta' to a 'military government.'"

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LESS fluent than DECtalk, perhaps, but no less sincere was a birthday card that arrived in our mail last week—a prototype of a card that will be in the stores any day now. You plunk down ten bucks for this card and mail it ($1.39) to your friend on his birthday; he notes with interest the television-set motif on the front of the card, and then opens it to be greeted by a voice (Sun Belt and sober) that says, "We've lost our video. Do *not* adjust your card. We'll continue with our audio. Happy Birthday to You!"

To talk with the people behind the talking card, we called Kansas City, the home of Hallmark Cards. Product Manager Don French, in a cheerful voice with a trace of drawl, said that plans for the talking card were laid in midsummer after six musical cards rang up big sales. "High tech seems to be working with the greeting card right now," Mr. French said. "We thought of light, and we thought of movement, and then we finally settled on voice. Once we'd done that, we chose the TV-set motif, because, unlike most greeting cards, which are me-to-you systems, the talking card, with its anonymous voice, is a third-person system. The TV announcer was a natural. Then we had our editors and writers develop the sentiment for the man to say. They also reviewed a lot of tapes to find the right voice. We were so pleased with this one guy—his name was Ray—that we flew him to New York from California to tape the card. We originally envisioned him concluding the message by singing 'Happy Birthday,' but no one thought to ask him if he could sing. He couldn't. We're not stopping with talking cards, by the way. We're working on some holography cards for spring release. They will be real 3-D holograms, produced with a laser."

Besides a bevy of engineers, designers, and writers, Hallmark works with Dr. R. Chris Martin, a motivation psychologist at the University of Missouri. Martin, who analyzes several Hallmark lines, said that the new high-tech greetings—both the talking card and some others, which are decorated with "an extremely organized grid pattern"—represent "the top of the wave of the computer age." "When people buy these new high-tech-spawned products, they are saying, by their buying behavior, 'I belong. This is my generation,' " he told us. "It is a very positive statement."

As far as we're concerned, there is at least one additional advantage. The card lasts a long time (two hundred replays of the message guaranteed) and it never wises up that your birthday is over, so it can salute you again and again, if you're that sort of person.

THE DEEPER CRISIS IN BANKING

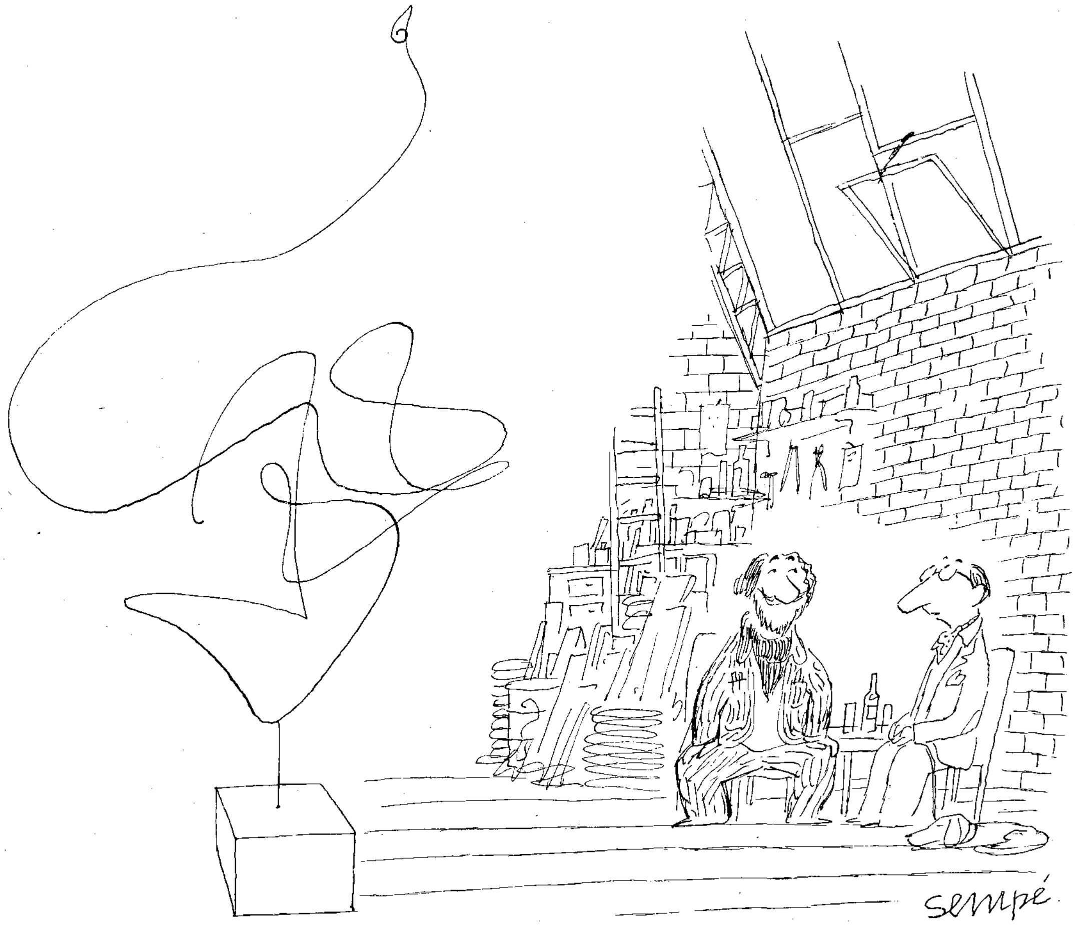
(Practically a Manifesto)

WHEN I last switched banks, it was not just because they asked me to leave, saying that *not only was* I bouncing too many checks but I rarely had enough money in my account to garner for the service charges. As a matter of record, I had already decided to leave—on the day they installed the maroon velours rope system to eliminate customer gridlock. Reading "Dead Souls" fixedly in order to block out what Muzak was doing to "We Kiss in a Shadow," I stood for forty minutes before realizing that the guard had accidentally cordoned me off from the other payers and receivers.

My very first checking account had been a neat perquisite of a job I once had at a genteel nonprofit establishment on the upper East Side. The staff got free checking at a local bank that belonged to one of the directors, and the arrangement spoiled me. New and friendless in New York, I was comforted by being on line with people who had to have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in order to stand next to me. I imagined they were deducing my fortune from my appearance, saying "She can afford to dress like that," which is what we used to say about the Binney-crayon heiress back home who wore thongs and digitated socks. The bank was old and Wedgwoody inside, with Colonial writing desks and ballpoints fitted out as quills. Alexander Hamilton had had a savings account there. No miniature koala bears were allowed next to the tellers' nameplates, and there were no bulletproof dividers; it was understood that rather than make an ugly scene by holding up the bank you would just make a special arrangement with an officer. Once I was on line behind a woman and her collie, and when they got to the front I was surprised that they didn't peel off for separate tellers.

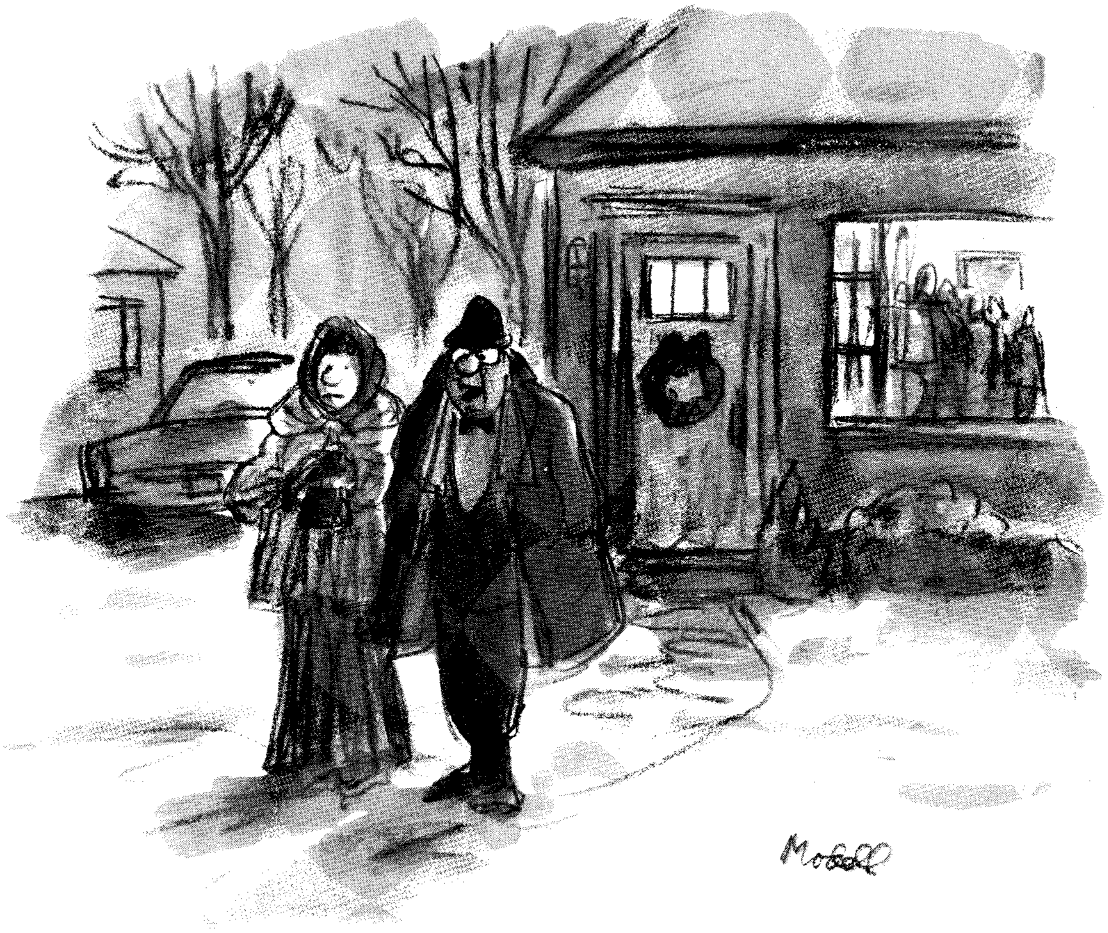
My second bank was the Galvanized Rank and File, in midtown, organized in 1923 by the Vinyl and Linoleum Layers Union. They charged nothing per check, had no monthly service charge, and played no music; they accepted your blood-donor card as a second ID. There were no brazen posters or pennants broadcasting their ♥ for you. Although they were entitled to call themselves "America's Only Inoffensive Bank," they boasted only "Member F.D.I.C." and "Assets Over $1.25 Billion." Eight loosely chained pens were maintained in good condition for our use. The bank had virtually no "décor." The walls were covered in fabric textured like peanut shells, to which were affixed three slogans in fake brass lettering—one from Proverbs, one from Lincoln, and one from Big Bill Hawser, organizer of the V.L.L.U. Their basic message, possibly radical in its day, was that the tongue of the righteous is choice silver, and therefore legal tender for all debts.

This halcyon period went on for some time, long enough for me to build up my credit profile and banking nerve. I began to consider seriously the bank's leaflets, no longer dismissing the suggestion that I take out a loan and finally build that new patio onto my sixth-floor walkup. When I was mugged one afternoon on my way to the Y and relieved of my entire cash nexus, my mother responded by buying me a second-hand Electrolux, which I still have, while my father gave me a hundred dollars to open a savings account, which I kept open for several weeks. During this heady fiscal period, I also leased a safe-deposit box on the advice of some friends who had lost all their personal effects in a fire. Along with this came the use of a private room within the bank vault in which to examine my valuable papers—including one inscribed to me by Professor Lattimore (of Greek Lit. in Trans.): "If the quotes were removed, this would be the shortest paper ever written."



"It has movement."

Things began to unravel when the bank



"Well! We got that one out of the way."

• •

nstalled heavy Lucite lividers across the ounters, separating he people on line from he bank workers. A oolness sprang up vhen we who had urtured homely acuaintances with tellrs now had to raise ur voices unnaturally; ome of us simply hose the mute transiction. On line, we egan to quip darkly imong ourselves about iow we had to slide ur money through he special channel, he way you do at iquor stores in Times quare or at high-seurity Kentucky Fried hickens: "I'll take en rolls of quarters ind a No. 4 Extra-rispy, no dark meat."

In time, there came he first of the autonated line-control deices. "Teller-Quest"® urs was called—a big ight box that said eiher "Teller Available" or "Remain in ine." Occasionally it vould break down, and the teller vould mouth "Next!" from behind the hick partition. Those who read lips ometimes bolted ahead of the others n exasperation, and the line turned on tself, like a dachshund beginning a ap.

To correct that, I guess, they atached to the center divider a large reen marquee like the paging board at he Public Library. When a teller was ree the sign would flash a yellow umber; simultaneously a small, idenically numbered lantern next to the eller's window would also begin to licker. That was the theory, I believe. n practice, a "7" would show up on he marquee and, holding my deposit ike a runner's baton, I would sprint ff to Window 7, only to find that the antern there was suddenly dark; inide, Teller 7, hunched over some inisible problem, could barely be seen. Vhen I returned in good faith to the ead of the line, the woman behind me ointed peevishly at the marquee, vhich was still showing a "7." Then "5" would appear as well, and she shoved past me to Teller 5, sighing loudly and rolling her eyes hammily to the guard. Abashed, I tried Teller 7 once again, who, now repositioning the rubber spider next to her nameplate, looked at me without recognition and mimed "Wait on line for my signal, do you *moind*?" It was like a painting by Munch, called "The Deposit."

I DON'T want to sound overdelicate or shrill. I am not a crank. Believe me, I would sooner overdraw than say the ungrateful things that follow. As a rule, the class of people my bank ostensibly caters to—many by now intimates on line—does not want any of what is going on. We do not want to be told that the bank is crazy about us just because we are "people" (what else uses money?). Other things being equal, we would rather not hear a studio orchestra play "Don't Cry for Me Argentina" while we read on a tiny slip of paper scrawled by our teller that our balance is ±$3.20. All we want is a quiet, temperate zone in which to regulate the ebb of our petit caches. If under the new laws there must be music available on the premises, let the bank issue Walkman sets at the door, each with a functioning "Off" button. And let them devise a further acoustical system that allows us to speak incredulous words to our tellers without having to force our lips down into the money slot to do so. Then shall we tread the deep pile of indoor-outdoor carpeting with a bright eye and a springy hoof—and should we ever prosper enough to where we can afford to bank uptown and wear thongs with digitated socks, we shall not again be moved.

—PRUDENCE CROWTHER

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THE LITERARY LIFE

[*From the Tacoma News Tribune*]

Des Moines writer Ann Rule got into the hardcover field with *The Stranger Beside Me*, a non-fiction thriller about convicted killer Ted Bundy.

But she has returned to the world of fiction with her new book, *Possession*, a suspenseful novel of a killer and the wife of his wife.

RETURN TRIPS

SOME years ago I spent a hot and mostly miserable summer in an ugly yellow hotel on the steep and thickly wooded, rocky coast of northern Yugoslavia, not far from the island of Rab. I was with a man whom I entirely, wildly loved, and he, Paul, loved me, too, but together we suffered the most excruciating romantic agonies, along with the more ordinary daily discomforts of bad food, an uncomfortable, poorly ventilated room with a hard, unyielding bed, and not enough money to get away. Or enough strength: Paul's health was bad. Morosely we stared out over the lovely clear, cool blue water, from our pine forest, to enticing islands that were purplish-gray in the distance. Or else I swam and Paul looked out after me.

Paul's problem was a congenital heart condition, now correctable by surgery, but not so then; he hurt a lot, and the smallest walks could cause pain. Even love, I came to realize, was for Paul a form of torture, although we kept at it—for him suicidally, I guess—during those endless sultry yellow afternoons, on our awful bed, between our harsh, coarse sheets.

I wanted us to marry. I was very young, and very healthy, and my crazy, unreal idea of marriage seemed to include a sort of transfer of strength. I was not quite so silly as to consciously think that marrying me would "cure" Paul, nor did I imagine a lifelong nurse role for myself. It was, rather, a magic belief that if we did a normal thing, something other people did all the time, like getting married, Paul's heart would become normal, too, like other, ordinary hearts.

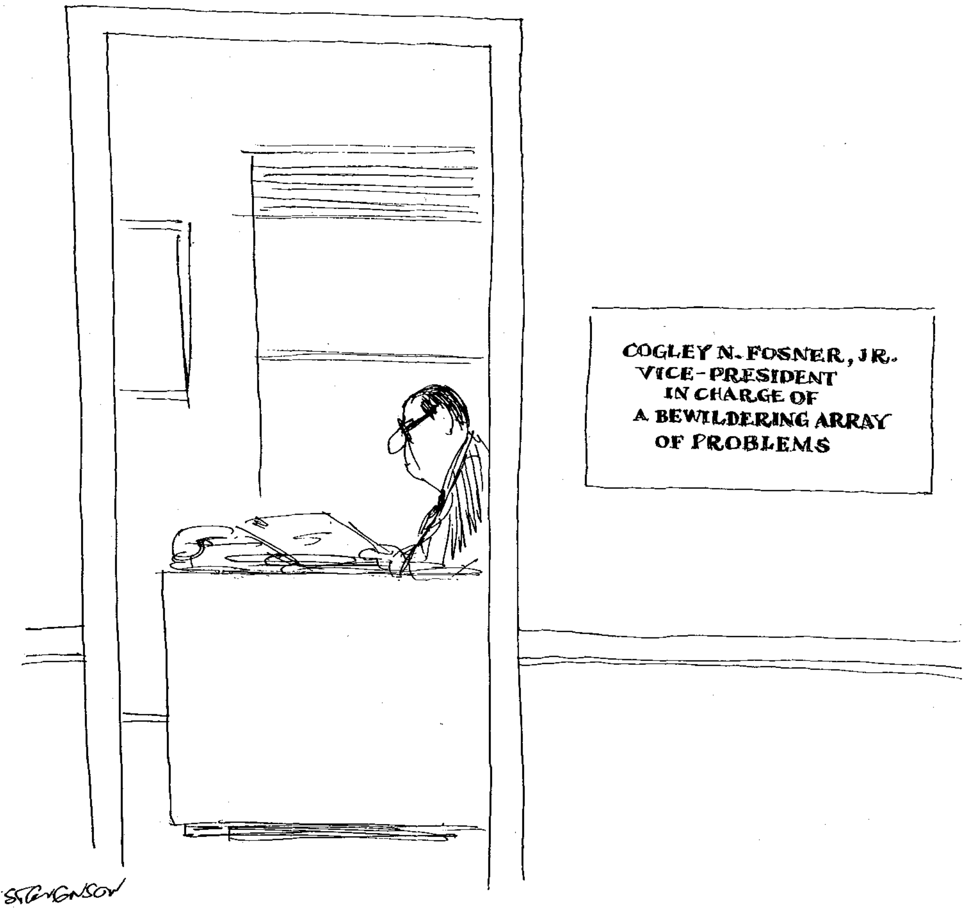
Paul believed that he would die young, and, nobly, he felt that our marriage would be unfair to me. He also pointed out that whereas he had enough money from a small inheritance for one person, himself, to live on very sparingly, there was really not enough for two, and I would do well to go back to America and to the years of graduate study to which my professor mother wanted to stake me. At that time, largely because of Paul, who was a poet, I thought of studying literature; instead, after he died I turned to history, contemporary American. By now I have written several books; my particular interest is in the Trotskyit movement: its rich history of lonely occasionally brilliant, contentiou voices, its legacy of schisms—an od choice, perhaps, but the books hav been surprisingly popular. You migh say, and I hope Paul would, that have done very well professionally. I any case you could say that Paul wo our argument. That fall I went bac to graduate school, at Georgetown and Paul died young, as he said h would, in a hospital in Trieste.

I have said that Paul loved me, an so he did, intensely—he loved m more, it has come to seem to me, tha anyone since, although I have had m share, I guess. But Paul loved me wit a meticulous attention that include every aspect. Not only my person: a that time I was just a skinny tal young girl with heavy dark hair tha was fated to early gray, as my mother' had been. With an old-fashioned nam —Emma. Paul loved my hair and m name and whatever I said to him, an odd old memory, or half-formed ambition; he took all my perceptions seriously. He laughed at all my joke although his were much funnier. H was even interested in my dream which I would sometimes wake an tell him, that summer, in the breathless pre-dawn cool, in the ugly hotel.

And so it is surprising that ther was one particular dream that I di not tell him, especially since thi dream was so painful and troublin that I remember it still. Much later even arranged to reënact the dream, a expurgatory ritual of sorts—but that i to get far ahead of my story.

In the dream, then, that I dreame as I slept with Paul, all those years ag in Yugoslavia, it was very hot, and was walking down a long, intensel familiar hill, beside a winding whit concrete highway. In the valley belo was the rambling white house wher (long before Yugoslavia) my parent and I had lived for almost five year in a small Southern town calle Hilton. I did not get as far as th house, in the dream; it was so hot, an I was burdened with the most terrific heavy pain in my chest, a pain tha must have come from Paul's actua pain, as the heat in the dream woul have come from the actual heat of tha summer.

"Oh, I had such an awful dream!" cried out to Paul, as I burrowe against his sharp back, his fine dam skin.



"What about?" He kissed my hair.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I was in Hilton. You know, just before my parents' divorce. Where I had such a good time and my mother hated everything."

Against my hair he murmured, "Your poor mother."

"Yes, but she brings it on herself. She's so difficult. No wonder my father . . . really. And I don't want to go to graduate school."

And so I did not tell Paul my dream, in which I had painfully walked that downhill mile toward the scene of our family's dissolution, and the heady start of my own adolescence. Instead, in a familiar way, Paul and I argued about my future, and as usual I took a few stray shots at my mother.

"Just in case we feel like busting loose come midnight."

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And Paul died, and I did after all go to graduate school, and then my mother died—quite young, it now seems to me, and long before our war was in any way resolved.

A VERY wise woman who is considerably older than I am once told me that in her view relationships with people to whom we have been very close can continue to change even after the deaths of those people, and for me I think this has been quite true, with my mother, and in quite another way with Paul.

I AM now going back to a very early time, long before my summer with Paul, in Yugoslavia. Before anyone had died. I am going back to Hilton.

When we arrived in Hilton I was eleven, and both my parents were in their early forties, and almost everything that went so darkly and irretrievably wrong among the three of us was implicit in our ages. Nearly adolescent, I was eager for initiation into romantic, sensual mysteries of which I had dim intimations from books. For my mother, the five years from forty-two or forty-three onward were a desolate march into middle age. My father, about ten months younger than my mother—and looking, always, ten years younger—saw his early forties as prime time; he had never felt better in his life. Like me, he found Hilton both romantic and exciting—he had a marvellous time there, as I did, mostly.

My first overtly sensual experience took place one April night on that very stretch of road, the gravelled walk up above the highway that wound down to our house, that I dreamed of in Yugoslavia. I must have been twelve, and a boy who was "walking me home" reached for and took and held my hand, and I felt an overwhelming hot excitement. Holding hands.

ABOUT hands:

These days, like most of my friends, I am involved in a marriage, my second, which seems problematical—even more problematical than most of the marriages I see—but then maybe everyone views his or her marriage in this way. Andreas is Greek, by way of Berkeley, to which his parents immigrated in the thirties and opened a student restaurant, becoming successful enough to send their promising son to college there, and later on to medical school. Andreas and I seem to go from friendliness or even love to rage, with a speed that leaves me dizzy, and scared. However, ambivalent as in many ways I am about Andreas, I do very much like—in fact, I love—his hands. They are just plain male hands, rather square in shape, usually callused and very competent. Warm. A doctor, he specializes in kidneys, unromantically enough, but his hands are more like a workman's, a carpenter's. And sometimes even now an accidental meeting of our hands can recall me to affection; his hands remind me of love.

I liked Paul's hands, too, and I remember them still. They were very smooth, and cool.

BACK in Hilton, when I was twelve, my mother violently disapproved of my being out at night with boys. Probably sensing just how exciting I found those April nights that smelled of privet and lilacs, and those lean, tall, sweet-talking Southern boys, she wept and raged, despairing and helpless as she recognized the beginning of my life as a sensual woman, coinciding as it probably did with the end of her own.

My feckless father took my side, of course. "Things are different down here, my dear," he told her. "It's a

LITERAL DREAM

(TWENTY YEARS AFTER READING "TESS . . .," AND
WITHOUT EVER HAVING SEEN THE MOVIE)

You know the scene. You read it in a book.
But did not see what I saw when,
Last night, unseen, I sat, and saw,
The bare and tidy room gone chilly, too,
In its English respectability of straitened means.
She rocked in her chair, the old lady,
Bifocals, hair in a bun, neat, gray-streaked, the only
Sound the click of the knitting needles. Or
Did I hear that noise? Anyway, she
So sat, alone, not seeing me, probably
Just seeing the empty chair I sat in, breath
Soundless. If there was breath. Do we,
Under such circumstances, breathe? When,
Transparent, we sit? She rocked, and thought.

Oh, I could read her like the old book I'd read!
How handy now came the paying guests
In the room upstairs. A widow
Has to cut her corners where she can.
I knew what she'd picked up. I waited.
Watched. It seemed she'd never look up and see
What I knew she'd see up there. But, according to
The law of such circumstances, I
Could not look up until she did. She did.

She saw the spot on the ceiling. Ignored it. Looked
Again. Now bigger, darker, growing, it was
On paint, on whitewash, on paper, whatever
The ceiling was. I can't remember, but
Remember it growing slow, so slow. Her eyes,
They widened in hypnotic slowness.
Her breath, it didn't come until
The stain on her neat ceiling gathered to a
Point.
Which hung forever.
Dropped.

How long would it take now for the tremble
Of finger to sharpen into the instrument
To touch with? To touch
The spot now on the clean floor? It seemed
Forever. The knitting needles first,
Then the ball of wool, unnoticed, dropped.
And then
The finger, sharpening in massive will,
Suddenly, not quivering,
Touched.

It rose.

How slow, how unbelieving, head
Shaking on frail stem of neck, she
Stared.

Her mouth had now made the shape of an O.
But no sound came. I stared to see
The shape of sound. It was not there.
I could not make out the color on the
stained finger.
But knew. I knew because I'd read the book.
But the blind swirl of eyeless cloud,
Tattered, black-streaked,
In which, that instant, I was upwhirled,
Was in no book, nor ever had been, nor
Such terror.

I woke. It was near day.
Patient I sat, staring through the
Wet pane at sparse drops that struck
The last red dogwood leaves. It was
as though
I could hear the plop out there. See the leaf quiver.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

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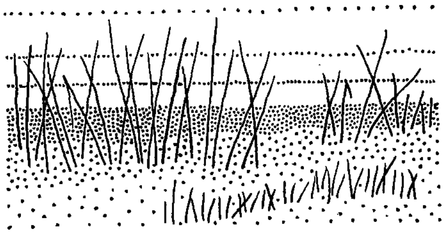
scientific fact that girls, uh, mature much earlier in the South. And when in Rome, you know. I see no harm in Emma's going to a movie with some nice boy, if she promises to be home at a reasonable hour. Ten-thirty?"

"But Emma isn't Southern. She has got to be home by ten!"

My mother filled me with a searing discomfort, a longing to be away from her. Having no idea how much I pitied her, I believed that I hated her.

My father was not only younger than my mother, he was at least a full inch shorter—a small man, compactly built, and handsome. "Has anyone ever told you that you look like that writer fellow, that Scott Fitzgerald?" asked one of the local Hilton ladies, a small brunette, improbably named Popsie Hooker. "Why no, I don't believe anyone ever has," my father lied; he had been told at least a dozen times of that resemblance. "But of course I'm flattered to be compared to such a famous man. Rather a devil, though, I think I've heard," he said, with a wink at Popsie Hooker.

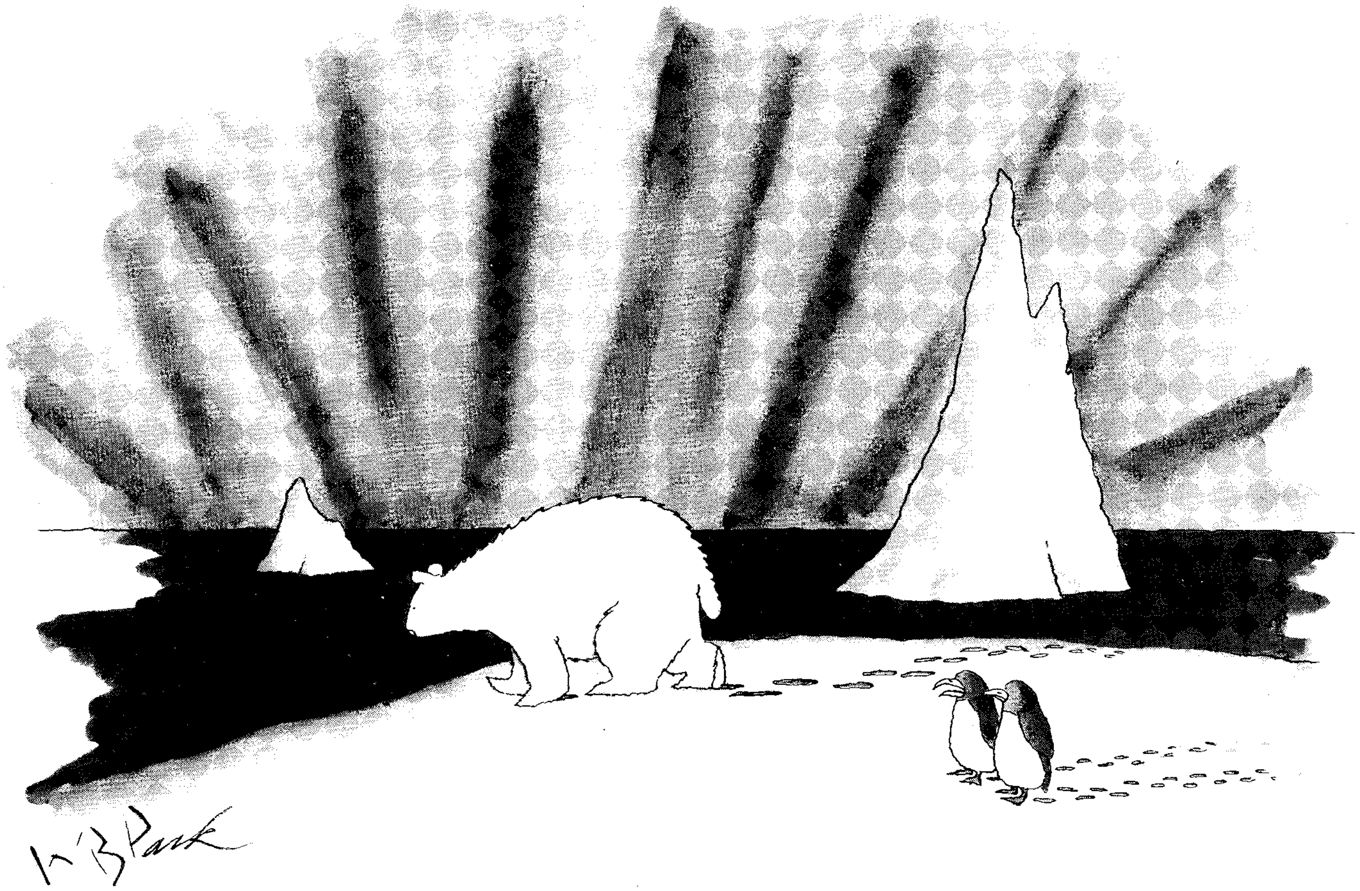
"Popsie Hooker, how remarkably redundant," hopelessly observed my academic mother, to my bored and restless father. They had chosen Hilton rather desperately, as a probably cheap place to live on my father's dwindling Midwestern inheritance; he was never exactly cut out for work, and after divorcing my mother he resolved his problems, or some of them, in a succession of marriages to very rich women.



Popsie Hooker, who was later to play a curious, strong role in my life, at that time interested me not at all; if I had a view of her, it was closer to my mother's than I would have admitted, and for not dissimilar reasons. She was ludicrous, so small and silly, and just a little cheap, with those girlish clothes, all ribbons and bows, and that tinny little laugh. And that accent: Popsie out-Southerned everyone around.

"It's rather like a speech defect," my mother observed, before she stopped mentioning Popsie altogether.

Aside from her smallness and blue-eyed prettiness, Popsie's local claim to fame was her lively correspondence



"Every now and then, I think 'Wouldn't a fur be fun.' But it just isn't really me."

• •

with "famous people," to whom she wrote what were presumably letters of adulation, the puzzle being that these people so often wrote back to her. Popsie was fond of showing off her collection. She had a charming note from Mr. Fitzgerald, and letters from Eleanor Roosevelt, Norma Shearer, Willa Cather, Clare Boothe Luce. No one, least of all my mother, could understand why such people would write to dopey Popsie, nor could I, until many years later, when she began to write to me.

However, I was too busy at that time to pay much attention to my parents or their friends, their many parties at which everyone drank too much; my own burgeoning new life was much more absorbing.

My walks at night with various boys up and down that stretch of highway sometimes came to include a chaste but passionate kiss; this would take place, if at all, on the small secluded dirt road that led down from the highway to our house.

One winter, our fourth year in Hilton, when I was fifteen, in January we had an exceptionally heavy fall of snow, deep and shadowed in the valley where our house was, ladening boughs of pine and fir and entirely covering the privet and quince and boxwood that edged the highway. For several days most of the highway itself lay under snow. Cars labored up and down the hill, singly, at long intervals, wearing unaccustomed chains.

Those nights of snow were marvellous: so cold, the black sky broken with stars as white as snow. My friends and I went sledding; that winter I was strongly taken with a dark boy who looked rather like Paul, now that I try to see him: a thin, bony face, a certain Paul-like intensity. On a dare we sledded down the highway, so perilously exciting! We lay on the sled, I stretched along his back.

We went hurtling down past the back road to my house, past everything. At last on a level area we stopped; on either side of us fields of white seemed to billow and spread off into the shadows, in the cold. Standing there we kissed—and then we began the long slow ascent of the highway, toward my house. He was pulling the sled, and we stopped several times to kiss, to press our upright bodies warmly together.

As we neared and then reached the back road to my house, we saw a car stopped, its headlights on. Guiltily we dropped hands. Dazzled by the light, only as we were almost upon it could I recognize our family car, the only wood-panelled Chrysler in town. In it was my father, kissing someone; their bodies were blotted into one silhouette.

If he saw and recognized us, there was no sign. He could easily not have seen us, or, knowing my father, who was nothing if not observant, I would guess it's more likely he did see us but pretended to himself that he did not, as he pretended not to see that my mother was miserably unhappy, and that I was growing up given to emotional extremes, and to loneliness.

"Stricken" probably comes closest to how I felt: burning rage, a painful, seething shame—emotions that I took to be hatred. "I hate him" is what I thought. Oblivious of the tall boy at my side, I began to walk as fast as I could, clumping heavily through the snow; at the door of my house I muttered what must have been a puzzlingly abrupt good night. Without kissing.

BY the time we left Hilton, the summer that I was sixteen, my parents were entirely fed up with Hilton, and with each other. My father thought he could get a job in the Pentagon, in Washington—he knew someone there; and my mother had decided on New York, on graduate school at Columbia; I would go to Barnard.

I was less upset about my parents' separation than I was about leaving Hilton, which was by now to me a magic, enchanted place. In the spring and summer just preceding our departure there were amazing white bursts of dogwood, incredible wisteria and roses.

I wept for my friends, whom I would always love and miss, I thought.

I HATED New York. The city seemed violent and confusing, ugly and dirty, loud. Voices in the streets or on subways and buses grated against my ears; everyone spoke so stridently, so harshly. Until I met Paul I was lonely and miserable, and frightened.

I would not have told him of my unease right away, even though Paul and I began as friends. But he must have sensed some rural longings just beneath my New York veneer. He would have; almost from the start Paul felt whatever I felt—he came to inhabit my skin.

In any case, our friendship and then our love affair had a series of outdoor settings. Paul, melancholy and romantic, and even then not well, especially liked the sea, and he liked to look out to islands—which led us, eventually, to Yugoslavia, our desolate summer there.

Not having had an actual lover before, only boys who kissed me, who did not talk much, I was unprepared for the richness of love with Paul—or, rather, I assumed that that was how love was between true intimates. Paul's sensuality was acutely sensitive, and intense; with him I felt both beautiful and loved—indescribably so. You could say that Paul spoiled me for other men, and in a way that is true—he did. But on the other hand Paul knew that he was dying, gradually, and that knowledge may have made him profligate with love. We talked and talked, we read poetry; Paul read Wallace Stevens and Eliot aloud to me, and his own poems, which I thought remarkable. We made jokes, we laughed, we made love.

Since Hilton was only twelve hours from New York by train, and we both liked travel, and trains, in a way it is odd that Paul and I did not go down to Hilton. I know he would have said yes had I suggested a trip. His curiosity about me was infinite; he would have wanted to see a place that I cared so much about. I suppose we would have stayed at the inn, as I was to do later on, when finally I did go back to Hilton. We could have taken a taxi out to what had been my house.

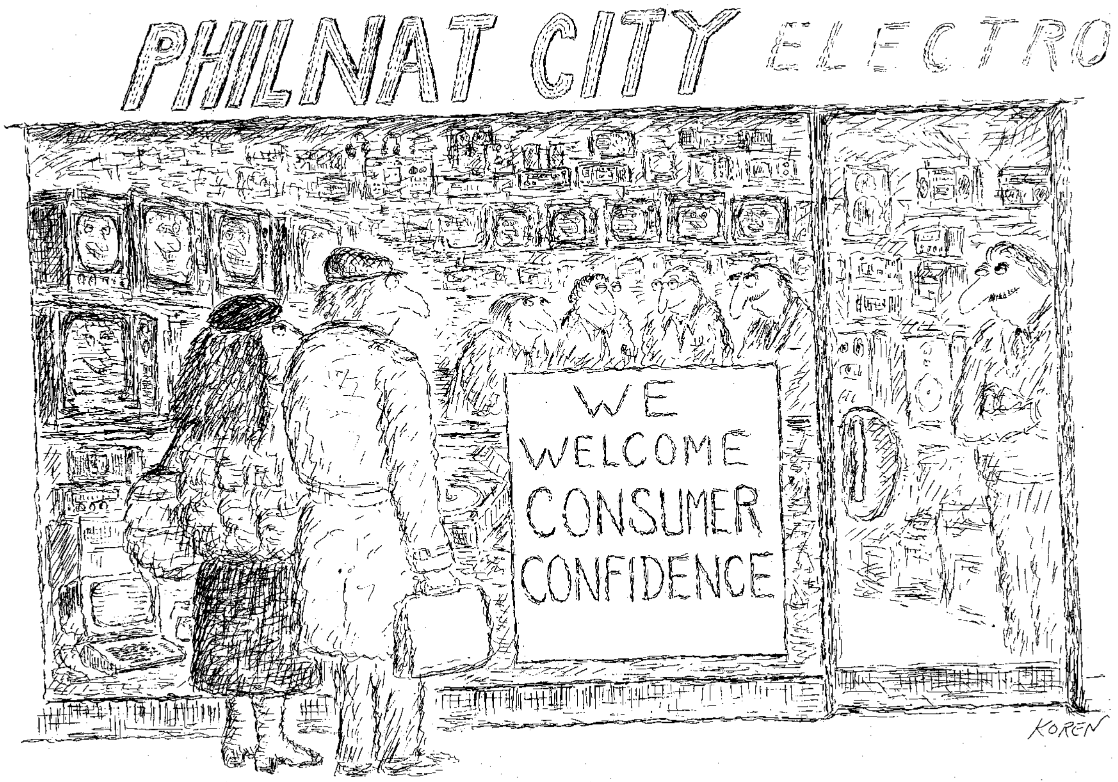
However, for whatever reasons, Paul and I did not go to Hilton. We went to upstate New York and to Connecticut, and out to Long Island.

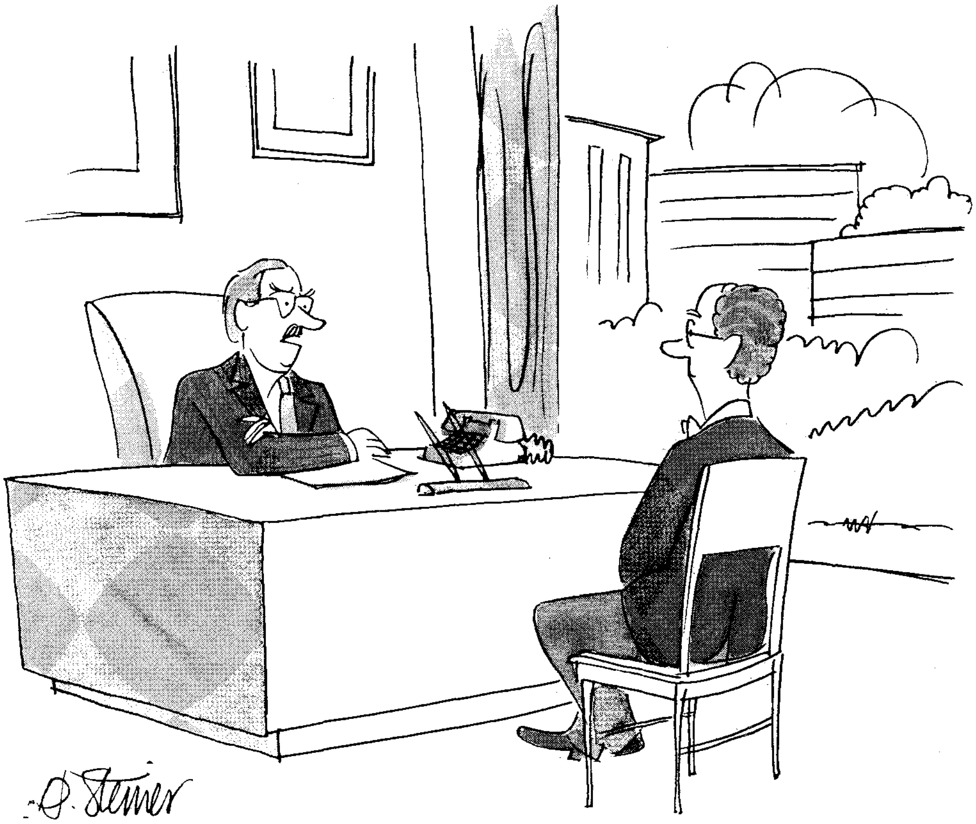
And, eventually, to Yugoslavia.

OUR unhappiness there in the ugly yellow hotel on the beautiful rockbound coast was due not only to Paul's declining health and my unreal but urgent wish to marry. Other problems lay in the sad old truth, well known to most adults but not at that time to us, that conducting a love affair while living apart is quite unlike taking up residence together, even for a summer. In domestic ways we were both quite impossible then—and of course Paul did not get time to change.

I could not cook, and our arrangement with the hotel included the use of a communal kitchen, an allotted space in the refrigerator and time at the stove; my cooking was supposed to save us money, which my burned disasters failed to do. Neither could I sew or iron. I even somehow failed at washing socks. None of this bothered Paul at all; his expectations of me did not run along such lines, but mine, which must have been plucked from the general culture rather than from my own freethinking mother, were strong, and tormenting.

Paul had terrible troubles with the car, a Peugeot that we had picked up in Paris, on our way, and that had functioned perfectly well all across the Italian Alps, until we got to Trieste, where it began





"What's it to be, Tuxhill? Briefing or debriefing?"

• •

to make inexplicable noises, and sometimes not to start. Paul was utterly incapable of dealing with these *crises;* he would shout and rant, even clutch melodramatically at his thin black hair. I dimly sensed that he was reacting to the car's infirmities instead of to his own, which of course I did not say; but I also felt that men were supposed to deal with cars, an insupportable view, I knew even then, and derived from my father, who possessed remarkable mechanical skills.

We were there in Yugoslavia for almost three months in all, from June to September. It was probably in August, near the end of our stay, that I had my dream of going back to Hilton, and walking down the highway to our house—in the heat, with the pain in my heart that must have been Paul's pain. The dream that I did not tell Paul.

And in the fall I went back to America, to Washington, D.C., to study at Georgetown.

And Paul moved up to Trieste, where shortly after Christmas he went into a hospital and died.

Sheer disbelief was my strongest reaction to the news of Paul's death, which came in the form of a garbled cablegram. I could not believe that such an acute and lively intelligence could simply be snuffed out. In a conventional way I wept and mourned his loss: I played music that he had liked—the Hummel trumpet concerto, of which he was especially fond—and I reread "Sunday Morning" and "Four Quartets." But at the same time I never believed that he was entirely gone (I still do not).

Two years after Paul's death, most unexpectedly my mother died, in a senseless automobile accident; she was driving to see friends in Connecticut and swerved on a wet highway to avoid an oncoming truck. I was more horrified, more devastated, really, than I could have believed possible. I went to an analyst. "I haven't even written her for a month!" I cried out, during one dark fifty-minute hour. "How many letters does it take to keep a mother alive?" was the gentle and at least mildly helpful answer. Still, I wrestled with my guilt and with the sheer irresolution of our connection for many, many years.

In my late twenties I married one of my former professors: Lewis—a large, blond, emphatically healthy, outgoing man, as much unlike Paul as anyone I could have found; this occurred to me at the time as an ironic twist that only Paul himself could have appreciated. We lived in New York, where we both now taught.

To sum up very complicated events in a short and simple way: my work prospered, while my marriage did not—and I present these as simultaneous conditions, not causally linked. A happier first marriage could have made for even better work on my part, I sometimes think.

During those years, I thought of my mother with increasing sympathy. This is another simplification, but that is what it came to. She did her best under very difficult, sometimes painful circumstances is one way of putting it.

And I thought of Paul. It was his good-friend aspect that I most missed, I found, in the loneliness of my marriage. I felt, too, always, the most vast regret for what seemed the waste of a life.

And Hilton was very much in my mind.

Sometimes I tried to imagine what my life would have been like if I had never left: I could have studied at the university there, and married one of those lean and sexy sweet-talking boys. And often that seemed a preferable way to have taken.

I divorced Lewis, and I had various "relationships." I wrote and published articles, several books—and I began getting letters from Popsie Hooker. Long, quite enthralling letters. They were often about her childhood, which had been spent on a farm in Illinois—southern Illinois, to be sure, but, still, I thought how my mother would have laughed to hear that Popsie, the near-professional Southerner, was really from Illinois. Popsie wrote to me often, and I answered, being compulsive in that way, and also because I so much enjoyed hearing from her.

Some of her letters were very funny, as when she wrote about the new "rest home" in Hilton, in which certain former enemies were housed in adjacent rooms: "Mary Lou and Henrietta haven't spoken for years and *years*, and there they are. Going over there to visit is like reading a novel, a real long one," Popsie wrote, and she added, "They couldn't get me into one of those places if they carried me there on a stretcher." I gathered that Popsie was fairly rich; several husbands had come and gone, all leaving her well endowed.

We wrote back and forth, Popsie and I, she writing more often than I did, often telling me how much my letters meant to her. Her letters meant a great deal to me, too. I was especially moved when she talked about the seasons down there in Hilton—the weather and what was in bloom; I could remember all of it, so vividly. And I was grateful that she never mentioned my parents, and her own somewhat ambiguous connection with them.

DURING some of those years, I began an affair with Andreas, the doctor whom I eventually married: a turbulent, difficult, and sometimes rewarding marriage. Andreas is an exceptionally skilled doctor; he is also arrogant, quick-tempered, and inconsiderate, especially of other people's time—like all doctors, I have sometimes thought.

Our conflicts often have to do with schedules: his conference in Boston versus mine in Chicago; his need for a vacation in February versus mine for time to finish a book, just then. And more ordinary arguments: my dislike of being kept waiting, his wish that I do more cooking. Sometimes even now his hot, heavy body next to mine in bed seems alien, unknown, and I wonder what he is doing there, really. At other times, as I have said, I am deeply stirred by an accidental touching of our hands.

At some of our worst moments I think of leaving Andreas; this would be after an especially ugly quarrel, probably fuelled by too much wine, or simply after several weeks of non-communication.

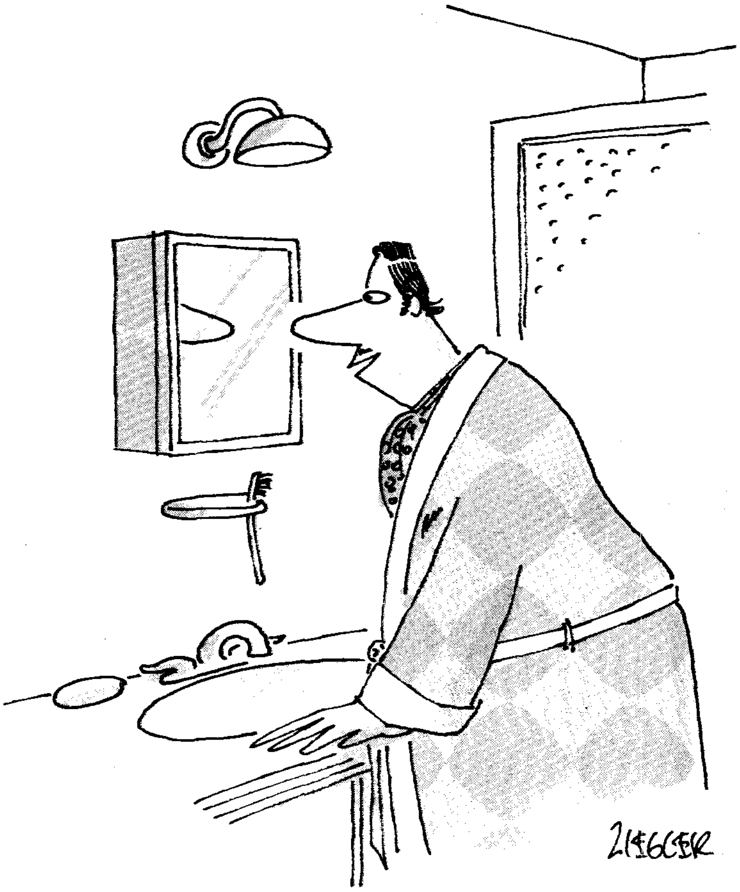
In one such fantasy I do go back to Hilton, and I take up the rest of my life there as a single woman. I no longer teach, I only do research in the library, which is excellent. And I write more books. I imagine that I see a lot of Popsie Hooker; I might even become the sort of "good daughter" to her that I was so far from being to my own mother. And sometimes in this fantasy I buy the house that we used to live in, the rambling house down the highway, in the valley. I have imagined it as neglected, needing paint, new gutters, perhaps even falling apart, everything around it overgrown and gone to seed.

LAST June, when I had agreed to give a series of lectures at Georgetown, Andreas and I made reservations in a small hotel where we had stayed before, not far from the university. We both like Washington; we looked forward to revisiting favorite galleries and restaurants. It was one of the many times when we needed a vacation together, and so, as I might have known would happen, this became impossible: two sick patients got sicker, and although I argued, citing the brilliance and the exceptional competence of his partners (an argument that did not go over very well), Andreas said no, he had to stay in New York, with the kidneys of Mrs. Howell and old Mr. Rosenthal.

I went to Georgetown and to our hotel alone. I called several times, and Andreas and I "made up" what had been a too familiar argument.

In Georgetown, the second day, as I walked alone past those elegantly maintained houses, as I glanced into seductively cloistered, luxuriantly ferned and flowered gardens, some stray scent of privet or a glimpse of a yellow rosebush in full bloom—something reminded me strongly, compellingly of Hilton, and I thought, Well, why not? I could take the train and just stay for a couple of days. That much more time away from Andreas might be to the good, just now. I could stay at the Hilton Inn. I could visit Popsie. I could walk down the highway to our house.

And that is what I did, in more or less that order, except that I saved the visit to Popsie for the last, which turned out to be just as well. But right away I stopped at a travel agency on Wisconsin Avenue, and I bought a ticket to Raleigh, treating myself to a roomette for the five-hour trip; I felt that both ceremony and privacy were required.



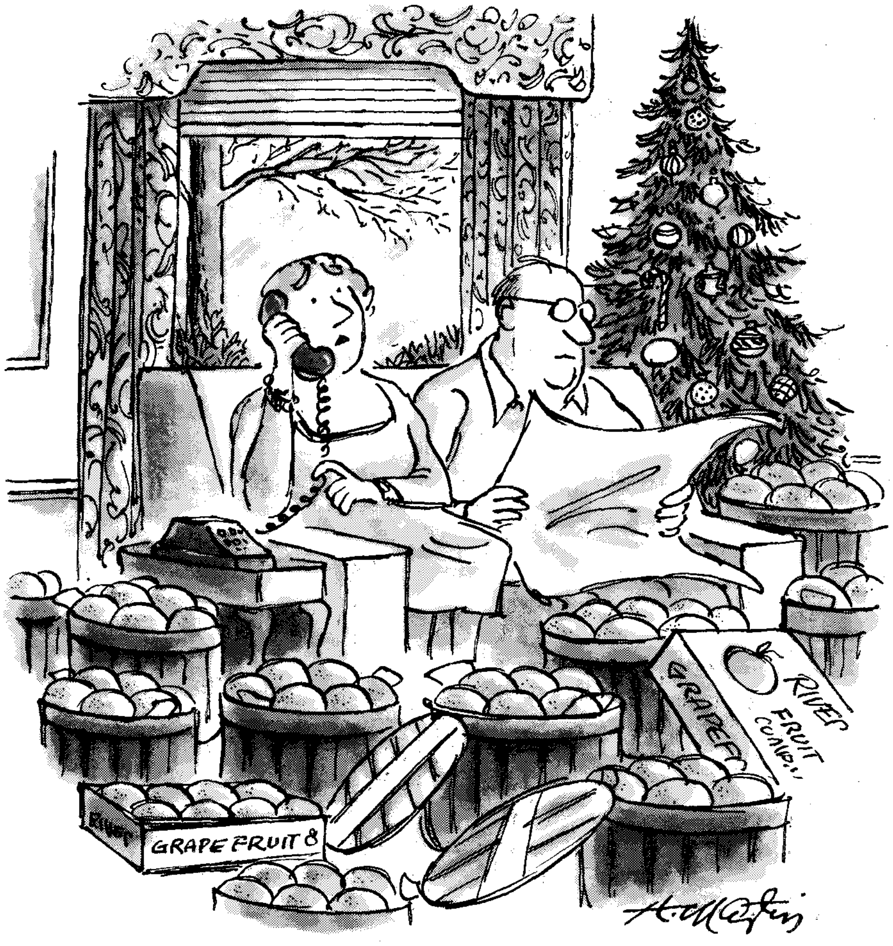
"Hi, guy."

I HAD thought that on the train I would be struck by the deep familiarity of the landscape; at last, that particular soil, that special growth. But actually it was novelty that held me to my window: the wide flat brown shining rivers that we crossed, with their tacky little marinas, small boats, small boys on the banks. Flooded swamps, overgrown with kudzu vines and honeysuckle. I had the curious illusion that one sometimes gets on trains, of traversing an exotic, hitherto untravelled land. I felt myself to be an explorer.

That night I had an unmemorable dinner alone at the inn—

which, having been redone, was all unfamiliar to me. I went to bed early, slept well.

Sometime in the night, though, I did wake up with the strange and slightly scary thought that in a few years I would be as old as my mother was when she died, and I wondered what, if anything, that fact had to do with my coming back to Hilton, after all these years.



"This has been a Christmas when everybody sent us grapefruit."

THE next morning's early air was light and delicate. Dew still shone on the heavy, dark-green shrubbery around the inn, on silver cobwebs, as I set out for my walk—at last! The sky was soft and pale, an eggshell blue. Walking along the still gravelled sidewalk, beside the tarred road that led from the inn out to the highway, I recognized houses; I knew who used to live in almost all of them, and I said those names to myself as I walked along: Hudson, Phipps, Zimmerman, Rogerson, Pittman. I noticed that the old Pittman place was now a fraternity house, with an added sun porch and bright new paint, bright gold Greek letters over the door. In fact, the look of all those houses was one of improvement, upgrading, with their trim lawns, abundant boxwood, their lavish flower beds.

I reached the highway, still on the gravelled walk, and I began the long descent toward my house. The air was still light, and barely warm, although the day to come would be hot. I thought of my dream in Yugoslavia, of this walk, and I smiled, inexplicably happy at just that moment—with no heat, no pain in my heart.

I recognized more houses, and said more names, and I observed that these houses, too, were in splendid shape, all bright and visibly cared for. There was much more green growth than I remembered, the trees were immense, and I thought, Well, of course; they've had time to grow.

No one seeing me as I walked there could know or guess that that was where I used to live, I thought. They would see—a tall thin woman, graying, in early middle age, in a striped gray cotton skirt, gray shirt. A woman looking intently at everything, and smiling to herself.

And then, there before me was our house. But not our house. It, too, had been repainted—all smartened up with bright white paint and long black louvred shutters, now closed against the coming heat and light. Four recent-model sports cars, all imported, were parked in the driveway, giving the place a recreational, non-familial air. A group of students, I thought; perhaps some club? The surrounding trees were huge; what had been a small and murmurous pine grove at one side of the house now towered over it, thickly green and rustling slightly in a just arisen morning breeze. No one came out while I stood there, for not very long, but I was sure that there was not a family inside but some cluster of transients—young people, probably, who liked each other and liked the house, but without any deep or permanent attachment.

I continued on my walk, a circle of back roads on which I was pleased to find that I still knew my way, which led at last back to the highway, and up the hill, to the inn.

I HAD called Popsie Hooker from Washington, and again from the inn, when I got there. She arose from her nap about four in the afternoon, she said, and if I could come out to her house along about then she would be thrilled, just simply thrilled.

By midafternoon it was too hot for another walk, and so I took a taxi out to Popsie's house, in the direction opposite to mine. I arrived about four-thirty, which I assumed to be along about four in Southernese.

Popsie's house, the fruit of one of her later marriages, was by far the most splendid I had yet seen in town: a Georgian house, of ancient soft red brick, smartly trimmed in black, with frequent accents of highly polished brass. Magnificent lawns, magnolias, rhododendrons. By the time I got to the door I half expected to be greeted by an array of uniformed retainers—all black, of course.

But it was Popsie herself who opened the door to me—a Popsie barely recognizable, so shrunken and wizened had she become: a small woman withered down to dwarf size, in a black silk dress with grosgrain at her throat, a cameo brooch. She smelled violently of gardenia perfume and of something else that at first I could not place.

"Emma! Emma!" she breathed up into my face, the old blue eyes filming over, and she caught at both my arms and held them in her weak tight grasp. I recognized the second scent, which was sherry.

"You're *late*," she next accused me. "Here I've been expecting you this whole long after*noon*."

I murmured apologies, and together we proceeded down the hallway and into a small parlor, Popsie still clutching my arm, her small fierce weight almost tugging me over sideways.

We sat down. The surfaces in that room were all so cluttered with silver and ivory pieces, inlay, old glass, that it could have been an antique shop, or the parlor of a medium. I told Popsie how happy I was to be there, how wonderful Hilton looked.

"Well, you know, it's become a very fancy place to live. Very *expensive*. Lots of Yankees retiring down here, and fixing up the old houses."

"Uh, where do the poor people live?"

She laughed, a tiny rasp. "Oh, there you go, talking *liberal*, and you just got here. Well, the poor folks, what's left of them, have moved out to Robertsville."

Robertsville was the adjacent town, once predominantly black, and so I next asked, "What about the Negroes?"

"Well, I guess they've just sort of drifted back into the countryside, where they came from. But did you notice all the fancy new stores on Main Street? All the restaurants, and the *clothes*?"

We talked for a while about the new splendors of Hilton, and the rudeness of the new Yankees, who did not even go to church—as I thought, This could not be the woman who has been writing to me. Although of course she was—the same Popsie, half tipsy in the afternoon; she probably spent her sober mornings writing letters. This woman was more like the Popsie of my early years in Hilton, that silly little person, my mother's natural enemy.

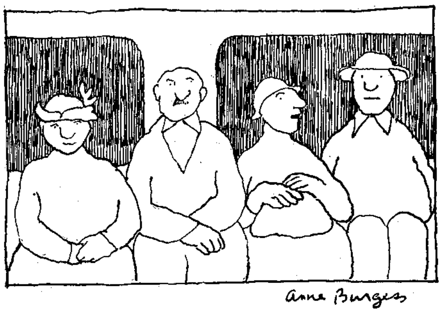
Possibly to recall the Popsie of the wonderful letters, I asked about the local rest home. How were things out there?

"Well, I have to tell you. What gripes me the most about that place is that they don't pay any taxes" was Popsie's quick, unhelpful response. "Tax-*free*, and you would not believe the taxes I have to pay on this old place."

"But this place is so beautiful." I did not add, And you have so much money.

"Well, it is right pretty," she acknowledged, dipping her head. "But why must I go on and on paying for it? It's not fair."

Our small chairs were close together in that crowded, stuffy room, so that when Popsie leaned closer yet to me, her bleary eyes peering up into mine, the sherry fumes that came my way were very strong indeed. And Popsie said, "You know, I've always thought you were so beautiful, even if no one else ever thought you were." She peered again. "Where did you get that beauty, do you think? Your mother never was even one bit pretty."



More stiffly than I had meant to, I spoke the truth. "Actually I look quite a lot like my mother," I told her. And I am not beautiful.

Catching a little of my anger, which probably pleased her, Popsie raised her chin. "Well, one thing certain, you surely don't favor your daddy."

"No, I don't. I don't favor him at all." My father had recently moved to La Jolla, California, with another heiress, this one younger than I am, which would have seemed cruel news to give to Popsie.

After a pause, during which I suppose we both could have been said to be marshalling our forces, Popsie and I continued our conversation, very politely, until I felt that I could decently leave.

I told her how much I liked her

DRAWN BY STONES, BY EARTH, BY THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN IN THE FIRE

I can tell you about this because I have held in my hand
the little potter's sponge called an "elephant ear."
Naturally, it's only a tiny version of an ear,
but it's the thing you want to pick up out of the toolbox
when you wander into the deserted ceramics shop
down the street from the cave where the fortune-teller works.
Drawn by stones, by earth, by things that have been in the fire.

The elephant ear listens to the side of the vase
as it is pulled upwards from a dome of muddy clay.
The ear listens to the outside wall of the pot
and the hand listens to the inside wall of the pot,
and between them a city rises out of dirt and water.
Inside this city live the remains of animals,
animals who prepared for two hundred years to be clay.

Rodents make clay, and men wearing spectacles make clay,
though the papers they were signing go up in flames
and nothing more is known of these long documents
except by those angels who divine in our ashes.
Kings and queens of the jungle make clay
and royalty and politicians make clay although
their innocence stays with their clothes until unravelled.

There is a lost soldier in every ceramic bowl.
The face on the dinner plate breaks when the dish does
and lies for centuries unassembled in the soil.
These things that have the right substance to begin with,
put into the fire at temperatures that melt glass,
keep their fingerprints forever, it is said,
like inky sponges that walk away in the deep water.

—Marvin Bell

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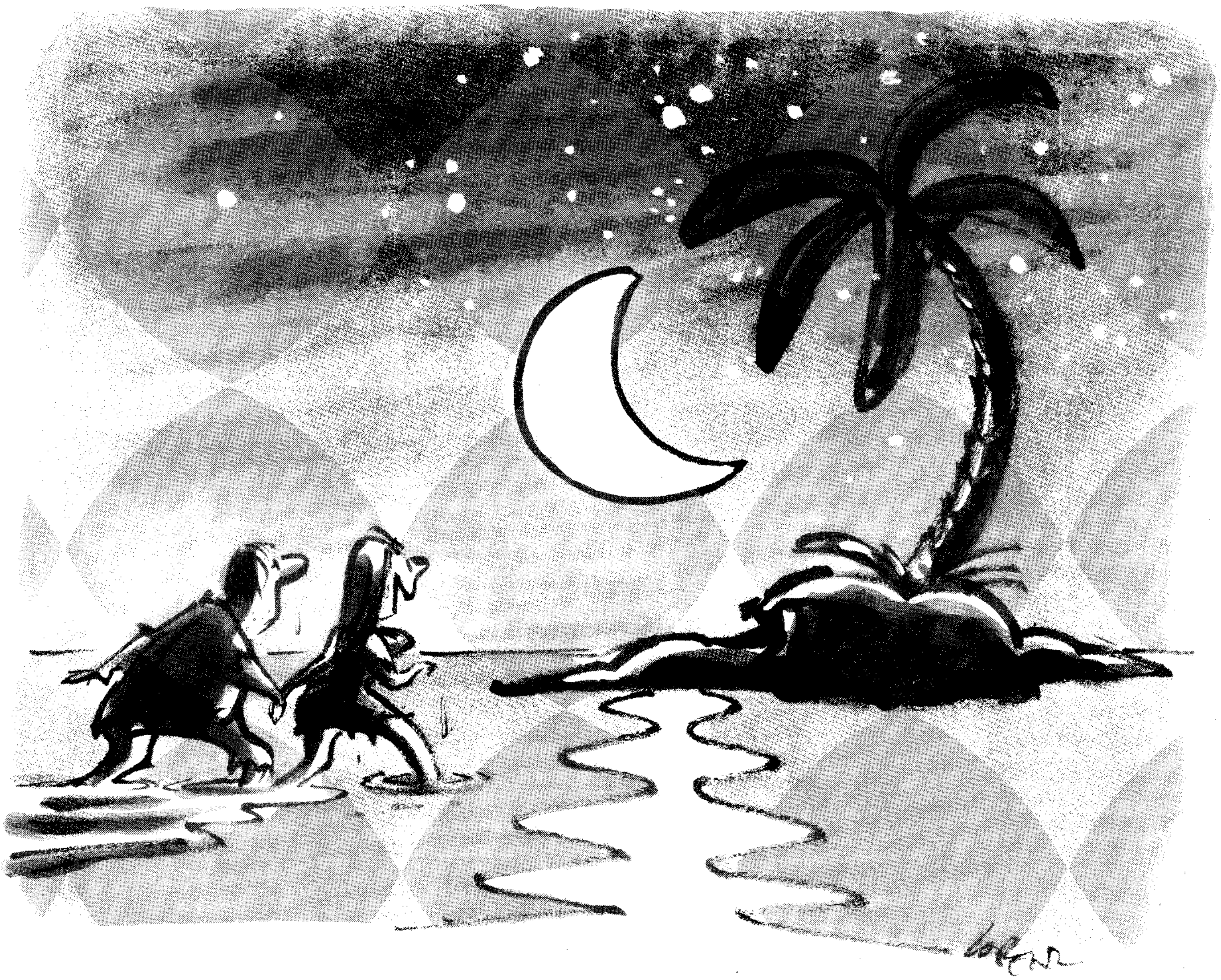

"Oh, sweetie! Art Deco! Don't you love it?"

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letters, and she said how she liked mine, and we both promised to write again, very soon—and I wondered if we would.

ON the plane to New York, a smooth, clear, easy flight, I was aware of an unusual sense of well-being, which out of habit I questioned. I noted the sort of satisfaction that I might have been expected to feel on finishing a book, except that at the end of books I usually feel drained, exhausted. But now I simply felt well, at peace, and ready for whatever should come next.

Then Paul returned from nowhere to my mind, more strongly than for some time. In an affectionate way I remembered how impossible he was, in terms of daily life, and how much I had loved him—and how he had loved me.

Actually he and Andreas were even more unlike than he and Lewis were, I next thought, and a little wearily I noted my own tendency to extremes, and contrasts. Andreas likes to fix and mend things, including kidneys, of course. He is good with cars. "I come from strong Greek peasant stock" is a thing that he likes to say, and it is true; clearly he does, with his powerful black hair, his arrogant nose. His good strong heart.

We were planning a trip to Greece the following fall. Andreas had gone back as a boy to visit relatives, and later with both his first and second wives. And he and I had meant to go, and now we would.

We planned to fly to Rome, maybe spend a few days there; we both like Rome. But now another route suggested itself: we could fly to Vienna, where we have never been, and then take the train to Trieste, where we could pick up a car and drive down to Greece by way of Yugoslavia. We would drive past the ferry to the island of Rab, and past the road that led to our yellow hotel. I did not imagine driving down to see it; Andreas would be in a hurry, and my past does not interest him much. He would see no need to stop on such an errand.

Nor do I. And besides, that particular ugly, poorly built structure has probably been torn down. Still, I very much like the idea of just being in its vicinity.

—ALICE ADAMS

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Lynchburg (Tenn.) Moore County News*]

This has been an exciting week for Matt Matlock. First, he had stitches for a head injury, then visited Murrell and Geneva Weaver in Tullahoma.

REFLECTIONS

THE ABOLITION

I—DEFINING THE GREAT PREDICAMENT

IN a speech given in Hiroshima in February of 1981, Pope John Paul II said, "In the past, it was possible to destroy a village, a town, a region, even a country. Now it is the whole planet that has come under threat. This fact should fully compel everyone to face a basic moral consideration: from now on, it is only through a conscious choice and then deliberate policy that humanity can survive." The Pope's deceptively simple statement contains an invaluable anatomy of the challenge that the invention of nuclear weapons has placed before mankind. In distinguishing between "a conscious choice" and "deliberate policy," he defines two stages—one individual and spiritual, the other public and political—that we must pass through if we are to resolve the nuclear predicament. Because by building large nuclear arsenals we threaten to extinguish ourselves as a species, each of us is called on to do something that no member of any generation before ours has had to do: to assume responsibility for the continuation of our kind—to *choose* human survival. There is nothing perfunctory or easy about making this choice. For example, it is wholly inadequate for us to remind ourselves that "nuclear war is horrible," and to assure ourselves that we are not "for" extinguishing mankind. The potential extermination of the human species by nuclear arms presents, like every monumental crime—Hitler's genocidal attack on the Jewish people being the most monstrous in memory—a challenge to the human spirit, and not one that we can be at all sure in advance that we are up to meeting. But even among monumental crimes the extermination of the species is unique. For the risk of extinction is not just one more item on the agenda of issues that face us. Embracing, as it does, the life and death of every human being on earth and every future human being, it embraces and transcends all other issues. It is the ground in which they and every issue that might arise in the future have their significance and their being. But even to say that it is a life-and-death matter does not go far enough, because while the individual person may choose to give his life for causes that he considers to be greater and more important than his own life, including the cause of saving the lives of others, the extinction of mankind would destroy not only every person's life but also every larger cause, including the lives of all others, for which a person might be willing to give up his life. Extinction therefore threatens not so much each person's life (which is threatened at the same time by many other things, and will one day end anyway) as the *meaning* of our lives. It threatens life with meaninglessness as individual death never can. In doing so, it not only encompasses all human life but reaches deep into each life, requiring each of us to make this business his own. Sometimes it is suggested that it is ignoble to give the highest priority to our effort to save mankind from destruction, because in doing so we supposedly place our animal wish to stay alive above our higher, more specifically human obligation to live a morally decent life. But just the opposite is the case. It is precisely all those things *for which* people have throughout history been willing to sacrifice their lives that we have, indecently, now placed, in their entirety, at risk. And it is our desire to save those things—not merely the desire to save our own necks—which moves us to choose to save our species. It is also sometimes suggested that fear will inspire us to combat the nuclear peril, but that reasonable-sounding idea seems to me

"I dreamed Malcolm Forbes took me up in his balloon."

equally mistaken. Fear, a more or less reflexive response that we share with other species, drives each of us, as an individual, to save himself in the face of danger. Fear cannot distinguish between a fire in one's own house and a nuclear holocaust—between one's own death and the end of the world—and is therefore useless even to begin to suggest to us the meaning of the nuclear peril. Its meaning can be grasped only to the extent that we feel the precise opposite of fear, which is a sense of responsibility, or devotion, or love, for other people, including those who have not yet been born. In Germany, the peace movement has inverted the traditional Biblical admonition "Fear not" to say "You must fear." But the original version was the right one, for nuclear matters as for others. Fear isolates. Love connects. Only insofar as the latter is strong in us are we likely to find the resolve to prevent our extinction.

Gahan Wilson

"I don't suppose I'm the first person to point out the strong resemblance between you and your father."

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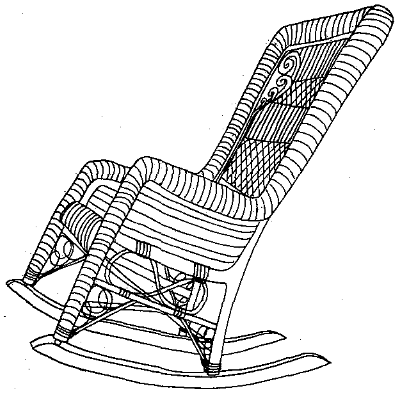
The conscious choice to take responsibility for the continuation of human life is further complicated and confused by the fact, which also is peculiar to the nuclear peril, that we are able to respond to it only before it happens. Since after extinction no one will be present to take responsibility, we have to take full responsibility now. It follows that we incur the full burden of guilt for extinguishing our species merely by preparing to do the deed, even without actually pushing the button. Sometimes it is suggested that while it would be a crime to extinguish mankind we are blameless if we intend—and threaten—to do so, provided that some laudable goal is being served by the threat. But if we absolve ourselves of responsibility for the intent, then we in effect evade responsibility altogether, since we can hardly assume responsibility after we are all dead. Therefore, insofar as we are going to take any responsibility whatever, we must in fact take it for the intent alone. To combine strategic with Christian terminology, we must adopt a policy of preëmptive repentance. We must repent the crime before we commit it, and in that repentance find the will not to commit it. This displacement of repentance from the aftermath of the crime to the time preceding it would be, to paraphrase William James, the moral equivalent of deterrence. The only difference between it and the strategic sort is that whereas in strategic deterrence we are deterred by what the enemy may do to us, in moral deterrence we are deterred by what we may do to him—and to countless innocents, including all potential future generations of human beings. Or, to put it simply, we are not only fearful at the thought of suffering a nuclear holocaust but repelled by the thought of perpetrating one. Still, it would be misleading, perhaps, to try to distinguish too sharply between our fearful, selfish impulses and our altruistic, selfless ones. The holocaust itself will make no such distinctions. The fallout will fall on the just and the unjust alike. After the Cuban missile crisis, Premier Nikita Khrushchev remarked that the smell of burning flesh was in the air. But, in truth, that smell is never far from our nostrils now. The world's nuclear arsenals threaten to annihilate everyone in response to a transgression or mistake by any one party. That is how the doctrine of deterrence is designed. In consenting to live under it, we bear responsibility not only for the lives of the people whom "we" may kill but also for the lives of those whom "they" would kill; namely, our families, our friends, and our other fellow-citizens. Through the balance of terror, we all come to hold a dagger to the hearts of those nearest and dearest to us as well as to threaten those far away, down to the uttermost generations of human beings. The parent threatens the child, the lover the lover, the friend the friend, the citizen the citizen. Our acceptance of nuclear weapons is in that sense a default of parenthood, of love, of friendship, of citizenship, in which we all, like hijackers of airplanes, take one another hostage and threaten to kill one another. In acquiescing in the balance of terror, we become irresponsible parents, coldhearted lovers, faithless friends, and apathetic citizens. And in making a "conscious choice" to lift the nuclear peril we resolve to escape this pervasive corruption of our lives. We resolve to clear the air of the smell of burning flesh.

In making the choice, however, one decides nothing about the *means* of attaining the goal. That task is left to the second stage: framing the "deliberate policy." In fact, one has not even determined whether the goal of bringing the species to safety is attainable. If it is not, then our situation is tragic in the full sense of the word. Then our species, while willing to live, would be fated to die. And, indeed, there are many distinguished observers today who, while they do not write off the human species, believe that its safety cannot be very much improved. In particular, they rule out the abolition of nuclear weapons as impossible. For example, a *Times* editorial critical of the recent pastoral letter of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops on war and peace, in which the bishops advocated the eventual abolition of nuclear weapons, stated, "Fundamentally, the American bishops' approach falters on the assumption that the nuclear dilemma can eventually be resolved by eliminating rather than controlling nuclear weapons. But there is no known way to get rid of The Bomb, no way to guard against all possible production or concealments of warheads." And in "Living with Nuclear Weapons," a book written recently at the request of Derek Bok, the president of Harvard, by five professors and a graduate student associated with Harvard—Albert Carnesale, Paul Doty, Stanley Hoffmann, Samuel P. Huntington, Joseph S. Nye, Jr., and Scott D. Sagan—it is stated that a world without nuclear weapons is "a fictional utopia," and "humanity has no alternative but to hold this threat at bay and to learn to live with politics, to live in the world we know: a world of nuclear weapons, international rivalries, recurring conflicts, and at least some risk of nuclear crisis." In the closing paragraph of the Harvard book, there is a memorable sentence, which the authors apparently thought important enough to make use of for their title. It reads, "Living with nuclear weapons is our only hope." This sentence could be engraved on our currency, alongside "In God we trust," or perhaps replacing it, for it reflects accurately the faith of our time. We truly not only "live with" nuclear weapons but place our hope for the future in them. And now some of us have apparently arrived at a point at which we profess to have lost all hope without them. Yet if a nuclear-free world is really "a fictional utopia," and if there is really "no known way to get rid of The Bomb"—not even "eventually"—then one must wonder what hope there is for mankind. Given the incurable fallibility of men and machines, doesn't it follow that sooner or later the bomb will get rid of us?

IN the last few years, much of the public, having very largely ignored the nuclear peril for almost four decades, has been discovering a different faith. To express it in the Pope's terms, these people have been making their conscious choice: they have been choosing human survival. This long-delayed but deep and powerful public response is, like the predicament it addresses, a unique phenomenon, and familiar terms have to be stretched or altered to describe it, or even to name it. For example, it is both more and less than a "peace movement"—the usual, and probably inescapable, term for it. It is more because the word "movement" suggests something of a political character, whereas this response was born and has gathered strength outside politics. It has begun as a pre-political stocktaking, in which people have been reëxamining life itself, and every activity in life, in the light of the present peril to all life. This psychological and spiritual process, which is the very substance of the conscious choice, might be described as an awakening rather than a movement. The response is less than a traditional movement for much the same reason: though it stands poised at the edge of the political arena, and has already intervened, or tried to intervene, in certain decisions (the deployment of the new American missiles in Europe, for example), it has yet to find full political expression. That is, it has decided that it wants man to survive, but it has not (as its critics are quick to point out) settled on a "deliberate policy" for reaching its goal. Thus, it might be described as an awakening seeking to become a movement. This awakening is new, and its extent and its consequences are still uncertain, but it promises to be one of those great changes of heart in mankind—such as the awakening to the evil of slavery in the nineteenth century—that alter the psychological and spiritual map of the world, and, first acting outside politics, sweep into it with decisive effect. If politics is the art of the possible, then deep changes in opinion of this kind extend the boundaries of what the possible includes. (The political process in a democracy is broader than is sometimes supposed. When politicians speak of what is "possible" or "impossible," they are often referring to nothing more than what is or is not acceptable to current public opinion. What they often really mean when they say that something is "impossible" is that they cannot win the next election if they advocate it. But if public opinion changes, then their opinion changes, too, and all of a sudden yesterday's impossible thing is possible.)



Just what may have triggered the new movement is a matter for speculation, but several circumstances and events are usually mentioned. They include the large buildup of nuclear arms by the Soviet Union in the last two decades, which has brought it up to the level of nuclear parity with the United States; the breakdown of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks and the stalemate of the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks that succeeded them; the collapse of a mood of "détente" between the United States and the Soviet Union; the growing deployment by both the Soviet Union and the United States of missiles with the power to achieve a first strike against at least some missiles of the other side; the decision by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to deploy intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Europe; and many provocative or ignorant-seeming statements regarding nuclear arms by officials of the Reagan Administration—statements such as one by T. K. Jones, the Deputy Under-Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, Strategic and Theatre Nuclear Forces, that "if there are enough shovels to go around, everybody's going to make it" through a nuclear holocaust, and, most important, the statement, in a top-secret Department of Defense planning document obtained by the *Times*, that the United States not only is planning for "prolonged" nuclear war but has as its aim to "prevail" in it—in plain language, to win it. But standing in the background of all these circumstances and events, I believe, is a development so simple and elementary

PARTS
AUTO SERVICE MGR.
OFFICE

"*Try to remember, Corelli, that an air of compassion costs nothing.*"

that it is often overlooked. It is the fact that the doomsday machine—that immense collaborative undertaking of the United States and the Soviet Union, with minor assistance from other countries—has, over the last thirty-nine years, been assembled, with the finishing touches perhaps having been put on by the Soviet buildup. What was once merely a phrase in books is now actuality. And the real doomsday machine, lowering over the world, looks, feels, and is different in innumerable ways from the theoretical article. Of course, the doomsday machine didn't spring into existence all at once. The superpowers held no unveiling ceremony to announce to mankind that the preparations for the annihilation of the human species were now complete. Yet when people turned their attention to the nuclear peril they tended to see it all at once, with astonishment and horror, as though they had suddenly turned around and found themselves looking at a ferocious beast in the room with them. But looking at the nuclear peril was unlike any other looking. Because people were looking at things that they already in a sense knew about (the existence of nuclear arms had never been a secret), and not at some facts that had just been brought to light by reporters, it was a kind of looking within—a kind of introspection. And because these things that everyone already knew about were sickening and almost unbelievable, and because each person doing the looking was himself both implicated in and condemned by the evil, this looking within was anguishing. It seems not to be given to human beings to hold great horrors unremittingly before their mind's eye, and particularly not when the beholder is himself the potential perpetrator of the horror. We falter. We need respite. We forget. Then perhaps we look again. Alertness and stupor alternate. And we seem to lack any way of picturing extinction. The recent television film "The Day After" performed a public service by portraying Kansas after a nuclear attack. But no film can ever show the full consequences of a holocaust. It would have to display nothingness on the screen, and last forever. Even to try to understand the notion of extinction requires both intellectual and emotional effort. The boundlessness, the invisibility, and the emptiness of extinction are confounding. Extinction lacks the intricacy and detail that would permit our intellects to take hold of it—to analyze, to draw distinctions, to judge. Yet it is important to try to achieve an intellectual understanding of it, if only because by holding that in our mind we can sustain our effort and maintain our resolve without being dependent on the uncertainties of emotion. And, of course, as we strive, daily life in all its profusion goes on making its claims, introducing an at times comical disproportion in our lives between the immensity of our thoughts about the life and death of man and the smallness of our preoccupations with a particular personal quarrel, or meal, or financial worry, that may be absorbing us at a given moment. Weighing these incommensurables—deciding, for example, how much effort to expend to save the human species for all time as against how much to expend on, say, buying a sofa—is itself a considerable feat of balance and judgment.

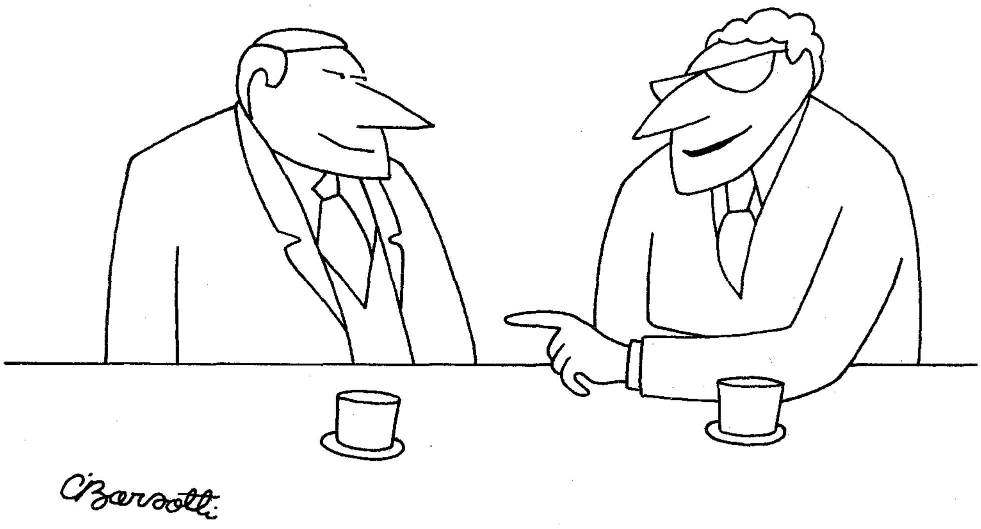
Looking within themselves at the nuclear peril prepared people for action, and also was in itself a kind of action, albeit action taken within the privacy of each person's soul. Because this preparatory action—this coming to grips as a human being with the altered human situation—was not yet a political action, and prescribed no political course, it seemed to some as if it were nothing. That may be one reason the public awakening caught so many politicians and so much of the press by surprise: it had come about in domains of existence—the moral and spiritual—in which they ordinarily take little professional interest. That may also be the reason that, insofar as the movement has had leaders (a peculiar characteristic of it, apparently related to its grass-roots origin, has been its lack of conspicuous political leadership), they have tended to be doctors, including psychiatrists, and clergymen—people ordinarily concerned not with politics but with disturbances in the body, the psyche, and the soul. The new disturbances were, in fact, seismic. Suddenly, people were awash in fathomless questions of human existence. How did it happen, people started to ask themselves, that we have become the underwriters of the slaughter of billions of innocent people? Can such slaughter ever be justified? How? What is the meaning of human life on earth? What would its extermination mean? What does it mean about us that we have built the equipment with which to carry out that extermination, and are apparently prepared to perform the act? What does it mean that we—one link in the chain of the generations—are prepared to cut the chain, and set adrift in darkness all the future generations of human beings? What is our responsibility to these unborn people, and how can we fulfill it?

These questions are no newer than the technical invention that propelled them into the thick of history: they were raised in 1945, in the stunned aftermath of the Hiroshima bombing. Yet before long they receded from people's thoughts, as though they were too shocking for people to take to heart on such short notice. We who are alive today, however, thirty-nine years into the nuclear world, stand on different historical ground. Some of us have moved through the years of our lives in the shadow of the peril—have grown up, come of age, married, had children, worked, and approached death in the knowledge that before long all mankind may die. In one sense, our experience of the peril is oblique (no nuclear blast has been directed against human beings since Nagasaki), but in another sense it is fundamental, since if mankind destroys itself with nuclear weapons no one will experience our disappearance after the fact, and our experience of that fate now, before it happens, is all the experience of it that anyone will ever get. It *is* the experience of extinction. What we feel, therefore, is not so much fear of a future event, such as we feel when we realize that one day something terrible may happen to us, as it is disgust at the debasement of life right now because it is threatened by and threatens the extinction of man.

TO make the choice is essential, for without it we are simply becalmed—as we were until very recently. If the inner landscape of our souls does not change, the outer landscape of the world will not change, either. And once the choice has been made it must, like every profound moral and spiritual decision, be continually refreshed and renewed. Since the beginning of history, human beings have stood in wonder at the blessing of life within them and around them. But now, for the first time, that wonder implies a political obligation. Every beautiful morning, every note of song, every infant's smile must propel us into action. Making and sustaining the conscious choice is a labor that has an integrity of its own, independent of what we may propose to do about the nuclear predicament. Just as in medicine the diagnosis precedes the prescription, and lays the basis for it, the conscious choice must precede the deliberate policy. But then we must frame the deliberate policy. If we fail, the cost to us—even if it happens that we do not stumble into oblivion—is that our wonder at life and our joy in it will be progressively diminished and corrupted. The choice must be made so that the policy can follow; but if the policy does not follow—if, instead, we sink back into stupefaction and complacency—the choice itself will be undone. Worse, it will, in effect, be reversed: by default, we will have chosen annihilation. In these pages, I propose to address the question of deliberate policy—specifically, the question of how we might abolish nuclear arms—but here, as a way of framing the policy question, I would like, by sketching out the chief features of our predicament (including, briefly, the facts that underlie the peril itself, some of which have come to light only recently), and by discussing some of the responses to the predicament over the years, to describe the elements of what appears to be a historic impasse, in which the world has now been stuck for almost four decades.

As citizens, we would like to know what the consequences of a nuclear holocaust at various levels of nuclear armament would be. We would like to know how many weapons of what size would kill how many people; how many weapons would be necessary to annihilate a particular country (our own, for example); and how many would be necessary to destroy our whole species. In search of answers to these questions, we naturally turn to scientists. But when we do we find that they can offer us only a portion of the information that either they or we need in order to make a firm judgment. That this should be so is not the fault of today's scientists, who have made impressive strides in understanding the natural world. Rather, it is due to humanity's still having only a rudimentary over-all comprehension of the living systems whose destruction or mutilation is in question; namely, human societies, ecosystems, and, ultimately, the earth itself—which is to say life itself, insofar as it has been given to human beings to know life. What is known about the earth is awesome—as readers of the September, 1983, issue of *Scientific American*, for example, which takes the workings of the earth as its subject—can appreciate. Yet what remains unknown is more awesome still. What is known seems towering until one looks at how much there remains to find out, and then it seems minuscule.

The crucial role of uncertainty in assessing the consequences of a nuclear holocaust needs some emphasis, because it is often overlooked or misunderstood by people who, for understandable reasons, would like simple and clear factual answers. The scientists can speak with great confidence about the properties of the weapons, which they invented and have observed in tests. But as soon as they begin to speak about the effects of those weapons on the surrounding world uncertainty sets in. For instance, it is known that land-surface nuclear explosions would create large amounts of radioactive fallout. Yet there has never been a true land-surface explosion of a bomb with a yield of more than one kiloton. The farther we get from the simple, immediate effects of the weapons—the initial nuclear radiation, the electromagnetic pulse, the thermal pulse, the blast wave, the local fallout—the more speculative our knowledge becomes. Maximum uncertainty is reached when we get to the question of extinction. Nuclear weapons threaten our species with extinction not because every last person on earth would be blown up or irradiated in a nuclear holocaust (something that could conceivably come close to happening in the targeted nations, though not in all the nations of the earth) but because a holocaust might so drastically alter the ecosphere that the earth would become uninhabitable by human beings.



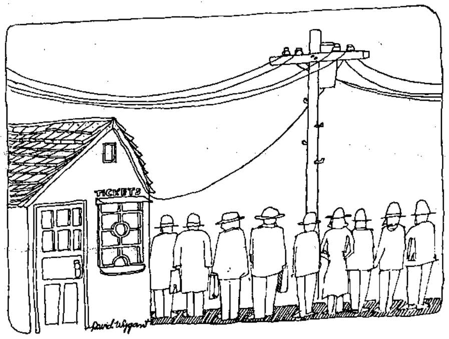
"Really, Happy New Year!"

The story of the advances that have been made in our understanding of the effects of a holocaust implies the unfinished state of our present knowledge of the total effects. That story has been one of continual surprises. The first surprise was the atomic bomb itself, which not ten years before its invention had been declared by many eminent scientists to be an unlikelihood bordering on an impossibility. Even Albert Einstein is reported to have remarked in 1935 that to split the atom would be akin to shooting birds in the dark in a country where there were few birds. Perhaps the next surprise, which came as a result of atmospheric testing, was the huge amount and range of radioactive fallout; its extent was unsuspected until it began falling on Pacific islanders and American servicemen after the American test on Bikini Atoll, in 1954. A further surprise that came during testing was the electromagnetic pulse—a gigantic surge of electricity that is generated by gamma radiation acting on air. The electromagnetic pulse of just one big nuclear bomb, if it is detonated high above the United States, may, it is now believed, damage solid-state electrical circuits throughout the continental United States and in parts of Canada and Mexico. A more recent surprise was the discovery, made in the early nineteen-seventies, of a danger to the ozone layer—one that in terms of global damage could be the most serious of the dangers that had been discovered up to that time. A report by the National Academy of Sciences in 1975 on "Long-Term Worldwide Effects of Multiple Nuclear-Weapons Detonations" found that after a holocaust in which ten thousand megatons were detonated ozone reduction might be as high as seventy per cent in the Northern Hemisphere (where all the detonations were assumed to have occurred) and forty per cent in the Southern Hemisphere. The formation of an ozone layer is believed to have been a precondition for the emergence of multicellular life, and of life on land, because ozone blocks out wavelengths of ultraviolet light that are harmful to many forms of life, and while reductions in the ozone of the magnitudes mentioned in the report would not eliminate all organisms with more than one cell or drive life back into the sea they could pervasively harm both plant and animal life, and their ultimate consequences for the earth's varied ecosystems are unforeseeable. Weighing these effects of a nuclear holocaust, scientists gave us warning that extinction was a possibility. For example, in March of 1982, in support of a proposal for joint hearings by the House Foreign Affairs Committee and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the effects of a holocaust, a number of scientists made statements on the subject. Marvin Goldberger, the president of the California Institute of Technology, said, "Full-scale war would eliminate humanity to all intents and purposes. Survival itself would be questionable." Paul Marks, the president of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, said, "Nuclear war would wipe out the [human] race where the war was fought, and it could exterminate the entire race. It would make half the world uninhabitable. I'm not sure of the effect on the other half. It would probably make it uninhabitable, too." Other scientists who were quoted in favor of the proposal placed greater stress on the chances for survival. For example, Lewis Thomas, president emeritus of Sloan-Kettering, said, "Nuclear war would almost surely destroy human society. We would lose all of what we call culture. U.S.-U.S.S.R. conflict would eliminate the Northern Hemisphere for all practical purposes. The Southern Hemisphere might survive. I doubt that all humans would be exterminated." But whether they were pessimistic or optimistic about the chances for human survival the scientists surrounded their opinions with appropriate expressions of doubt, saying that extinction was "possible," or that the Southern Hemisphere "might" survive. Their common ground was uncertainty.

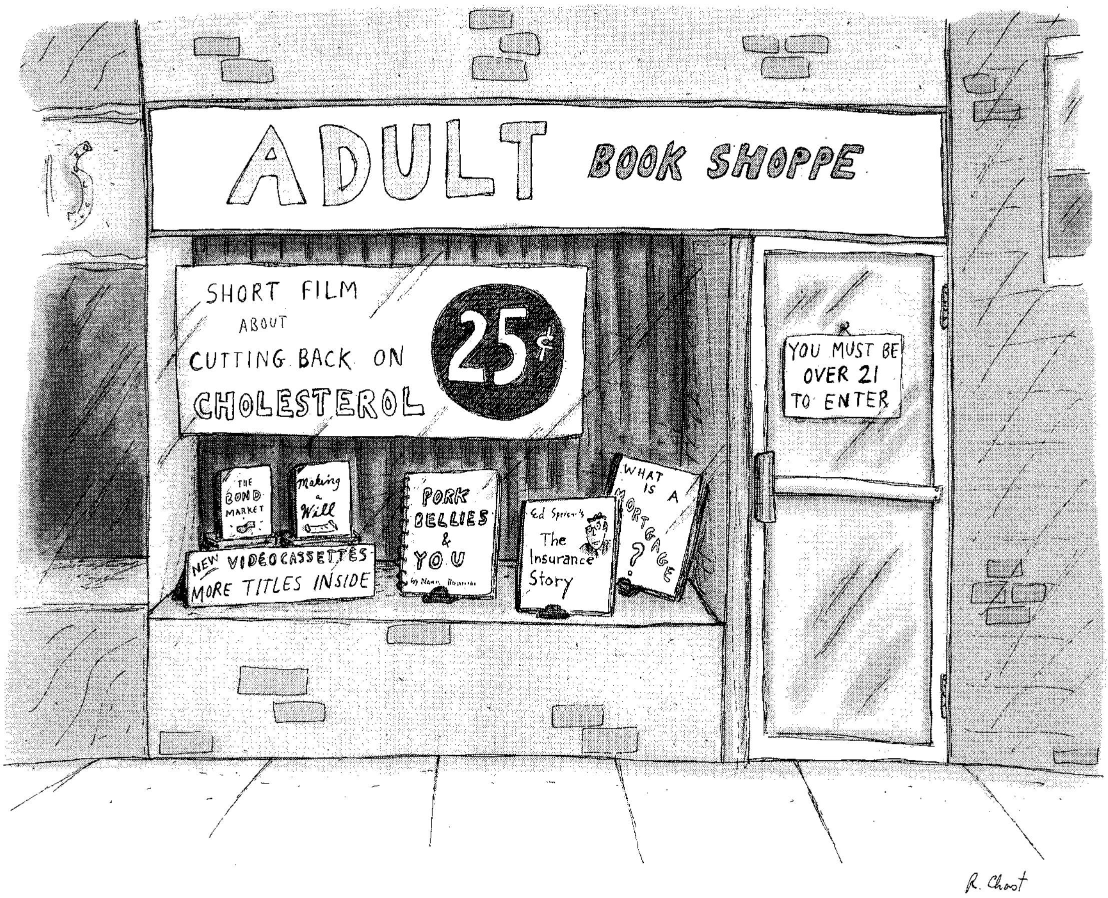
The wisdom of these scientists' reluctance to make final judgments became abundantly clear late last year, when, at a conference in Washington called "The World After Nuclear War," another group of eminent scientists revealed the latest surprise in the unfolding and obviously unfinished story of the effects of a nuclear holocaust. They had concluded that in a holocaust soil and dust from the explosions and smoke from fires set by the explosions would create a dark cloud over the earth which would largely block out sunlight, turning day into twilight or night, and drastically lowering the temperature, to create a "nuclear winter." The way in which this discovery was made is instructive of the unexpected ways in which science moves forward. One important new element in the discovery was space travel. In 1971, Mariner 9—the first spacecraft to go into orbit around another planet—began to circle Mars. Aboard was an infrared interferometric spectrometer—an instrument that could measure temperatures on the surface of Mars and at various heights in the atmosphere above it. As it happened, Mars was enveloped in a global dust storm when Mariner 9 arrived. The spectrometer showed that the atmosphere of Mars was considerably warmer than it usually was, and the surface considerably cooler: the dust in the atmosphere was absorbing sunlight, thus warming the atmosphere, and was blocking it from reaching the surface, thus cooling the surface. A group of scientists concerned with parallels between the earth and other planets—Richard Turco, an atmospheric physicist in Marina del Rey, California; Owen Toon, Thomas Ackerman, and James Pollack, all from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Ames Research Center; and Carl Sagan, the director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies at Cornell—set about applying these findings to terrestrial questions. Their interest was spurred by a recently advanced hypothesis that the extinction of the dinosaurs at the end of the Cretaceous period, sixty-five million years ago, might have resulted from a drop in light and temperature brought about when an asteroid crashed into the earth, lofting a cover of dust into the terrestrial atmosphere.

Meanwhile, two other scientists—Paul Crutzen, of the Max Planck Institute for Chemistry, in Mainz, Germany, and John Birks, of the University of Colorado—had calculated that smoke generated by the fires that would be started by nuclear explosions would greatly decrease the sunlight reaching the earth. (In fact, the smoke would be more important than the dust in blocking sunlight.) The earth—its cities and its forests in particular—is like a well-laid fire. If you light it with enough nuclear matches, it will burn, and as it burns it will fill the atmosphere with smoke and plunge much of the world into a frigid darkness for several months. These findings, which were published in 1982, and the findings from Mars led Turco and his colleagues to conduct a study that they eventually called "Nuclear Winter: Global Consequences of Multiple Nuclear Explosions." They concluded that within two weeks after a holocaust in which five thousand megatons were used had occurred in the Northern Hemisphere the cloud of smoke would circle the hemisphere. A deep gloom would have gathered, and land temperatures would be falling. Also, a toxic smog, loaded with hydrogen cyanide and other debris of the burned cities, could cover the hemisphere. A few weeks later, the cloud would penetrate the Southern Hemisphere, and land temperatures there would also begin to fall. After a holocaust in which ten thousand megatons were used (the study estimated this to be about three-quarters of what is available in present strategic arsenals, whose exact megatonnage is unknown), temperatures at the center of continents in the Northern Hemisphere could sink as low as twenty-three degrees below zero Fahrenheit, even in summer. Near coastlines, the temperatures would be more moderate, because of the warming influence of the sea, but violent, monsoonlike storms caused by the difference between inland and ocean temperatures could be expected. After a period lasting from several months to a year, the cloud would have largely dissipated, and sunlight, now unfortunately including the biologically harmful ultraviolet light let in by the ozone loss, would reach the surface again. In the Southern Hemisphere, the drops in temperature and the other effects would be less severe. One of the most surprising findings of the study was that as little as a hundred megatons—less than one per cent of the world's arsenals—could, if it were to be targeted on urban centers, trigger a less severe but still catastrophic nuclear winter, in which temperatures could drop more than fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Thus, there appears to be a threshold—determined by the number of explosions it would take to set a significant number of cities on fire—above which the major features of this climatic catastrophe would occur.

The human and biological consequences of the nuclear winter literally defy representation. Some are gross and obvious. People would freeze. They would find it difficult to see what they were doing. Crops wouldn't grow, so they would starve. Other animals would freeze and starve. If the holocaust occurred during the growing season, then "virtually all land plants in the Northern Hemisphere would be damaged or killed," in the words of Paul Ehrlich, professor of biological sciences at Stanford University, who presented a report to the conference on the biological consequences of the nuclear winter. "In the oceans, the darkness would inhibit photosynthesis in the tiny green plants (algae) that form the base of all significant marine food chains," Ehrlich said. "Tropical forests could largely disappear." The combined consequences of the nuclear winter, coming on top of the other effects, which in themselves could kill or wound billions of people and would shatter the elementary equipment of civilization by which modern man survives, lie far beyond our power of prediction, but they could, in words of Ehrlich's that, in the light of the new discoveries, add urgency to the words of warning we had already had from other scientists, "entrain the extinction of humanity."



The question of whether nuclear weapons might extinguish mankind first came up in the nineteen-forties, in a context slightly different from the present one. As the team of scientists at Los Alamos was preparing for the detonation of the first bomb, it occurred to someone that the heat of the explosion might be so great that it would ignite the earth's atmosphere and burn it up, ending not only human life but all life on earth. Robert Oppenheimer, the director of the project, took the danger seriously enough to ask a group of scientists on the team to figure out whether or not this would happen. The group found not only that the temperature of the bomb would be insufficient to set the atmosphere on fire but that the temperature needed to do that was so high that it could never be reached by any nuclear explosion. Armed with this assurance, the Los Alamos team went ahead and set off the bomb. (In social, if not in scientific, terms, the group's calculation may be described as the most important ever made by scientists.) One wonders whether the team would have done so if the group had come back with a less reassuring answer—if, for example, it had said that there was a one-in-a-hundred chance that the bomb would set the atmosphere on fire. Whatever the team might have done then, now that more than fifty thousand nuclear weapons stand ready to be detonated in the world's arsenals no such assurance regarding the survival of our species in the event of a holocaust is, or can be, forthcoming from responsible scientists. The physicist Theodore Taylor has said, "The consequences of nuclear war are unpredictable. The extinction of the species forever cannot be ruled out by any process of scientific investigation." We will gain more knowledge. (Already, a Russian scientist at the "World After Nuclear War" confer-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ence has suggested that the warming of the upper atmosphere by the smoke and soot from a holocaust will melt glaciers and snows in high mountain ranges, creating floods "of continental magnitude.") But our knowledge will never be complete. To accept uncertainty is essential in facing the nuclear peril honestly, and to learn to make judgments, and to act on them, in the midst of uncertainty is the beginning of wisdom in dealing with the nuclear predicament. It is especially important to avoid all false assurances and pseudo certainty. These, unfortunately, are rife, and include not only baseless, dogmatic judgments about the ultimate effects of a holocaust but also a large array of doubtful "strategic" predictions concerning precisely what moves and countermoves might be made in a holocaust.

Once the citizen has gone to the scientists and received the information that they have available, he must, without further professional help, take counsel with himself. The scientists can tell what they know; they can tell what they suspect; and they can guess with the rest of us about how much there may still be to find out. In putting his questions to the scientists, the citizen has already in a way asked them to venture beyond the proper limits of their disciplines, for he has asked them not for the proved results of experimentation but for speculation that is unprovable, unless we blow up the earth in search of answers. Because of the importance of the issue, the scientists oblige us with their best answers while candidly confessing the uncertainty and incompleteness of their findings. It would obviously be a mistake for the citizen to do what the scientists have warned against, and treat educated speculation as hard, scientific fact. The most valuable thing that the citizen carries away from the scientists' report, I suggest, is not any particular estimate—the percentage of ozone reduction, for example, or the level of temperature drop in the nuclear winter—for most of these estimates have been revised many times in the past and may be revised again in the future, and are, in any case, almost certainly an incomplete catalogue of effects. It is, rather, a broad sense of the power of a nuclear holocaust to throw the ecosphere as a whole into catastrophic disorder.

As the citizen takes stock of the perils, at least two considerations that lie outside the range of scientific evidence must come into play. The first is that effects of a nuclear holocaust will not fail to occur merely because they haven't been predicted. It may be that, say, only fifty per cent of them have been discovered, but a hundred per cent of them will occur. Unless—like the advocates of Newtonian physics at the end of the nineteenth century, who thought that with the scientific achievements of their time the edifice of physics had essentially been completed—we have the arrogance to believe that our present knowledge of the earth is perfect, we have no choice but to assume that the list of surprises is not complete. It should help us to preserve modesty in making judgments about the effects of a nuclear holocaust to recall that if we had sought in, say, 1950 to make a final judgment about those effects we would have seriously underestimated or left entirely out of account what are perhaps the three most important global effects that have been discovered so far: the extent of fallout; ozone loss; and the nuclear winter. The second consideration is that from a human point of view our extinction is an unlimited consequence. It would not only put an end to the living generations but foreclose all future generations, down to the end of time. It would mark the defeat of all human strivings, all human hopes, all human ideals, past and future. For now human beings, engaged, as always, in the ambitions and disputes of their particular place and time, can end the human story in all places for all time. The eternal has been placed at stake in the temporal realm, and the infinite has been delivered into the care of finite human beings. It is because of this special nature of the peril, I believe, that the very existence of uncertainty about whether or not a holocaust would extinguish our species should lead us to treat the issue morally and politically *as though* it were a certainty. That is, when we turn to the nuclear predicament we should muster all the commitment that loyalty to our species can inspire. In my article "The Fate of the Earth," which appeared recently in these pages, I wrote a passage that emphasizes the importance of uncertainty, and I repeat it here to clarify the reason for treating the uncertainty *as though* it were certainty: "We know that a holocaust may not occur at all. If one does occur, the adversaries may not use all their weapons. If they do use all their weapons, the global effects, in the ozone and elsewhere, may be moderate. And if the effects are not moderate but extreme, the ecosphere may prove resilient enough to withstand them without breaking down catastrophically. These are all substantial reasons for supposing that mankind will not be extinguished in a nuclear holocaust, or even that extinction in a holocaust is unlikely, and they tend to calm our fear and to reduce our sense of urgency. Yet at the same time we are compelled to admit that there *may* be a holocaust, that the adversaries *may* use all their weapons, that the global effects, including effects of which we are as yet unaware, *may* be severe, that the ecosphere *may* suffer catastrophic breakdown, and that our species *may* be extinguished. We are left with uncertainty." I concluded, "Once we learn that a holocaust *might* lead to extinction we have no right to gamble, because if we lose, the game will be over, and neither we nor anyone else will ever get another chance. Therefore, although, scientifically speaking, there is all the difference in the world between the mere possibility that a holocaust will bring about extinction and the certainty of it, morally they are the same, and we have no choice but to address the issue of nuclear weapons as though we knew for a certainty that their use would put an end to our species." It is in this spirit that I continue in these pages to speak of nuclear weapons as an issue of life or death for mankind.

THE totality of the peril (in the sense just defined) is, of course, the most important feature of the nuclear predicament. It must inevitably shape and color all our thinking on the subject, including our thinking on what we should do about the predicament. A second, less often mentioned feature, which is of importance to the policy question, is the abruptness with which the peril arrived. Great changes had occurred in the conditions of life before, but they had arrived gradually. The industrial revolution, for example, transformed the way people lived, but it was made up of innumerable technical innovations that were released into the world over centuries, so that people had time to make their adjustments. The industrial revolution would offer a closer analogy if all the inventions made between, say, 1700 and 1945 had somehow arrived at once, in 1700. The nuclear predicament—the result of the invention of a *single* device—sprang into the world full-fledged, offering little time for reflection or adjustment. (There did remain the time required to build up the arsenals—a sort of grace period—but it was very short, and, in any case, has been squandered.) Slavery offers another analogy. It was there at the beginning of history, and it took mankind millennia to finally confront the practice and abolish it. But when nuclear weapons were invented a brand-new evil was suddenly created, as though slavery had been lowered into our midst in an instant. And we did not have the luxury of millennia in which to react. The peril was immediate, and called on us to act right away.

A third feature of the predicament, which is also of importance to the policy question, is the peril's apparent everlastingness. While nuclear weapons can, I believe, one day be eliminated, the knowledge of how to make them, which is rooted in our century's fundamental discoveries in physics, appears likely to be with us forever, and since that is so the possibility that nuclear arsenals will be rebuilt and used cannot be ruled out. We are not condemned to live always in a world armed with nuclear weapons, but we shall always live in a nuclear world. In that respect, nuclear energy is like a new sun that has risen over the earth —a sun that will beam its bleak light on human affairs as long as the sun in the sky will. We speak of "the nuclear age," but since, strictly speaking, that "age," like the period "after Christ," has no end in view, it would be more appropriate to speak, in the Latin phrase, of "a new order of the ages." But perhaps if we optimistically suppose that nuclear weapons (though not the knowledge of how to make them) will one day be abolished we can call the period up to then "the nuclear age"—and pray that it will be short.

As if it were not enough that the threat posed by the nuclear peril was unlimited in its scope, instantaneous in its appearance, and everlasting in its staying power, a fourth key feature of the predicament is that nuclear weapons immediately lodged themselves at the very heart of international decision-making, and so carried revolutionary global political implications. Given all the rest, it might seem that the revolutionary political implications would hardly need mention, but the fact is that one can imagine perils on an equal scale physically whose political solution would be relatively simple. For example, it was discovered some years ago that certain types of spray cans release gases which, like the products of nuclear explosions, can rise into the stratosphere, where they decompose, and that their components erode the ozone layer. Let us suppose that scientists had discovered (as in fact they have not) that at present levels of spray-can use the erosion of the ozone layer would go far enough to doom all land animals in ten years. We can have little doubt that the nations of the earth would quickly sign a treaty abolishing spray cans. Or let us suppose that scientists had discovered (as, again, they have not) that, beyond a certain threshold, the burning of fossil fuels would trigger a runaway "greenhouse effect" in the atmosphere, in which the temperature of the earth would rise to lethal levels. (Scientists suspect that a runaway greenhouse effect may be responsible for the seven-hundred-degree surface temperature of Venus. They also suspect that a greenhouse effect produced by the burning of fossil fuels will warm the earth by several degrees in the next hundred years.) Once again, it is hard to doubt that, despite the importance of fossil fuels, the nations of the earth would quickly sign a treaty bringing their use under control. For it would surely very soon become clear to people everywhere that they valued humanity more than they valued fossil fuels. Or if we imagine that one day we were attacked by creatures from space whose aim was to destroy mankind and take over the planet, it is again hard to doubt that the nations of the earth would unite to defend their planet. (The Soviet Union and the United States even managed to unite to defeat the earthly peril of Nazi Germany.) Yet when it comes to saving the earth from the

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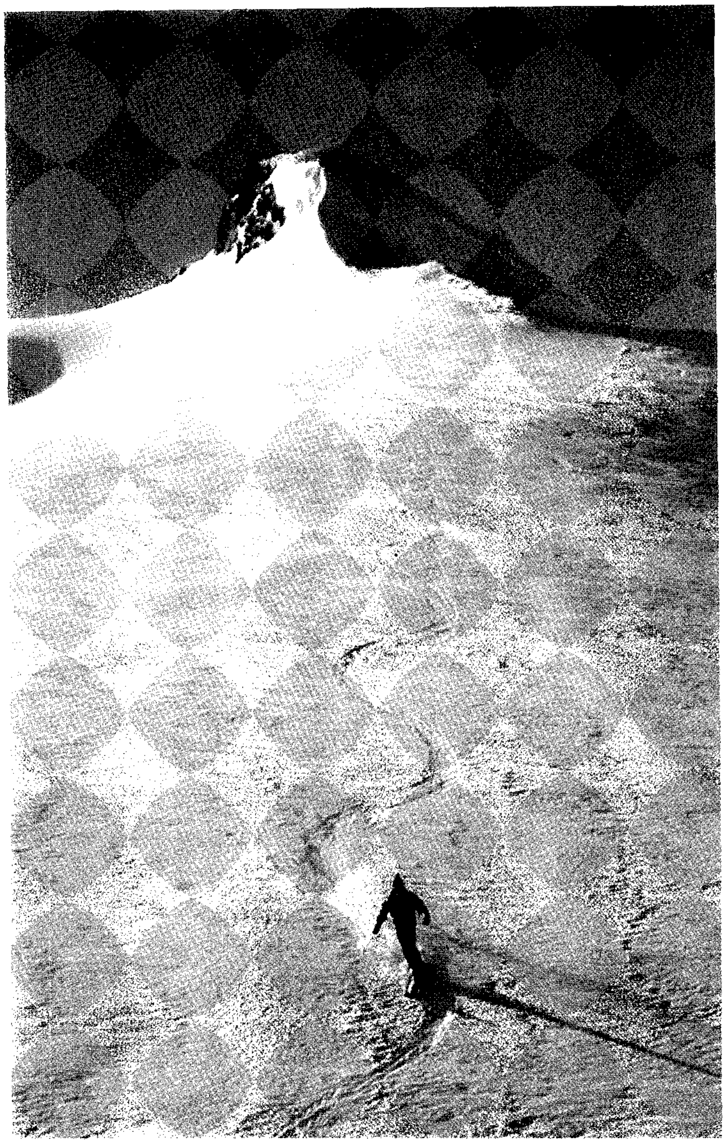

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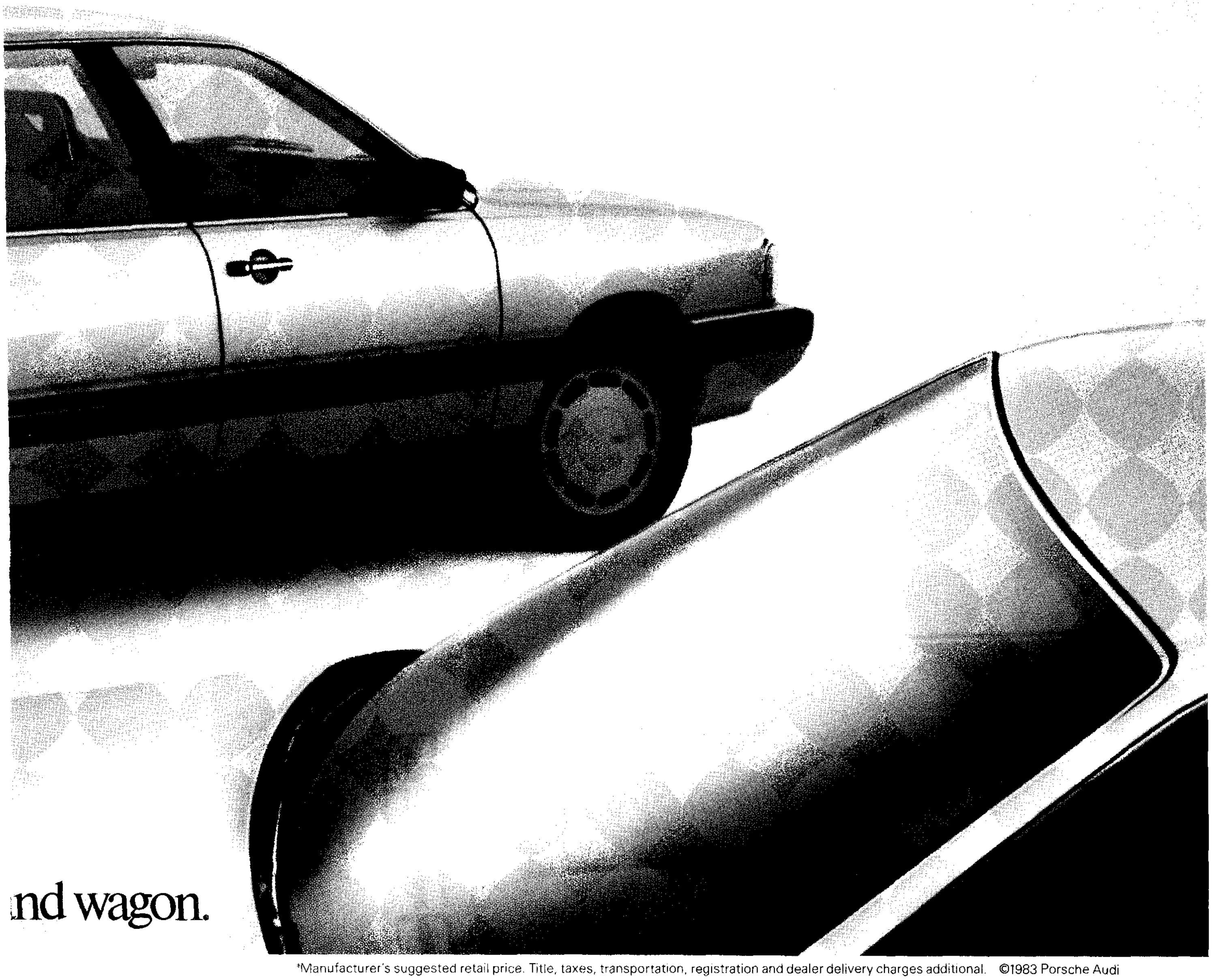

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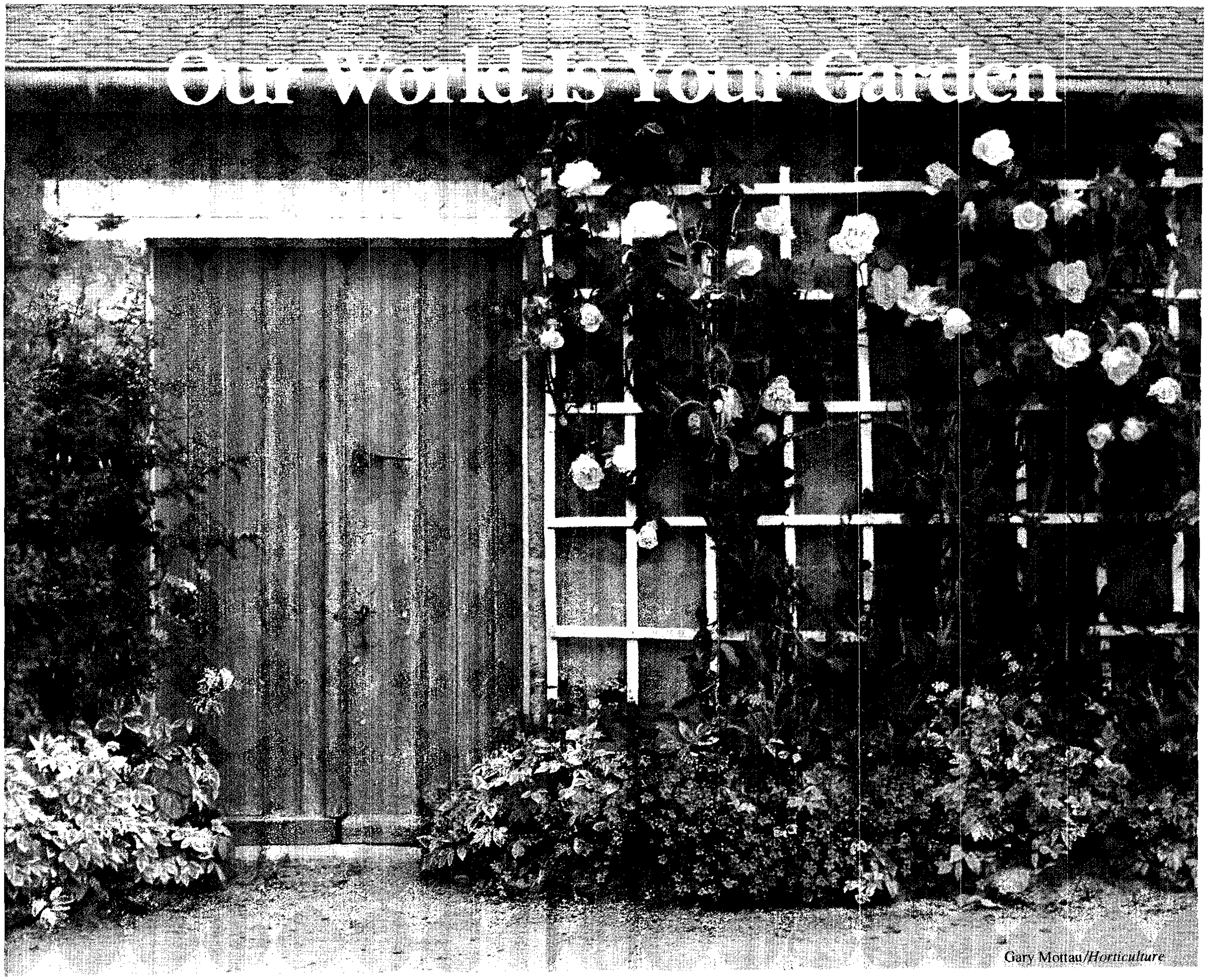

Gary Mottau/*Horticulture*

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peril of a nuclear holocaust the necessary agreements are not arrived at so easily—as the history of the last thirty-nine years attests. And for this failure there is a substantial cause that would not be a factor in any of the foregoing, imagined situations. The solution of each of those threats would require us to give something up—spray cans, fossil fuels, the immediate pursuit of earthly rivalries. But if we ask what it is that we would have to give up in order to resolve the nuclear predicament we find that it is nothing less than the whole present structure of international affairs. For the very first effect of the invention of nuclear weapons—which occurred even without their going off—was to fatally undermine the institution of war.

It may seem odd to speak of war, the nemesis of human institutions, as an institution itself, liable to change and decline like any other, yet we are now in a position to see that it has been just that: a particular kind of organization of human affairs, with a particular character, a particular technical foundation, and particular uses. Its preëminent use has been to serve as what has been called since Roman times "the final arbiter" of disputes among nations—as the world's means of last resort for getting things settled. But when nuclear weapons entered the arsenals of nations war could no longer arbitrate anything, because the levels of force available would destroy every prize that a nation might want either to seize or to defend. Nations bent on achieving some aim by the use of force, whether the aim was their own survival or another country's subjugation, could not hope to succeed in a nuclear-armed world. To be sure, nuclear-armed nations could still attack one another (if they were foolish enough), but at the end of the road only their "mutual assured destruction" now awaited them. This would not be war—once defined as "the continuation of politics by other means"—but only suicide, which is the continuation of nothing.

It's worth noting that the point in the nuclear buildup at which mutual assured destruction became possible (and victory in war impossible) is different from the point at which extinction became possible. Perhaps because both results are absurd, the two are sometimes lumped together. The difference becomes obvious if we imagine that two small countries, each of which can be annihilated with just a few dozen nuclear weapons, are faced off against one another. Each would destroy the other long before the two together could extinguish the species. When the countries are large, however, the gap between mutual assured destruction and extinction is narrower, and the new conclusion that even "limited nuclear war" might trigger the nuclear winter narrows this gap still further. In a general holocaust, the mutual destruction of the belligerents would be only a minor absurdity within the major, unlimited absurdity of the end of humanity. Nevertheless, the potential for mutual assured destruction needs to be underscored, because it is precisely *this* minor absurd outcome—which does not depend on the presence of a peril of extinction—that spoils war as a rational instrument of national policy, and forces nations to look for a substitute. (The possibility of extinction, above and beyond mutual assured destruction, gives their search a transcendent importance.)

To avoid misunderstanding: When I say that war has been spoiled as a means of settling international disputes, I mean that it has been spoiled in those theatres of potential conflict in which the rivals are abundantly armed with nuclear weapons, as the United States and the Soviet Union are. In other theatres, in which one or both powers lack nuclear weapons, nations can and do go on fighting wars. To avoid further misunderstanding: What has been ruined is, precisely, war—no more and no less. Violence between nuclear-armed states is still possible on any scale, from terrorist acts right up to the end of the world, but none of this would, properly speaking, be war. For war is not just violence; it is violence shaped to achieve state ends. But all these ends would be unattainable by "war" as it exists today, for by the time anyone had "won" the "war" both sides would have been annihilated.

In sum, the underlying *human* question that the invention of nuclear weapons confronts us with is whether we will live or die as a species, but the underlying *political* question, which must be tackled before the human question can be favorably resolved, is how disputes among nations are to be handled in a world in which war has been spoiled as an instrument of state policy. Nuclear weapons are radical biologically and spiritually because they threaten our species with extinction, but they are radical politically because they have spoiled war. For traditionally the political character of our world has been determined in large part by the outcome of wars—by whether the Romans or the Carthaginians, Napoleon or Wellington, the Axis or the Allies, were victorious. At stake, therefore, *in addition* to the life or death of mankind, is everything that nations are and everything that they stand for, since it is through war that nations in the past have sought ultimately to protect their existence. How, we are now forced to ask, are we to defend the things that we believe in—or, on a more prosaic level, that we merely want? (For the United States, and for the Western alliance, the chief question of this sort is, perhaps, how we can protect our liberties and, by a reasonable extension, liberty in the world as a whole.) How are nations to respond to aggression? Or should there any longer even *be* nations, which, continuing their historical reliance on the resort to force in pursuit of their parochial interests, now menace the survival of all mankind? At issue is *who* is going to decide international disputes and *how*—and these are, of course, the fundamental issues of politics. Should nations decide through violence, as in the past? Should an international authority decide? Is there another way of deciding? No proposal that fails to give an answer to this underlying question can inspire confidence, and only a proposal that deals with it to the world's satisfaction seems likely to stand a chance of finally resolving the nuclear predicament.

There is a strong temptation to underestimate either the biological or the political dimension of the peril, because then the job of finding a solution is much simplified. For example, if we choose to disregard the radical nature of the political issue, then, responding without impediment to the totality and immediacy of the peril, we are free to imagine that we can "ban" nuclear weapons without further ado—without, that is, having to account for how, politically, a nuclear-free world would work, what would be likely to happen in it, and whether or not it would be likely to stay nuclear-free. On the other hand, if, duly impressed by the intractability of the political challenge, we choose instead to play down the physical immediacy and totality of the peril, we may complacently and unconscionably leave our species at risk of annihilation. Such, I believe, is our present condition.

THE difficulty of taking all the features of the nuclear predicament into account was made clear in the first attempts to discover solutions. Sheer thought, of course, was able to see its way to a solution quite easily. The steps in the reasoning were simple ones. If war now meant nuclear war—and no one could doubt that it did—and nuclear war meant, at best, the mutual assured destruction of the belligerents and, at worst, human extinction, then war no longer made any sense and would have to be given up. But if war was given up, then some other means would have to be found to resolve the disputes that war had always resolved. A means was not hard to find—at least, on the purely intellectual plane. It was government—world government. The rule of law would supplant the rule of force, and what had once been decided by violence would now be decided by courts, parliaments, and all the other institutions of civil society. In the early days of the nuclear age, many people, including, notably, many scientists, were swayed by this compelling logic, and soon set to work to bring a world government into existence. Preëminent among them, perhaps, was Albert Einstein, who, at the beginning of the century, had first revealed that energy and matter are the same. As early as September 29, 1945—less than two months after the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, on August 6th—he wrote:

> The pathetic attempts made by governments to achieve what they consider to be international security have not the slightest effect on the present political structure of the world, nor is it recognized that the real cause of international conflicts is due to the existence of competing sovereign nations. Neither governments nor people seem to have learned anything from the experiences of the past and appear to be unable or unwilling to think the problem through. The conditions existing in the world today force the individual states, out of fear for their own security, to commit acts which inevitably produce war.
>
> At the present high level of industrialization and economic interdependence, it is unthinkable that we can achieve peace without a genuine supranational organization to govern international relations.

At about the same time, Einstein was one of the signatories of a letter, published in the *Times,* that said, in part:

> We have learned, and paid an awful price to learn, that living and working together can be done in one way only—under law. There is no truer and simpler idea in the world today. Unless it prevails, and unless by common struggle we are capable of new ways of thinking, mankind is doomed.

And in June of 1946 he told an interviewer:

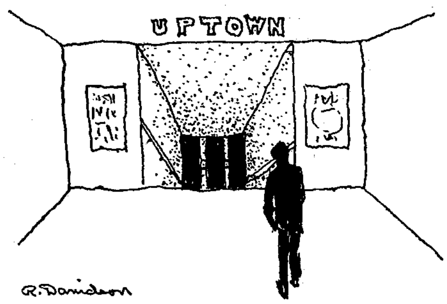
> Our defense is not in armaments, nor in science, nor in going underground. Our defense is in law and order.

Einstein knew very well that the political climate of his time was hostile to his proposal, and he knew that many people regarded it as, in his words, "illusory, even absurd." Nevertheless, in a reply to critics, he asked:

> Is it really a sign of unpardonable naiveté to suggest that those in power decide among themselves that future conflicts must be settled by constitutional means rather than by the senseless sacrifice of great numbers of human lives? Once such a firm decision has been reached, nothing will be "impossible." . . .
>
> A "sophisticated" person might well comment: We have been working toward the same goal by means of small, patient steps, which, in view of human psychology, is the only possible method. But I, the so-called "idealist," regard this attitude as a fatal illusion. There is no *gradual* way to secure peace. As long as nations have no real security against aggression, they will, inevitably, continue to prepare for war. And, as history has proven conclusively, preparation for war always leads to actual war. When the North American Colonies united and created a central government in Washington, it came about not through a slow process but through a resolute and creative act.

In interviews, articles, letters, and public statements, Einstein, continuing to state his case with his customary clarity, modesty, simplicity, and passion, advocated this position until the end of his life, in April, 1955.

Einstein's view that the nuclear predicament could be resolved and mankind saved only if the world renounced force and adopted peaceful political means for the settlement of its disputes possessed a straightforward logic that no one ever refuted and that was apparently irrefutable. (His view that the only such means possible was world government was more debatable.) But what logic called for and what the world was prepared to accept were two different things. Einstein set out to change minds. He knew, as few other men did, what the measure of the peril was, and he worked tirelessly to impart that knowledge to others. As a scientist, he was used to thinking a problem through to its end, and he thought the political implications of the nuclear predicament through to their end, too. He placed his faith in reason—in people's ability to learn, and to act on what they have learned. He had changed the world through scientific thought, and now he wanted to change it further through political thought. In that sense, world government was a scientists' *sort* of idea. Using reason, scientists analyzed the problem, came up with a formula that would solve it, and then invited the world to apply that formula. Einstein wrote, "Just as we have changed our thinking in the world of pure science to embrace newer and more useful concepts, so we must now change our thinking in the world of politics and law. It is too late to make mistakes." And, even more simply, "Past thinking and methods did not succeed in preventing world wars. Future thinking *must* prevent wars." But politics was different from science, and thinking turned out not to have the effectiveness in world affairs that it had had in the laboratory. In politics, the process was different and the tempo was different. Political ideas moved at a slower pace than scientific ones from one mind to the minds of many, and from the minds of many into action.



Certainly one cause of the world's apparent indifference to the nuclear peril, and of the short shrift it gave the idea of world government, was the peril's all-or-nothing character, which removed it from people's direct experience. Most evils arrive in the world a little bit at a time, so that in pushing people into action the bite of painful experience is added to the voice of pure reason. If a factory is polluting the water supply, for example, deadly poison doesn't suddenly start running from the tap; the pollution appears gradually, and people are driven to do something before a catastrophe occurs. But after Hiroshima and Nagasaki the nuclear peril turned out to leave the world physically untouched, and the field was left to "thinking" alone. There can be little doubt that if in the last thirty-nine years one Hiroshima-sized nuclear weapon had gone off each day in a city somewhere in the world (thus releasing, in all, only about one per cent of the explosive power of today's arsenals) Einstein's proposal, or something of an equally radical nature, would have found acceptance by now. As it was, the nuclear weapons fortunately stayed unexploded (while unfortunately multiplying in the world's arsenals), and people were not impelled to think or do very much about them.

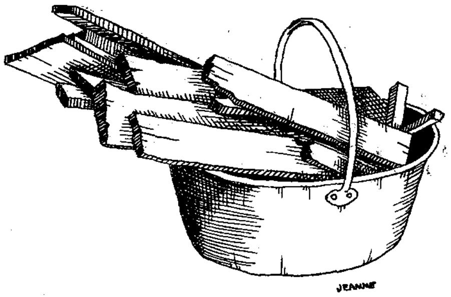
The stronger reasons for the rejection of the sweeping changes that Einstein wanted, however, were unquestionably political. Arrayed against his argument was not so much counterargument as brute fact—everything that comes under the heading of political "reality," which in the short run, at least, has a weight and an inertia that are independent of argument and the light of reason. On the immediate evel, reality was two great powers—he United States and the Soviet Union—whose systems of government were wholly antithetical. While it was quite conceivable that these two powers could live together without war—hat is, "coexist"—there seemed little or no possibility that they could fuse nto a single government. Reality was, n addition, the countless unresolved truggles that went on, and go on, among the less powerful nations of the world, dividing Arab from Jew, Irishman from Englishman, Turk from Greek, and so on. On the deepest evel, however, reality was the entire political organization of the world. Standing in the way of Einstein's "thinking," that is, was nothing less han the world's political institutions s they had existed throughout history—the entire system of independent tates, whose defense now threatened xtinction. The invention of nuclear weapons brought basic physical and iological reality, now radically transormed by the revolution in scientific hought, into head-on collision with asic political reality, where no similar evolution appeared likely soon. And he collision was not just a clash of tyles, or a failure of scientists and politicians to speak one another's language; it was objective and real. Science had moved with the speed of hought to alter physical reality and to give technical man the ability to place he whole world in peril of annihilaion, but the political thinkers were powerless to perform a comparable miracle in political affairs. Political ffairs, weighted with tradition and habit—in this case, a way of doing things which had lasted throughout history—moved with a ponderous gait of their own, and were not to be hurried. The nuclear predicament had emerged in an instant from the laboratory, but the resolution of the predicament could not emerge from any laboratory. It would have to be born in its own time, in the hearts of the billions of the earth's people.

The disparity between the swiftness of science in presenting the peril (a swiftness much accentuated, from the world's point of view, by the governmental secrecy out of which the bomb sprang) and the seemingly built-in slowness of the world's thinking and the world's institutions to adjust to it presented the world, in effect, with a monumental problem of timing. While the predicament might not be inherently beyond resolution, the mismatch between the immediacy of the peril and the magnitude of the psychological, spiritual, and political work required for mankind to make an adequate response—which might conceivably take generations—could in itself prove fatal. The proposal for world government therefore engendered as much discouragement as hope. Many people believed that a solution might lie there, but they could not see how to arrive at it soon enough to respond to the pressing emergency in which the species found itself. Nor did sovereignty show any signs of expiring on its own. If anything, it was tightening its hold—especially in the Third World, where patriotic feeling was showing itself to be an almost irresistible force, against which the great colonial empires of the West were proving powerless.

IN those circumstances, it was anything but surprising that a second school of thought about how to handle the nuclear predicament soon emerged—a school that was ready to accept the unwillingness of nations to surrender their sovereignty and enter into a world government. In 1946, in a book called "The Absolute Weapon," by a group of academics at the Yale Institute of International Studies, there appeared two chapters written by the political scientist Bernard Brodie, which have come to be considered a founding document of American nuclear strategy, and which we may take as representative of the second school of thought. Brodie begins by accepting as given the continuation of the sovereign state—the very thing whose abolition Einstein saw as the only hope for survival in the nuclear world. As befits someone stating a premise, Brodie does not so much argue the point as simply assert it, saying, with light irony, that "the wholesale conversion of mankind away from those parochial attitudes bound up in nationalism is a consummation devoutly to be wished" but "the mere existence of the bomb does not promise to accomplish it at an early enough time to be of any use." If the existence of the nation-state is a given, then the possibility of the use of force becomes another given, because it is through the use of force that nations have ultimately sought to assure their survival. And if the possibility of the use of force is a given, then the existence of nuclear weapons becomes still another given, because nuclear weapons are the most powerful instruments of force available. Thus, while it may be true that, as Einstein said, if you want to rid the world of nuclear weapons you will have to establish a world government, neither of these things, in Brodie's view, can be accomplished, and the truly important and interesting question, therefore, is what policy to adopt in a world in which both sovereign states and nuclear weapons are present. Significantly, Brodie does not see this task as an end in itself; rather, he sees it as a way of buying time while more radical solutions, of the Einsteinian variety, are worked on. He wants merely to "transmute what appears to be an immediate crisis into a long-term problem," so as to give society the opportunity it needs to adjust its politics to its physics. His answer to the problem of mismatched timing is to work within the realm of the politically "possible" for the present, and postpone more ambitious efforts. It is noteworthy, though, that while he and the other authors of "The Absolute Weapon" acknowledge the need to find radical solutions sometime in the future they have no suggestions to offer about how to proceed with this work. The "short term" occupies them completely.

It is in framing policy for a world in which nuclear weapons are a given that Brodie shows his prescience and his originality. He begins with an unsparing description of the destructive power of the atomic bomb—a description that Einstein, for one, would surely have approved of. He points out that to destroy any city in the world, from one to ten atomic, or fission, bombs will suffice (the hydrogen, or fusion, bomb, which can be thousands of times as powerful as the fission bomb, and so can do the job much more efficiently, had, of course, not yet been invented); that no defense against the bomb is possible; and that therefore "it is now physically possible for air forces no greater than those existing in the recent war to wipe out all the cities of a great nation in a single day." He then notes that some "scientists and laymen" who have a "passionate" preoccupation with "proposals for 'world government' " have concluded from these admittedly terrifying facts that "the safeguards to security formerly provided by military might are no longer of any use," and that the bomb must therefore be regarded as "the apotheosis of aggressive instruments." And he quotes J. Robert Oppenheimer as saying that the bomb "is a weapon for aggressors, and the elements of surprise and of terror are as intrinsic to it as are the fissionable nuclei." Brodie disagrees. In a key paragraph, he says, "The truth of Professor Oppenheimer's statement depends on one vital but unexpressed assumption: that the nation which proposes to launch the attack will not need to fear retaliation. If it must fear retaliation, the fact that it destroys its opponent's cities some hours or even days before its own are destroyed may avail it little." The would-be aggressor, who knew that he faced retaliation, Brodie thinks, would very likely give up its aggression. "Multilateral possession of the bomb," therefore, will discourage, not encourage, aggression, provided that it is "as nearly certain as possible that the aggressor who uses the bomb will have it used against him."

Here, in a nutshell, and without the jargon and intellectual adornment of the "strategic theory" that unfolded luxuriantly in later years, is the doctrine of nuclear deterrence—although Brodie did not use that word. From Brodie's observations flowed the basic tenets of the doctrine of deterrence: that nuclear weapons offer nations effectively unlimited force; that winning a nuclear war is impossible; that it is imperative, therefore, to stop such a war from ever beginning; that the weapons themselves play the crucial role in that effort; that an invulnerable retaliatory force is of particular importance; that there is a special danger inherent in any capacity, on either side, for destroying the nuclear forces of the other side in a first strike; and that "perceptions" and "psychology" play an essential role in convincing the adversary that any aggression by him will lead only to his annihilation, and so in maintaining the "stability" of the whole arrangement. Summing up in a way that must have been jarring to military sensibilities at that time, Brodie wrote, "The writer . . . is not for the moment concerned about who will *win* the next war in which atomic bombs are used. Thus far the chief purpose of our military establishment has been to win wars. From now on its chief purpose must be to avert them. It can have almost no other useful purpose." The policy of deterrence did not, of course, remove the peril of nuclear annihilation. On the contrary, it deliberately and firmly increased it (by sanctioning a buildup of nuclear arms), in the hope that the immediacy of the threat, felt by each side in the face of the other side's nuclear arsenals, would produce a stalemate in which the world would live on the very edge of the abyss but for precisely that reason would take special care not to lose its balance. The great advantage of deterrence was not the high degree of safety that it offered—for under it a single miscalculation could tip the world into the abyss—but its immediate practicability. For while it was doubtful in the extreme that the world would soon put together a world government, there was little doubt that in the absence of such a step the world's great powers could and would build large nuclear arsenals and threaten one another with them. To be sure, once the Soviet Union had acquired nuclear weapons, and the nuclear stalemate had been established, no one in either Washington or Moscow needed any political scientists to tell him that a nuclear attack might be met with retaliation in kind, and was, for that reason, among others, a bad idea. But it was the distinction of Brodie and his fellow-strategists to foresee this in 1946, when only one power possessed the bomb. His discovery was that a balance of nuclear forces might make possible a world more stable than any before it in our century. While h agreed with the advocates of worl government that the bomb could no be defended against, he saw, as man of them did not, that the threat o retaliation could play the role that defenses had played in the past, and tha in this threat there might lie a measur of safety for a nuclear-armed world.



THE argument between the Einsteinian school and the Brodiea school reflected not just a split in opinion but a split in the world itself. Fo the arrival of nuclear weapons in th world had at a stroke opened a fissur down the center of human life, placin whole realms of human existence a odds with one another. The traditional demands of man's internationa political existence, rooted in sovereignty and pursued through the use o force, were suddenly at variance wit the demands of man's existence pur and simple, which was now mortall endangered. Political man held a knif to the throat of biological man, bu since politics, like every other huma activity, is possible only where ther are human beings, political man als held a knife to his own throat. At th same time, the demands of man moral existence, which were meaningless if they did not call on us to hol back at all costs from slaughterin billions of people and perhaps puttin our species to death, were at varianc with those of man's political existenc which seemed to require that w threaten to do just that, on pain c military defeat by our enemies if w did not. Einstein and Brodie, in manner of speaking, took up position on opposite sides of the gap, with Einstein standing alongside trembling imperilled biological man and askin political man to yield, and Brodi standing alongside dug-in, unbudgeable political man and asking biological man to endure the peril. And eac of course, had a compelling reason fo standing where he did, since no on could deny, on the one hand, that th peril was great—indeed, unlimited— and its urgency extreme or, on th other, that the immediate top-to bottom transformation of internationa political life was, at the very leas doubtful. A bystander looking fo guidance was left to contemplate tw conclusions, each of which had apparently been established incontrovertibl by experts: (1) that the nature of physical reality as it had now been reveale by physics made a swift revolution i global politics necessary if human sur

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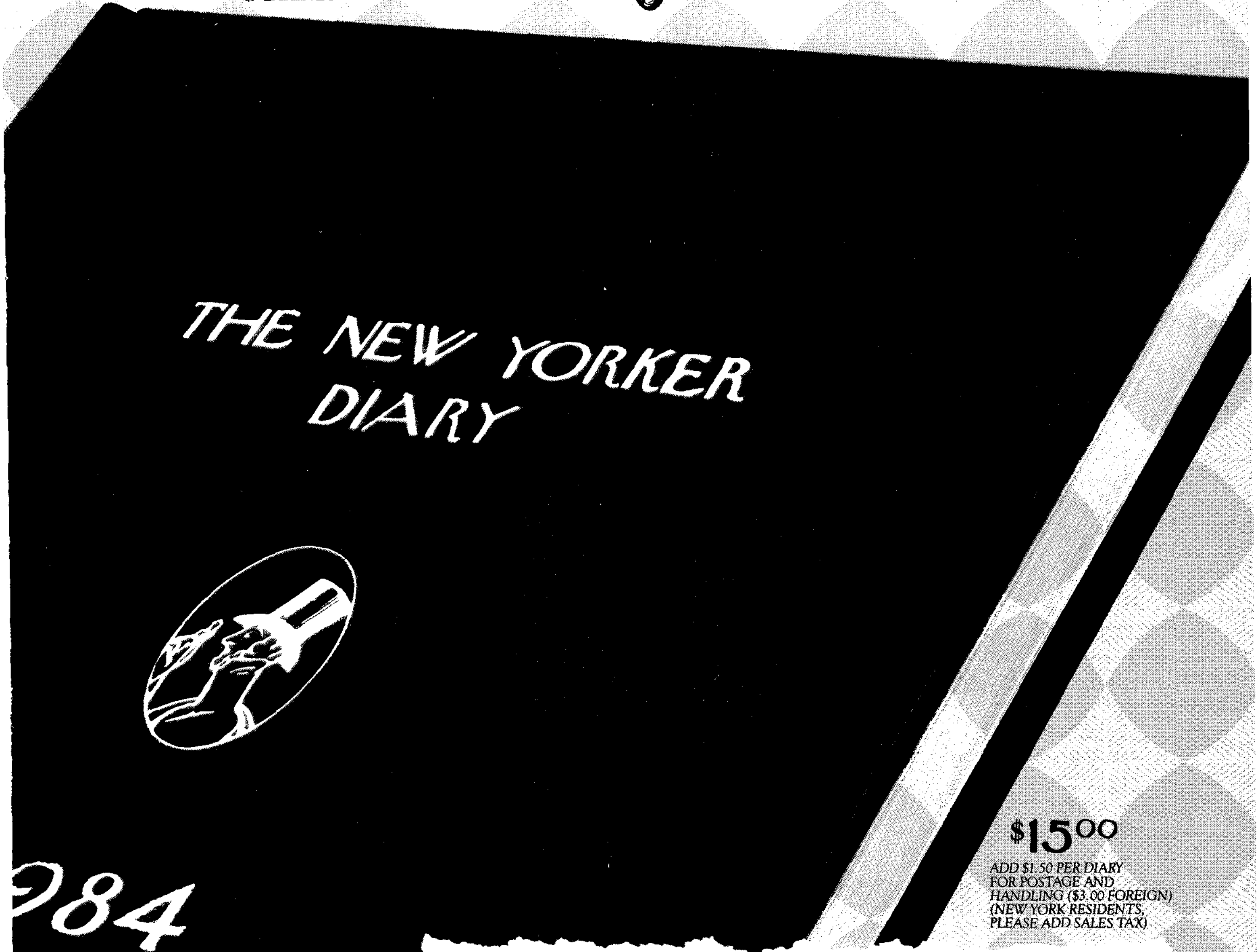

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vival was to be assured, and (2) that the nature of political reality as it had revealed itself throughout history made such a revolution impossible.

People of Einstein's persuasion came to be called "idealists," as he had noted, while those of Brodie's persuasion came to be called "realists," but in fact both camps were characterized by a spirit of realism. This was not a debate in which there was reality on one side and a mistaken idea on the other. Rather, there were two opposed realities: the reality of the peril of extinction by nuclear arms, and the reality of the existing political institutions of the world. The two schools of thought therefore did not so much clash irreconcilably as fail even to join the argument; it was as though each were addressing a different "nuclear predicament"—and, in a way, each was. Einstein took as his point of departure his knowledge of the laws of physics and of the peril they defined; he went on to ask what had to be done to remove the peril, and concluded that the whole political realm had to be revolutionized. Since not only politics but everything human was in danger of "being disintegrated someday into atoms and swept up into the atmosphere," as he put it, revolution in just one department of life seemed to him a small price to pay. Brodie, by contrast, took as his point of departure his knowledge of the laws of politics and of the existing political world, and concluded that for the immediate future the peril would have to be lived with. Rarely in a great debate had each side had so many seemingly incontestable points to make. Could anyone seriously doubt that, as a supporter of Einstein's views said, quoting Alexander Hamilton, "to look for a continuation of harmony between a number of independent, unconnected sovereignties situated in the same neighborhood would be to disregard the uniform course of human events, and to set at defiance the accumulated experience of ages"? On the other hand, could anyone argue with William T. R. Fox, one of the authors of "The Absolute Weapon," when, in the final chapter of that book, he observed, "It would be very dangerous to create a machine of central force before one created a machinery of central justice. For a machinery of central justice to work satisfactorily, its judgments would have to be based upon a worldwide community of values. That community of values does not exist today"? Wasn't it a fact that, as Einstein said, "today the atomic bomb has altered profoundly the nature of the world as we know it, and the human race consequently finds itself in a new habitat to which it must adapt its thinking"? But wasn't it also a fact that, as Fox noted, a Soviet commentator had just called the idea of world government a smoke screen for "renunciation of the basis of the struggle against fascist aggression;" and that the United States was also "unwilling to surrender a degree of control over its own destinies sufficient to permit a world authority to enforce its declared policy against any challenger"?

Einstein and Brodie, each rooted firmly in the reality he knew best, were unable to find common ground. Einstein, the proponent of what was necessary for survival, could not persuade the world that it was politically possible. Brodie, the definer of what was politically possible, could not enlarge his conception of it to encompass what was necessary for survival. The world was offered two problematic proposals: one that would solve the problem but could not be brought into being, and one that could be brought into being but did not solve the problem. The gap between them—between imperilled biological man and entrenched political man; between the irresistible force of nuclear weapons and the immovable object of the world's political institutions (immovable, that is, except by nuclear weapons, which could move them right out of existence in an instant); between a resolution of the broad human crisis of the peril of extinction and a resolution of the political crisis of how the world was to be organized without war; between the laws of science and the laws of history; between the dictates of conscience and the dictates of policy; between "idealism" and "realism;" between the "long term" and the "short term;" between the necessary and the possible; between the slowness of political change and the swiftness of the approach of doom—remained unbridged. And it has remained so to the present day.

WHOEVER may have had the better of the debate between the two schools, it was, of course, the deterrence doctrine that eventually became official policy. People couldn't, or wouldn't, or just did not, establish world government, and they turned to the only prominent alternative. Before that happened, however, the United States launched an initiative at the United Nations to prevent a nuclear-arms race and abolish nuclear weapons. The initiative failed, but in failing it threw a spotlight on the mountainous political obstacles to a solution of the nuclear problem. The initiative originated, in January of 1946, with the appointment by Secretary of State James Byrnes of a committee headed by Under-Secretary of State Dean Acheson whose work would be to frame a proposal for nuclear disarmament which the United States would make at a forthcoming meeting of the Atomic Energy Commission of the United Nations. Acheson proceeded to appoint a board of consultants, under the chairmanship of David E. Lilienthal, who was then the director of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and including Robert Oppenheimer. On March 17th, after intense labors, the committee and the board of consultants concluded their deliberations and embodied them in a document commonly known as the Acheson-Lilienthal report, which was transmitted to Byrnes the following day. At the heart of the committee's recommendations was a proposal that nuclear activities be placed under international control. The report had arrived at an ingenious solution (which may yet prove useful to the world one day) to the thorny problem arising from the need for inspection under any agreement by nations to forgo the production and possession of nuclear arms. Impressed by the political difficulties that would face teams charged with inspecting a large number of independent, national nuclear facilities, the report recommended that all "dangerous" nuclear activities—from uranium mining to the construction of nuclear reactors—be placed under the direct ownership of an international authority associated with the United Nations. (Individual nations would be licensed by the authority to carry out certain "safe" nuclear activities.) This authority, they reasoned, could readily inspect that which it was doing itself.

On March 18th, President Truman announced the appointment of Bernard Baruch, a financier who served as an adviser to several Presidents, to represent the United States at the disarmament talks at the United Nations, and Baruch was given the Acheson-Lilienthal report. Much to the dismay of the report's authors, Baruch turned out to have many reservations about it, including its assumption that major violations of the proposed system of international controls would ultimately come before the United Nations Security Council, whose decisions could be nullified by a veto by any one of five nations: the United States, the Soviet Union, England, France, and China. It was the Soviet veto that worried Baruch. He recommended that the veto power in the Security Council be abolished for decisions having to do with atomic energy. And, in a second major departure from the report, he recommended that penalties be established for violations of the agreement concerning atomic energy. (The report had not proposed any penalties.) Without these, he said, the proposal as a whole would amount to nothing more than a warning system, which would put the world on notice if nuclear arming began but would be unable to do anything about it. In short, he had noted the lack in the report of any means for dealing with the underlying political question of how disputes among nations—in this case, disputes concerning the life-and-death matter of atomic energy—were to be decided, and his recommendations were designed to repair the omission: the Security Council would decide. What he recommended was not world government, but it contained something like the essence of world government: an authority with the power to make and enforce decisions concerning the most critical element of military power. President Truman agreed with Baruch and adopted his recommendations.

In June, Baruch presented the proposal to the United Nations, and it was immediately turned down by Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet representative at the arms negotiations. The Soviet Union had substantial reasons for turning it down. The United Nations, which did not yet include most of the hundred-odd nations that make up what we now call the Third World, could be counted on in those days to vote in favor of Western proposals, and the Soviet Union's veto in the Security Council was its only means of undoing the results. To accept an international authority that controlled mining rights in the Soviet Union and held a monopoly on nuclear energy could thus mean accepting not only a large measure of American control over Soviet nuclear energy but also American intervention in Soviet life—an idea as repugnant to the Soviet Union as the converse would have been to the United States if the Soviet Union had enjoyed majority support at the United Nations. Besides, the Soviet Union was at the time well on its way to getting the bomb. (It succeeded in 1949.) However, the Soviet Union went far beyond rejecting the repeal of the veto. It also denounced inspection, as a breach of national sovereignty. Gromyko stated, "When the Charter of the United Nations was prepared by the conference at San Francisco, the question of sovereignty was one of the most important questions considered. This principle of sovereignty is one of the cornerstones on which the United Nations structure is built; if this were touched the whole existence and future of the United Nations would be threatened." But Gromyko did not go on to suggest ways in which the Baruch plan could be made acceptable. Instead, he made a proposal that seemed almost designed to be unacceptable to the United States—as we may suspect that it was, given the Soviet Union's strong interest in developing the bomb for itself, and its imminent ability to do so. Gromyko called for an international convention to ban the production of nuclear weapons, which was to be followed some time later by the establishment of two committees at the United Nations—one for an exchange of scientific information, and the other to fashion safeguards for the abolition agreement. In short, the United States was *first* to give up its atomic monopoly, and *then* the Soviet Union would consent to *discuss* inspection and international control. The predictable United States rejection came quickly.

The amendment of the Acheson-Lilienthal report by Baruch, and then the rejection of the Baruch proposal by the Soviet Union—accompanied by a wholly unacceptable proposal of its own—illustrated the likely fate of any plan, however brilliant, that did not take into account the political questions at the outset. Once again—this time in action rather than in theory—

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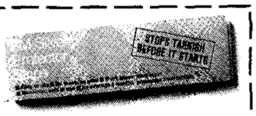

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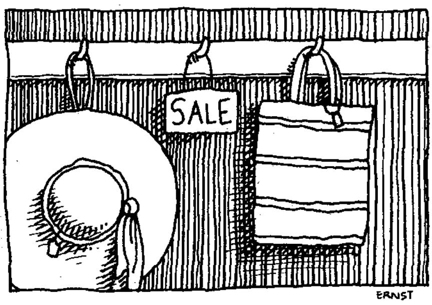
the world had reached the impasse that seemed to block any radical or full soluton of the nuclear predicament. The Acheson-Lilienthal committee had repaired to the relatively uncontroversial ground of technology, and offered a technical solution to the problem. But the problem could not in fact be divorced from the political issue, which meant at bottom how the world was going to be making its decisions in the international arena from then on, and the two governments, whose very business was politics, had no choice but to put politics back into the negotiations. When they did that, however, the proposal foundered, because there was no willingness on either side to make the radical political concessions that alone could have put the two sides on negotiable ground. It was as though in the course of the negotiations they had recognized the validity of Einstein's conviction that the predicament could be resolved only if a global authority with real power was established. But the plain truth, as William T. R. Fox had noted in "The Absolute Weapon," was that neither side wanted a real international authority—not presiding over nuclear matters, and not presiding over any other matters, either—whose actions it could neither control nor derail. (When the United States lost its majority support at the United Nations, it quickly lost its enthusiasm for the idea of any binding decisions' being made by that body.) Both sides preferred a nuclear-arms race, with the United States hoping to use its technical superiority to increase its lead, and the Soviet Union hoping to catch up. (As was virtually inevitable, the latter is what eventually happened.)

THE arms race began. Other proposals for full nuclear disarmament were made, but they never occupied the center of the political stage. Much of what Brodie and other advocates of deterrence had foreseen for a nuclear-armed world came to pass. In the succeeding decades, no war, conventional or nuclear—much less a third world war—broke out between the great nuclear powers. Whether war was avoided because of the balance of terror or for some other reason we cannot know (a negative is impossible to prove), but it is only common sense to suppose that the fear of nuclear destruction, while it was not the only factor involved, contributed heavily to the resolve of the great powers to remain at peace. However, another of Brodie's hopes went unfulfilled—his hope that deterrence would serve as a stopgap to buy time in which the world could find its way to the long-term political solution he saw as ultimately necessary. For many years, deterrence continued to be explained as a time-buying measure. As late as 1960, for example, Herman Kahn, a prominent theorist of nuclear strategy, was arguing for a policy of deterrence by saying, "We must take seriously the problem of reaching 1975." The possibility of a long-term solution still seemed real to him, and in 1962 he wrote, "We probably must accept the notion that the world as we know it is passing from the stage of history, and that attempts to preserve this five-hundred-year-old nation-state system would probably be as futile as the earlier attempts of some of the small German or Italian states to stave off the unification of their countries. If we wish to influence these coming changes, we simply must learn much more about existing and potential international orders—and learn fast." But none of the sweeping changes occurred, or even began to occur—not after 1946, not after 1960, and not after the world had made it to 1975. The short term had a way of stretching on indefinitely and the long term a way of receding into the future. Deterrence had been presented as a sort of trailer that mankind would live in while the permanent home of a full political resolution of the nuclear predicament was being constructed. But what happened as the years passed was that the trailer was built up and elaborated, while the home went unstarted.

The failure of the long term ever to arrive was no small defect in the justification for the doctrine of deterrence, inasmuch as it had been in considerable measure by presenting deterrence as a short-term, time-buying device that its advocates had answered objections to the doctrine's glaring shortcomings: that it held mankind perpetually dangling over the nuclear abyss, suspended on the slender thread of whatever wisdom the statesmen, all of them fallible, and many of them extremely so, might happen to possess at a given instant; that by defining safety in terms of possessing nuclear arsenals it not only permitted but actually encouraged their proliferation; that it kept us all in the intolerable position of standing ready to slaughter billions of our fellow human beings; and, in general, that it required us all to rely for our safety on the criminal and absurd "threat" to blow our species off the face of the earth forever. What the world actually experienced was not the hoped-for slow progress toward a full solution but steady retrogression, in the form of the arms race and the proliferation of nuclear weapons, which were developed by more and more countries. Sometimes our performance in the postwar period is called a great success, on the ground that we have so far avoided a nuclear holocaust, and much of the credit for the success is given to the policy of deterrence. What this reckoning overlooks is that in that same period the world has built up arsenals of more than fifty thousand nuclear warheads—in short, that behind the screen of our deterrence policy we have built the means of our annihilation. Seen in the best possible light, this self-endangerment of our species was a tragic necessity. Seen less forgivingly—and, I believe, more justly—it was the greatest collective failure of responsibility by any generation in history. But, whichever of these it was, self-congratulation is certainly out of order. If someone climbs out on the ledge of a high building and threatens to jump off, we do not stand around congratulating him on his wisdom and restraint in not having jumped yet, and expounding on how safe a place the ledge of a building must be; we seek to pull him in at the earliest possible opportunity.



Part of the nuclear buildup was sanctioned—in fact, required—by the doctrine of deterrence, which founded the world's safety not on Einstein's "law and order" but on terror. To that extent, deterrence must share in the blame for our suicidal preparations. But the nuclear buildup—apparently fuelled by a tremendous internal momentum—went far, far beyond what was required under that doctrine. Strictly speaking, the deterrence doctrine should have set a limit on the number of bombs required by a nation. It would have been the number needed to guarantee the destruction of the adversary's society in a retaliatory strike. Brodie wrote in 1946, "It appears that for any conflict a specific number of bombs will be useful to the side using it, and anything beyond that will be a luxury. . . . We can say that if two thousand bombs in the hands of either party is enough to destroy entirely the economy of the other, the fact that one side has six thousand and the other two thousand will be of relatively small significance." This is another idea of Brodie's that went unnoticed. Instead of stopping the arms race when several thousand Hiroshima-sized weapons had been stockpiled on each side, the superpowers nvented the hydrogen bomb and went on to build tens of thousands of those, giving each side the preposterously redundant capacity for raining down hundreds of thousands of Hiroshimas on the adversary. Deterrence theory, it seemed, was competent to start an arms race but not to stop one.

There was a retrogression in thinkng as well. While the nuclear arsenals grew to tower up to the sky around us, people seemed to forget that anyone had ever hoped for any other kind of world. People got accustomed o life in the trailer and forgot about he permanent home they were supposed to have had. Intellectual horizons narrowed and hopes dimmed. The vision of a world without nuclear weapons all but died. People's eyes became adjusted to the nuclear darkness, in a sort of moral equivalent of he nuclear winter. The time that Brodie had hoped to win was won, but t had not been used to achieve the nds he had had in mind. Instead, the hampions of deterrence lost their former modesty and began to advance heir makeshift as a permanent soluion. The journalist Thomas Powers has spoken in the past few years to many of the military men who are esponsible for carrying out the nulear policies of the United States, and e has made a special point of asking hem how they view the future. In his ecent book "Thinking About the Next War," he reports that he found wo convictions to be nearly universal: rst, that even with the arsenals in lace—in fact, *because* the arsenals are n place—nuclear weapons will *never* e used and, second, that the military men "*know* we shall never get rid of uclear weapons": that their abolition ot only is "not on the horizon" but is ot even "*over* the horizon." That is lso the view of the Harvard authors f "Living with Nuclear Weapons," who ask, "Why not abolish nuclear weapons? Why not cleanse this small planet of these deadly poisons?" They answer categorically, "Because we cannot," and go on to explain that the discovery of nuclear weapons "lies behind us" and "cannot be undone." In this prognosis, the hope of abolishing nuclear weapons has been extinguished, and the short-term stopgap of deterrence has completely usurped the place of full nuclear disarmament, which is frankly ruled out.

THE doctrine of deterrence reigned supreme in official circles in the United States for the better part of the postwar period, during which the public, for its part, showed only sporadic interest in nuclear matters—being only too willing, it seemed, to hand the whole sickening business over to the specialists. Then, toward the end of the nineteen-seventies, this wide consensus—consisting, on the one hand, of widespread doctrinal agreement among government officials and, on the other, of public acceptance of their stewardship—was unexpectedly shattered by two upheavals: one in public opinion, in the form of the new peace movement, and the other in government policy, in the form of a subtle but profound and many-sided crisis in the doctrine of deterrence itself, which is now in a state of confusion amounting almost to disintegration. And this confusion, in turn, forced the world to face once again the elemental questions that Brodie and Einstein, among many others, had confronted, but not resolved, in the first days of the nuclear age. Even as the doctrine's theorists were elevating it to the position of dogmatic truth, support for it was beginning to erode. As so often seems to happen in the history of both men and ideas, the moment of apotheosis was the signal for decline. The crisis in the doctrine emerged into full public view under the Reagan Administration, but cracks had been appearing in it for at least half a decade before that. As the balance prescribed by deterrence was attained (with lots of overkill thrown in for good measure), contradictions that had always underlain the doctrine but had gone largely unremarked on before began to emerge into prominence. These contradictions all had to do, in one way or another, with the central, unresolvable contradiction of "defending" one's country by threatening to use weapons whose actual use would bring on the annihilation of one's country and possibly of the world as well. And the emergence of

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the contradictions was in turn propelled, I believe, by a recognition—this time on the part of nuclear strategists rather than citizens at large—of what a doomsday machine really is, and what it means to intend, in certain circumstances, to use one. This gigantic new reality, which has quietly grown up behind our backs in the decades since the weapons were invented, is, I suggest, the underlying cause of both the crisis in public confidence and the crisis in policy, and so in that sense they are part of a single, deeper crisis. Both, in their different ways, are responses to the fantastic, horrifying, brutal, and absurd fact that we human beings have actually gone ahead and wired our planet for its and our destruction. Whereas for the public, which was not much interested in the subtleties of doctrine, the crisis appeared in the stark form of the overall senselessness and horror of the species' highly advanced preparations to commit suicide, for the strategists it took the form of a thousand inconsistencies, anomalies, and logical faults that kept cropping up irrepressibly in the details of nuclear policies and in their justifications. Yet when these various internal faults are looked at closely they turn out to be symptoms of the larger absurdity that is upsetting the public.

According to strict deterrence theory, the attainment of parity over the years should have had a stabilizing effect, for only then did the deterrence system become fully operational. The world should have breathed easier. Superiority on either side, theory decreed, lessens the security of both, because it creates an incentive on the stronger side to strike first, which, in turn, creates an incentive on the weaker side to avoid that first strike by itself striking first, and so on. When the strategists actually found themselves looking at parity, however, they discovered that it made them nervous. For one thing, parity put in question several American policies of long standing, perhaps the most important being the policy for the defense of Europe, where, in the opinion of many experts, the Soviet Union enjoyed superiority in conventional forces. In the event of a Soviet conventional attack in Europe, the American plan was—and still is—to make up for NATO's possible conventional inferiority by resorting to nuclear weapons early in the hostilities. (The American reliance on nuclear weapons to defend Europe goes back to the first years of the postwar period, when the United States had a monopoly on nuclear weapons and, in response to strong public demand, had partly demobilized the conventional forces that had been fighting in the Second World War.) As long as the United States possessed clear nuclear superiority, it could be argued that this plan had a certain plausibility—or "credibility," to use the favored term—because it was at least possible to imagine that if the Soviet Union was faced with a nuclear attack in Europe it would refrain from responding in kind, for fear of coming off worse in a general holocaust. But when the Soviet Union reached nuclear parity with the United States this thinking no longer obtained. Then there remained no basis (in deterrence theory, at any rate) for believing that the Soviet Union would hold back from nuclear retaliation if the United States had used nuclear weapons first. And if after that Soviet retaliation the United States attacked again, at a higher level of force, there was no reason to suppose that the Soviet Union would not retaliate in kind again, and so on up the line, until both sides' arsenals were depleted and both sides were annihilated. While one supposed virtue of nuclear superiority was that with it you could get an advantage in a war, it also had another theoretical virtue, which was that it might supply a stopping point in any hostilities that got going—the point at which the weaker side, foreseeing the unfavorable consequences to itself of continuing, gave up. But when the forces became equal that point would never be arrived at and the escalation would climb smoothly to oblivion. In the succinct (if ungrammatical) words of Henry Kissinger in an address in Brussels in 1979, which were quoted recently by former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara in an article on NATO's nuclear policy, and on the role of nuclear weapons in general, in *Foreign Affairs*, "the European allies should not keep asking us to multiply strategic assurances that we cannot possibly mean, or if we do mean, we should not want to execute because i we execute, we risk the destruction o civilization." And, in Mr. McNamara's own words in the article, "i deterrence fails and conflict develop the present NATO strategy carries wit it a high risk that Western civilization, as we know it, will be destroyed —to which one can add that *Hom sapiens* in its entirety may be destroye into the bargain.

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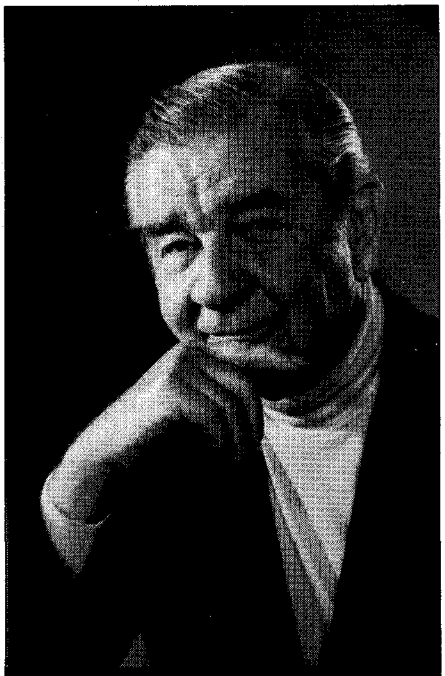
At the outset of a crisis, it is tru the President may not have to mak the final, drastic choice. The policy c "flexible response"—of responding t each level of attack with a comparabl level of retaliation—offers him le drastic, non-nuclear steps to take. An certainly we should hope that eve after the madness has begun it ca somehow be stopped. (One excelle proposal that has been made recently for a joint Soviet-American contr center, where in the event of a cris information could be exchanged, s that the two powers wouldn't misca culate one another's intentions.) However, flexible response, even if it work can only postpone, not evade, that fin decision. If the foe is determined—an we have to assume that he is if he h launched a nuclear war against a n clear-armed adversary—then the m ment will still come, after the "lin ited" salvos have been fired, when choice must be made between defe and annihilation. But that mome may come well before some of t scenarists of nuclear war imagine th it will come, for there is good reas to doubt whether the limited attac supposedly made available by flexib response will stay limited. The ho that nuclear hostilities, once they a started, can be limited depends on least four very doubtful assumption that the leaders on both sides will r tain control over their forces and th their orders will be obeyed (if, that the leaders survive); that the adversa will grasp one's "limited" intent ev as he sees nuclear bombs tearing up h armies and his country; that if he do grasp this he will, in the interests restraint all around, forgo the real imagined advantages of a full-sca preëmptive strike; and, finally, that t two sides, showing a wisdom in t midst of a nuclear holocaust whi they failed to show in the days a hours leading up to it, while the wor was intact, will come to their sens establish diplomatic contact, and agr to halt the descent into the abyss mid-course. No one knows how dipl macy would fare halfway to the end the world, but it seems unwise to rely on it very heavily. In any case, the conclusion that the nuclear winter may descend after only a fraction of the world's present arsenals have been detonated may have made the distinction between "limited" and "total" nuclear war academic. "Limited war" itself has turned out to have potentially unlimited consequences.

In an effort to remedy the flaws in the American plan for the defense of Europe, the NATO governments hit on a plan that turned out only to exacerbate the underlying tensions. If the American threat to defend Europe with nuclear weapons was losing credibility, the NATO planners feared, then the Soviet leaders might start to believe that they could conquer or intimidate Europe without encountering an American response. This fear was increased when the Soviet Union began to withdraw its one-warhead SS-4 intermediate-range missiles that it had targeted on Europe and replace them with more modern, three-warhead SS-20 missiles. What was needed, the NATO planners decided—both to "reassure" the Europeans and to frighten the Russians—was a way of binding the defense of Europe more tightly to the defense of the United States. The upshot was the Euromissiles—intermediate-range ballistic and cruise missiles that would be based in Europe and would be capable of striking the Soviet Union. Their deployment, it was believed, would convince the Soviet Union once and for all that the Americans were serious about the defense of Europe. The problem was that a mere change in the place of deployment—from the United States to Europe—of American missiles capable of reaching Soviet territory did little to cure the incredibility of the threat of their use. In Mr. McNamara's words, "for the same reason that led Henry Kissinger to recognize that a U.S. President is unlikely to initiate the use of U.S.-based strategic nuclear weapons against the U.S.S.R., so a President would be unlikely to launch missiles from European soil against Soviet territory." Meanwhile, a large segment of the European citizenry was anything but reassured by the plan. On the contrary, it was frightened. People in Europe felt that they were becoming all too dependent on the United States, and they feared that the United States might drag them against their will into a holocaust of its own making. They believed that they were becoming (in the recent words of Rudolf Augstein, the publisher of *Der Spiegel*) a "computer component" in a broader superpower game, over which they had no control. Furthermore, unconvinced that the Euromissiles, which were to be under the sole control of the United States, would bind the fortunes of Europe and the United States closer together, they feared that the missiles might be used to try to fight a "limited" nuclear war in Europe alone, sparing the United States. (These fears were fanned when President Reagan opined at a briefing for news editors in October of 1981 that a limited nuclear war might indeed be possible.) Before long, a very large number of these people began to make their apprehensions known in demonstrations throughout Europe.

Meanwhile, in the United States four Americans with long experience in government—George Kennan; McGeorge Bundy; Gerard Smith, head of the delegation that negotiated the SALT I agreement; and Robert McNamara—had a quite different solution to suggest to the problem of the defense of Europe. They recommended that the United States consider adopting a policy of no first use of nuclear weapons in Europe while building NATO conventional forces to whatever level was necessary to achieve a balance with Warsaw Pact conventional forces. As they saw it, a policy of no first use would improve on the existing policy in a number of ways: it would add to the credibility of an American response to Soviet conventional attack (since at least the initial American response would no longer have to be suicidal); it would remove from the United States the responsibility and the onus of actually planning to be the first to use nuclear weapons (the Soviets have already declared a no-first-use policy); it would, by giving the United States something better to do in the event of aggression in Europe than start a nuclear holocaust, somewhat reduce the chances of a holocaust. These benefits, all of which appear to be real and substantial, are perhaps reason enough to adopt the policy of no first use, yet that policy would nevertheless fall short of fully resolving the contradiction that underlies the American plan for the defense of Europe. In conventional war, there is no guarantee of success in any engagement—and certainly not when the opposing forces are, by design, evenly balanced. Hence, in the event that a conventional war broke out in Europe it is quite possible that,



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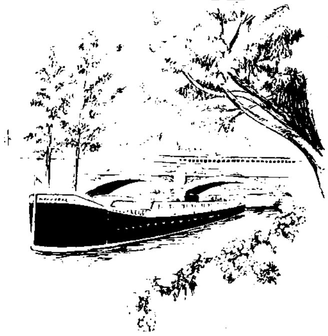

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even if there should be a conventional balance in place, the NATO forces would begin to lose, and so would be forced to decide anyway between defeat and a first use of nuclear weapons—or, if the Warsaw Pact started to lose, it would face the decision. In either case, there seems to be a fair chance that nuclear weapons would be used. Conventional defeat is the Achilles' heel of no first use. A policy of no first use thus can never really live up to its name. There is always an invisible asterisk attached, referring us to a footnote that reads, "Unless we start to lose." Without this qualification, a policy of no first use would really be a form of unilateral nuclear disarmament by verbal means, in which the foe was invited to take what he could, provided only that he did it with conventional forces. (If he used nuclear forces, nuclear deterrence would come into play.)

This limitation of no first use, of which the authors of the proposal were well aware, is worth mentioning not because it discredits the recommendation (it does not) but because it points to the contradiction at the heart of deterrence itself. The underlying problem, which both citizens and policymakers are now wrestling with, is that, given the difficulty of limiting nuclear war, and given the extreme consequences even if the war *is* limited, *any* actual use of nuclear weapons is likely to be self-defeating and senseless. For whether or not there is a policy of no first use, and whether or not the hostilities begin with the use of conventional weapons, there is, ultimately, no way to spare the President (if it is he who faces the decision) from having to make the final, terrible choice between defeat and annihilation. This is the moment at which the President has to decide whether or not actually to carry out the notorious "threat of suicide"—also known as the "threat to end the world"—with which the two great nuclear powers ultimately hope to deter one another from aggression. (Deployment of the Euromissiles commits him to making it earlier rather than later.) The crux of the matter is that while there may be a benefit in making the threat it can never make sense to carry it out, no matter what the circumstances. For how can it make sense to "save" one's country by blowing it to pieces? And what logic is there in staving off a limited defeat by bringing on unlimited, eternal defeat? Nuclear deterrence is like a gun with two barrels, of which one points ahead and the other points back at the gun's holder. If a burglar should enter your house, it might make sense to threaten him with this gun, but it could never make sense to fire it.

The dilemma is even more sharply defined if one turns from Europe, where the West has conventional forces in place with which to at least try to repel possible Soviet aggression, to the Middle East, where it has almost none and, furthermore, has no chance of dispatching enough in time to make a military difference. The fault line in the doctrine here is wider. In the Middle East, the military policy is either one of nuclear first use or nothing. The United States is making provision for a rapid-deployment force that could be sent to the Middle East in a crisis, but in the face of a full-scale Soviet conventional attack it could do no more than be a trip wire for the American launching of nuclear weapons. Yet the Soviet Union can retaliate with nuclear weapons in the Middle East just as easily as it can in Europe, and the ladder of escalation climbs up just as smoothly from the Persian Gulf as it does from the plains of Germany. The President appears to have no way to "protect" Middle Eastern oil militarily other than by launching nuclear weapons. But for whose use will the oil have been protected if everyone winds up dead in the process of protecting it?

IF the threat of nuclear war is irrational, one might ask, why do nations go on making it, and why do they bother even to build nuclear weapons instead of, say, building more conventional weapons, which, according to some theorists, they might sensibly use? Why doesn't the absurdity of "defending" one's country by threatening suicide lead to the collapse or abandonment of the policy? The answer, of course, is that the minute a nation gives up nuclear weapons it puts itself militarily at the mercy of its nuclear-armed foes, for no one has yet devised a successful defense against nuclear attack. Rather than be put in this position, nations prefer to make irrational threats—and hope never to be forced to decide whether or not to carry them out. As for the problem of credibility, in the real world—as opposed to the world of logic and theory—the irrationality of the threat to commit suicide probably doesn't do a great deal to reduce its effectiveness. There has been enough insanity in history to lend credibility to even the maddest threats, and for governments to threaten to do something irrational is quite enough to get everybody to believe they will do it. (It is one of the humiliating aspects of our nuclear policy that if rationality ever prevailed in the world our policy would become untenable.) Another point in favor of the deterrence doctrine is its probable descriptive honesty. It discards all dubious assumptions regarding the likelihood of limiting a nuclear holocaust; or, at the very least, it acknowledges that no sensible statesman can *count on* these assumptions, and therefore invites statesmen to look on the use of nuclear weapons as the beginning of the end. The morality of the doctrine of mutual assured destruction has been assailed on the ground that it calls for the mass slaughter of innocents, as indeed it does. But this immorality is inherent in the very possession of tens of thousands of nuclear weapons, whatever the doctrine. There is no conceivable way that these can be used without mass slaughter on an incalculable scale, and no theoretical sophistry can eliminate this basic fact. The doctrine of mutual assured destruction is in that sense not so much a policy as an acknowledgment of reality. It brings us—statesman and citizen alike—face to face with the way things really are in a nuclear-armed world.

In a recent article in *The New York Review of Books*, McGeorge Bundy proposed a policy of what he called "existential deterrence," in which we would make political use of some of the inherent qualities of nuclear arsenals. One of these qualities is uncertainty. He observes that "the existing systems on both sides are now so powerful and varied that no political leader can have or hope to have any clear idea of what would in fact happen 'if deterrence failed'—that is, if nuclear war began." And he goes on to remark that "scenarios" that pretend to predict what would happen "reflect nothing more than the state of mind of their authors." Our knowledge of the immense destructive power of nuclear weapons and our incurable ignorance of the exact course that that destruction would take are, he suggests, irreducible, "existential" properties of our nuclear arsenals, and he suggests that we can count on these properties to deter a foe, even without spelling out our murderous retaliatory intentions in detail. The reason for this uncertainty is, of course, the same as the reason for our uncertainty concerning our survival as a species "if deterrence failed": we have never had any experience with nuclear holocausts. The new finding that limited war could cause nuclear winter adds extremely important support to "exis- ential" deterrence. This finding hows that an attacker might even de- troy himself with his own first strike. Now, therefore, our own missiles are not only figuratively but literally ointed at ourselves. But there is, of ourse, no cause for rejoicing in this, ecause while it is true that the new nding may make statesmen more re- uctant than before to launch nuclear ostilities this gain is won at the cost f an increase in the danger of an ccidental or inadvertent extinction of mankind.

Because of the "existential" proper- es of large nuclear arsenals, deter- ence overcomes its cracked logical oundations and "works;" that is, it nspires a well-justified terror in the minds of our adversaries, just as their rsenals inspire a reciprocal terror in s. The illogic of deterrence does not ead to a direct weakening of the fear hat it inspires. No statesman in his ght mind is so foolish as to stake his ountry's existence on the surmise that he launches a nuclear attack against is foe the foe, guided by pure reason- bleness and logic, will sit back and ndure the attack without responding. The consequences of the doctrine's il- ogic are to be found somewhere else: n another audience, in ourselves. This audience very much includes the eople who make up the new peace movement—people who are increas- ngly repelled by the idea of putting mankind to the sword because some risis in Europe or Lebanon or the alkland Islands, or wherever, has got ut of hand. But before the peace movement arose another group, closer to power and more influential, had begun to ponder the dilemma. Its members were, and are, the strategists of "counterforce" and "nuclear-war-fighting," some of whom now guide the policies of the Reagan Administration. Having in many cases spent their lives studying nuclear strategy, they were well aware of the contradiction between the benefits of threatening to start a nuclear war and the senselessness of actually doing so. These people took theory seriously, and they took the contradiction seriously. They were not reassured by the uncertainty in nuclear affairs which restored the credibility that logic undermined, or by any of the other "existential" properties of nuclear arsenals. But what worried them chiefly was not, as with the peace movement, that a small crisis could bring on the end of the world; it was that the Soviet Union—counting on the reluctance of the United States to commit suicide by launching a nuclear attack—might go ahead with some act of aggression, including even a limited nuclear attack, hoping that there would be no response. But, having identified in deterrence the same inconsistency that the peace movement had identified, they struck off in an entirely different direction, embarking on a critique of mutual assured destruction from a new angle. The new strategists wanted to repair American credibility, and in order to do it they set out to find some rational goal for the United States to pursue "if deterrence failed." How would the adversary be deterred, they asked, if there was no sensible or reasonable threat to deter him with? Their solution—which marked a radical shift in strategic thought—was the idea of actually fighting and winning a nuclear war, just as though it were a conventional war. If the United States could fight and win a nuclear war, then the *threat* to use nuclear weapons would no longer be a suicide threat, and would become credible again. Once the new thinking had found wide acceptance in the Reagan Administration, the Administration, without rejecting the doctrine of deterrence outright, began to make statements and take actions that could be interpreted only as part of a war-fighting, or war-winning, strategy. Navy Secretary John Lehman said, "You have to have a war-winning capability if you are to succeed." Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger said, "You show me a Secretary of Defense

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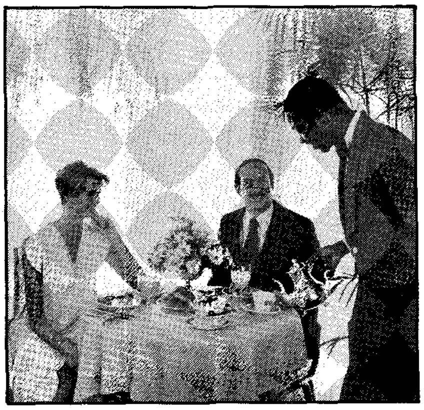

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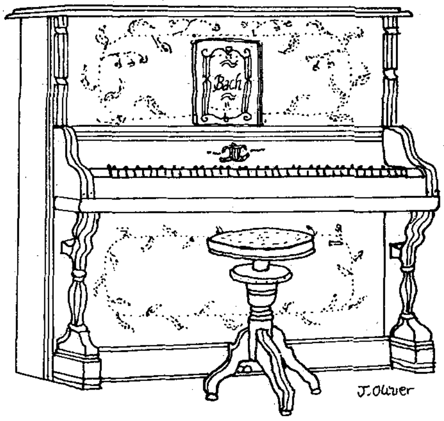
who's planning not to prevail [in a war], and I'll show you a Secretary of Defense who ought to be impeached." And, as I have mentioned, a top-secret plan stated that the United States should prepare to fight "a prolonged" nuclear war and to be able to "prevail" in it and "force the Soviet Union to seek earliest termination of hostilities on terms favorable to the United States."

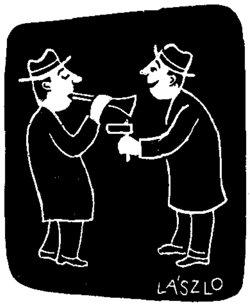
A decision to "prevail" in the event of nuclear war necessarily wreaked havoc on the traditional tenets of deterrence. Deterrence called for equality of forces, but prevailing required superiority; deterrence was upset by the power of either side to destroy the forces of the other side in a first strike, but prevailing required such a power; deterrence acknowledged the impossibility of an effective defense against a nuclear attack, but prevailing required such a defense; deterrence sought stability and was consistent with arms-control agreements based on equality, but prevailing, since it required superiority, was inconsistent with such agreements. And the Reagan Administration set out to achieve the objectives required for prevailing. The President called for the development and deployment of first-strike weapons. His Administration proposed ambitious programs both for civil defense and for space-based defense against Soviet ballistic missiles. All the while, it kept up a barrage of rhetoric against the Soviet Union more bellicose than anything heard from any other Administration in the postwar period.

As it happened, technical developments had for some time abetted the development by the United States of first-strike, nuclear-war-fighting weapons. One of these developments was the invention, in the mid-nineteen-sixties, of the Multiple Independently Targeted Reëntry Vehicle (MIRV), which permitted one missile to be equipped with many warheads, each of them guided to a different target. If the targets were the silos of enemy missiles, then just one missile fired offensively could menace many missiles sitting defensively in their silos. Another destabilizing technical development was a revolution in accuracy, which improved the chances that the warheads, multiplied or not, would actually reach the silos they were aimed at. The doctrine of deterrence had always rested on the twin foundations of the vulnerability of civilian populations to nuclear attack and the invulnerability of nuclear forces to nuclear attack. But now offensive capacity was improving to a point at which nuclear forces were beginning to become vulnerable. Although bombers in the air and submarines at sea still remained safe from a first strike, the safety of land-based missiles was dwindling. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union, too, although its public statements were more restrained than those of the United States had become, was developing weapons with a first-strike capacity. The United States had been the first to deploy MIRVs but the Soviet Union was the first to place them on giant land-based missiles capable of carrying ten warheads apiece. (The MX, which will carry as many as ten warheads, is an attempt to match this dangerous achievement.) The move on both sides to build first-strike weapons shows the vulnerability of the nuclear balance in general to technical advances. The arms race is always, in effect, afloat on a stream of technical discovery, which can upset its most carefully laid plans. It is always as much a race against the scientific unknown as against the adversary per se. This aspect of the race—the qualitative, rather than the quantitative—has nothing to do with any malign influence of scientists. Rather, it is inherent in an arms race in a world in which experience has shown that the greatest advantages are to be gained not so much by mounting gigantic industrial efforts as by fishing new devices out of the unknown. At bottom, it stems from each side's well-justified fear that the other side will arrive at an advantageous discovery first. (An example would be a device that could detect the positions of submarines from a great distance.)

THE debate between the mutual-assured-destruction school and the new nuclear-war-fighting school happens to have been encapsulated in an exchange of letters between the writer Theodore Draper and Secretary of Defense Weinberger in *The New York Review of Books*. (In entering into correspondence with Draper, Weinberger, as Draper acknowledged, showed a respect for the views of a private citizen—and, by implication, a sense of accountability to the public—that is all too often lacking in public officials.) It gives us a portrait in miniature of the stresses that are now tearing deterrence apart. The occasion for the exchange was an open letter written by Weinberger which appeared ir *The New York Review* in Novembei of 1982. In an "open reply," Drapei takes note of the top-secret documen parts of which were obtained by th *Times*—"Fiscal Year 1984-1988 Defense Guidance," which was approve by Weinberger and provides genera strategic direction over a five-year period for America's armed services—which states that American nuclea forces "must prevail and be able t force the Soviet Union to seek earlies termination of hostilities on terms favorable to the United States," and h goes on to accuse the Administratio of planning to try to "win" a nuclea war. In a letter to Draper, Weinberger denies the charge, saying, "W believe neither side could win," and h also denies that the Administratio hopes to "prevail" in a protracted nuclear war. But, going on to broach th question that has occasioned the ris of the nuclear-war-fighting school—namely, what the United States shoul actually do with its nuclear weapon "if deterrence fails"—he says, "U.S contingency planning, to serve deterrence, must also envision the possibl employment of nuclear weapons. The answer of the mutual-assured destruction school to the question c what to do if deterrence fails is th one goes ahead with mutual assure destruction. This answer Weinberge rejects, explaining that "it would b militarily, politically and morally unsound to confine the President to resorting either to capitulation or massive retaliation." Then, giving hi own formulation of what to do, h says, "Our policy requires that, if necessary, we prevail in denying victor to the Soviets and in protecting th sovereignty and continued viability c the United States and of the Wester democracies as free societies." But th goal—with its "viability of the Unite States," its preserved "sovereignty, its intact "free societies," and its "denying victory" to the Soviet Union—has about it a suspicious look of pre



vailing, not to say winning. Weinberger's tortured and evasive formulation gives Draper his opening to respond. In a second letter, he accuses Weinberger of rejecting the goal of prevailing at the beginning of his letter "only to reinstate it in a peculiarly negative form"—in which the phrase "terms favorable to the United States" mentioned in the "Defense Guidance" plan has been replaced by the less provocative "denying victory to the Soviet Union." Draper then accuses Weinberger of both "denying the aim to 'prevail' and affirming the plan to prevail." Weinberger, in a final letter, seems to have ittle to say in rebuttal of this point. He writes that American military policy as a whole is "defensive," as though Draper had accused the Administration of planning aggression he had not), and then, once more addressing the crucial question of what he American plan should be if deerrence fails, merely comes up with slightly milder and even more euphemistic version of his previous anwer. This time, he says that the United States should seek to "terminate the conflict quickly at the lowest level of destruction possible, to restore eterrence, and to protect the soverignty and continued viability of the United States and of the Western democracies as free societies with fundamental institutions and values intact." But then he shifts from defense of Administration policies to criticism of he policy supported by Draper, who elieves that the United States should ossess enough nuclear forces to anniilate the Soviet Union in a retaliatory trike and then stop. "Although . . . ou believe massive response against he Soviet population is the response ecessary to provide for deterrence, for olitical, military, and, yes, moral reasons, we do not target civilian populaons as such," he writes. "If we are forced to retaliate and can only repond by destroying population centers, we invite the destruction of our wn population. Such a deterrent strategy could lack conviction, particularly as a deterrent to nuclear—let alone conventional—attack on an ally." In ther words, he articulates the nuclear-war-fighters' complaint against mutual assured destruction: that suicde is not a very plausible threat. Now it is Draper's turn to lack an answer. In fact, in his next letter he fails to take up the question of what he proposes that the United States should do if deterrence fails; instead he concentrates more fire on Weinberger's unconvincing answers to the same question. Weinberger's charge that to unleash mutual assured destruction is senseless as an action and implausible as a threat is permitted to stand. In short, in responding (or, in Draper's case, failing to respond) to the question of what to do "if deterrence fails" each man succeeds in demonstrating the senselessness of the other man's plan and does not succeed in defending his own plan. It's a case of mutual assured destruction. And both are right. Draper succeeds in showing that Weinberger really wants to win a nuclear war, and that this hope is utterly illusory, but he cannot find any justification for actually carrying out the mutual assured destruction that he supports. He is reduced to saying, in effect, that deterrence *won't* fail. Thus, in his second letter he says that the only "effective use" of nuclear weapons is to "prevent their use" in the first place. But that answer begs the question under discussion, which is what to do with them *if prevention fails* and nuclear bombs are landing on one's soil. In other words, there is no deterrence without a threat. The question is: Threat of what? As Weinberger points out, the answer given to *this* question by policymakers *now*, before any attack has been made, theoretically bears on whether prevention itself will work, since under the deterrence doctrine it is fear of retaliation that keeps the first strike from being launched. Weinberger, for his part, succeeds in showing that mutual assured destruction is a senseless action and therefore an unconvincing threat, but he cannot demonstrate that in the nuclear war he apparently has in mind we can actually preserve our "institutions and values intact" or "force" the Soviet Union to accept "terms favorable to the United States," or achieve any of the other things he promises in his long string of euphemisms for victory.



The truth that neither man wants to face up to is that there is nothing that it would make sense to do "if deterrence fails"—nothing, that is, but to get on the hot line and try to stop the whole debacle as soon as possible. But that intention cannot be

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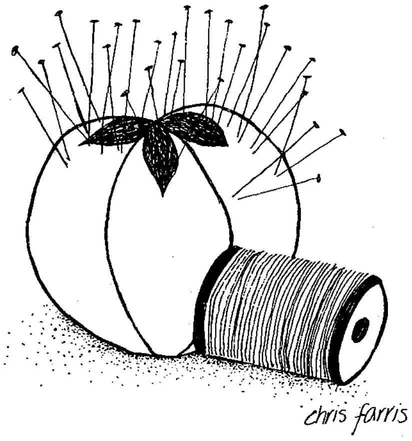
spelled out in advance by government officials as their "response" to nuclear attack, because deterrence requires that they threaten devastating retaliation of one kind or another, be it attempted nuclear-war-fighting or straight mutual assured destruction. When the President is asked what the United States will do if it is subjected to nuclear attack by the Soviet Union, he cannot answer, "I will immediately call up the Soviet Premier and ask him to please stop." He cannot tell the world that if we suffer nuclear attack our retaliation will be a phone call. For the instant he gave that answer deterrence would dissolve. Once again, we arrive at the very core of what is wrong with deterrence, which can be stated very simply: it commits us in certain circumstances to do what we must never do in any circumstances—plunge into a nuclear holocaust, in which our species could be destroyed and the human story ended forever. Deterrence theory is indeed a marvel of circularity and contradiction. To obtain the benefit of the policy, we must threaten to perform an insane action. But the benefit we seek is precisely *not* to perform that action. We thus seek to avoid performing an act by threatening to perform it. As long as the policy succeeds, of course, everyone is happy. But the moment it fails we would like to scrap the whole thing, because then we find ourselves committed to performing an insane action—to doing the very thing whose avoidance was the purpose of the policy. But if, looking ahead to this terrible moment, we admit now that once the breakdown occurs (and Soviet troops are flooding into Western Europe, for example) we don't want to perform the insane act of shoving the world into the abyss of doom we lose the pre-breakdown benefits that we now enjoy. So we don't admit it—perhaps not even to ourselves—and continue to stand ready to perform the act.

Draper and Weinberger have their separate ways of evading this terrible truth of our time. Draper simply declines to acknowledge the illogic of making a threat whose execution would be senseless. Weinberger, in an apparent step forward, acknowledges the illogic, but then, in his attempt to repair it, takes two steps backward, by taking leave of the reality that gave rise to the whole problem in the first place—the reality of the overwhelming destructive force of the weapons, which are more than a match for any institutions we have, not to speak of "values." (It's when *we* annihilate *them* that our "values" are destroyed.) In effect, he and the Administration he speaks for have escaped from illogic into fantasy. Of the two defects, the illogic, as I have noted, is preferable, in part because it is compensated for by the "existential" qualities of the arsenals, including the impenetrable uncertainty that, in the real world, must reside in the minds of all sensible people regarding what would happen once a nuclear holocaust actually started. If there must be nuclear weapons, then this uncertainty, and not the iron resolve to annihilate the adversary and suffer annihilation oneself, in mutual assured destruction, or the supposed ability to defeat him in a "nuclear war," is the strongest buttress of such stability as our jeopardized world now enjoys. The necessity of relying on uncertainty, however—on our *in*ability to control or predict our actions—is only one more demonstration that there is no truly rational or humanly justifiable way either to use or to threaten to use nuclear weapons, and that only their abolition can return our lives to sanity and normality.

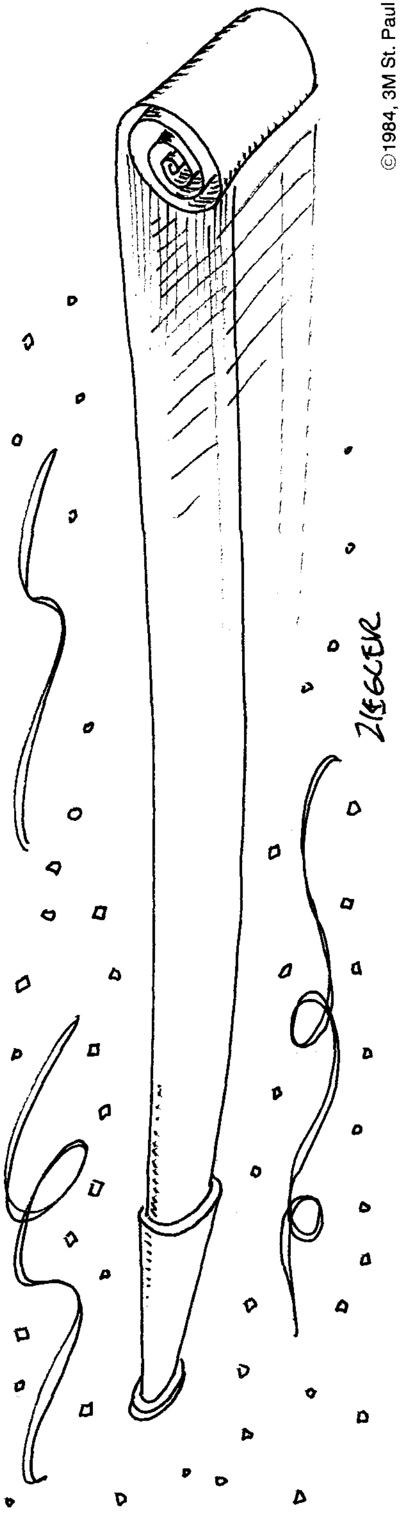
In 1946, Bernard Brodie and a number of other strategic thinkers devised the doctrine of deterrence as a means of gaining time for the world while it worked on a true solution to the nuclear problem. But the world, instead of using the time won in this way, chose to forget the underlying issues and to elevate the temporary expedient into a dogma. An improvisation became orthodoxy. Meanwhile, the world, lulled into a false sense of reassurance, in effect went to sleep. In the decades following the invention of the bomb, the doctrine of deterrence achieved a seemingly unchallengeable dominance. Its triumphant progress perhaps reached its apogee in the early nineteen-seventies, when the first nuclear-arms-control agreements between the United States and the Soviet Union were signed. So widely accepted in our country had the doctrine become that some likened it to a religious faith, and referred to its experts as a "priesthood"—a priesthood that might argue back and forth in specialized journals over the fine points of theology but was united on the basic articles of the faith. It even had its paradoxes and mysteries (such as wha to do if deterrence failed)—an essential ingredient in any theology worth the name. And when the arms-contro agreements were signed it seemed tha the faith had spread from Washington to Moscow. If all this was "élitist," i was also reassuring. A doctrine was in place that promised "stability" in the world. The two great nuclear adversaries seemed to subscribe to it. (Th sheer fact of agreement on *something* was important.) What was better under its guidance they had reached agreements that promised to be onl the first in a long series—a series in which the weapons would be, i not abolished, at least "managed." The direction the two powers wer moving in seemed to be the right one And yet within a few years this solid seeming edifice had disintegrated. Th doctrine of deterrence on which it was based had come apart, the priesthoo was scattered, the arms-control "process" was at a standstill, the two great nuclear powers were exchanging insulting and menacing remarks, and th arms race, unguided now by any coherent philosophy on either side—much less by one shared by the tw sides—was spiralling out of control.



Deterrence had not been assailed from without. No enemy had challenged it. No consistent new doctrin had taken its place in men's mind ("Nuclear-war-fighting" remained a uncertain and ambivalent mishmash o atavistic military impulses and abstruse theorizing presented in the teeth of the most elementary facts of the nuclear age.) Rather, deterrence was unravelling from within; it was a victim of i own contradictions, which were seized upon in large measure by its own practitioners. Yet when the contradictions were looked at unblinkingly it turned out that they were inherent in the existence of the doomsday machine itself. For the truth was that there was nothing wrong with the doctrine of deterrence which was not wrong simply with the possession of vast nuclear arsenals—with or without the doctrine of deterrence. The reason that repair of the doctrine was possible was that the problem did not lie in doctrine. It lay in the world's possession of nuclear arsenals—in their "existential" features, if you like. For, whatever government spokesmen might say about possessing nuclear weapons only to prevent their use, the inescapable truth was that possession inevitably implied use, and use was irredeemably senseless, since it threatened to bring about the destruction of whatever one might think one was trying to defend: if you tried to reject deterrence while holding on to the weapons, you only wound up with nuclear-war-fighting. Thus, at bottom, the crisis in doctrine stemmed from the reliance on nuclear arms. Indeed, deterrence was probably the least obnoxious and most sensible doctrine consistent with the absurd situation of possessing the arsenals. Most important, it was based on an acknowledgment of the true extent of the peril. Furthermore, it renounced the aggressive use of the weapons, and sought stability rather than military advantage from them. It endeavored to increase the element of *threat* to the maximum while reducing the risk of *use* to the minimum. If this effort was self-contradictory—since the threat was credible only insofar as use was a real possibility—and was in that sense like trying to make use of the shadow of an object without having the object itself, it was certainly better than imagining that after a nuclear holocaust we would wind up with our societies and "values" intact.

IT was against this background of official confusion and international discord that the new peace movement arose. But while the movement may have been triggered in part by the crisis in the deterrence doctrine it has not taken the restoration of deterrence as its goal. To be sure, some members of the old nuclear priesthood have come to the defense of their beleaguered doctrine, but only to find real priests challenging it, in the bishops' pastoral letter. It turned out that while the nuclear-war-fighters were looking at the contradictions of deterrence and worrying about a loss of credibility people on the outside were looking at those same contradictions and worrying about the loss of mankind itself. Having made their conscious choice in favor of human survival, they could hardly be content with a policy that left mankind perched on the edge of doom and prescribed that in certain not altogether unlikely circumstances we jump. And when the proponents of deterrence began to present the arrangement as permanent, and to rule out full nuclear disarmament even in the long run, the doctrine came to seem an abomination. It began to look like a death sentence for the human race. Yet while extreme dissatisfaction with deterrence was implicit in making the "conscious choice" to try to preserve the human species a critique of deterrence was not yet a deliberate policy of the peace movement.

The world was awakening, but what it was awakening *to* was not a ready solution to the nuclear predicament but, rather, the impasse that the world had reached in the first years of the nuclear age. When the world woke up, it was therefore only to find itself manacled to the bed on which it was lying, for the "impossibility" of any real relief from the nuclear peril—and the impossibility, in particular, of the abolition of nuclear weapons—had been affirmed by decades of strategic thinking. It was perhaps not surprising, then, that many people wanted to go back to sleep—in effect, saying, "Wake us up again when you have some answers." For trailing after the elemental human questions raised by the peace movement as a whole was a whole new set of questions, concerning what should be done. Can the goal of a nuclear-free world actually be reached, or is it in fact impossible—a "fictional utopia," as "Living with Nuclear Weapons" tells us? If the Harvard book is right, what then is the outlook? If it is wrong, and the path is open, what then is the path? Is it unilateral disarmament? If so, what would happen to our independence and our liberties? Or is bilateralism best? If it is, how can we in the West, including both governments and the peace movement, bring our influence to bear on the Soviet Union, where no independent peace movement is permitted? Must political détente precede disarmament? If the superpowers are to get rid of half of their weapons, must they first get rid of half of their political differences? Or can disarmament go ahead with the political differences intact? If so, how far can it go? *Can* they get rid of half of the weapons? Three-quarters? All? Does world government then become necessary? Or will something else do? In addressing these questions, the peace movement finds itself up against the issues that divided Einstein and Brodie; and the old debate on these issues, which has been in abeyance for some time, has



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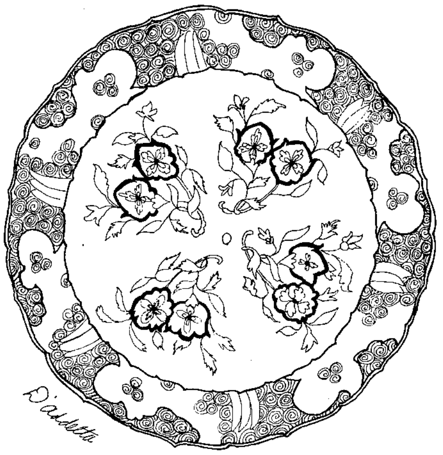
been resumed. Much of it is the same as in 1945. Once again, supposed "realists" tilt against supposed "idealists;" once again, moralists call strategists immoral, and strategists call moralists naïve; once again, the necessary is called impossible, and the impossible is called necessary. In short, rhetorical warfare has broken out afresh along the whole front of the still unbridged divide that the invention of nuclear weapons opened between the world's historical political organization of human life and human life itself. Yet there are some changes in the debate. Perhaps the most significant change is that the political program of the peace movement, in contrast to that of Einstein and his school, has so far been modest and tentative. There is little appetite for sweeping proposals that might resolve the predicament all at once if they were acted upon but that probably would not be acted upon, because they would be unlikely to meet with official or public acceptance. In particular, there are virtually no new calls for world government—a pair of words so thoroughly out of fashion that merely uttering them seems guaranteed to sink in political oblivion any plan connected with them. For Einstein, the boundlessness of the peril of extinction and the sweeping, radical solution of world government were so tightly connected as to be almost two parts of one thought, with the latter simply implicit in the former. For the peace movement of the nineteen-eighties, however, the question has been broken into many thoughts, and there has been a sense of a great distance to be crossed, intellectually as well as politically, between an analysis of the problem and an analysis of its resolution. This dissection of the issue—this opening up of its moral and political dimensions, revealing a richer complexity than had previously been recognized—is probably one more result of the world's years of experience of living with the doomsday machine. In 1945, the peril was on the horizon and was approaching quickly, yet it remained distant and abstract. The bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were soon seen as part of a war that was over, not as harbingers of everybody's future. In 1984, the peril, while still in a sense invisible and abstract, nevertheless surrounds and pervades our lives. It is the sky overhead and the ground underfoot. We are immersed in it and permeated by it. In sum, we now live in a *nuclear world*, and our reactions, our thoughts and feelings, conscious and unconscious, have reference to that world. They have a flavor of experience, which the reactions of people in 1945 could not have.

THE American bishops' pastoral letter exemplifies both the spirit and the substance of the new movement. It subjects the nuclear policies of the great powers to searching moral and intellectual scrutiny. The question that the bishops start by asking is not so much "What shall we do?" as the more uncomfortable, prior question "What are we doing?" Though their goal is not novelty—they hold established policies up to the light of time-honored standards and principles—their investigation breaks new ground, for hitherto as a society we have permitted our nuclear policies to escape such examination. By insisting that our political and military practices be judged according to traditional ethical standards, the bishops are taking the first step toward making our sundered world whole. This is a fitting effort for the Catholic Church, which over the centuries has made an effort to find and apply moral standards that are appropriate to all domains of life, public and private. Invoking the just-war theory of Catholic teaching, which says that it is at times permissible to kill in defense of one's country, the bishops sanction the existence of a breach of some size between the moral standards for private conduct and the moral standards for governmental conduct. But they draw limits. First, they declare that nuclear weapons must *never* be used against cities. Quoting the Second Vatican Council, they state, "Any act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or of extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself. It merits its unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation." Second, they condemn the initiation of nuclear war, finding it "not justified by rational political objectives." Third, they reject the notion of "limited" nuclear war, stating that to cross the nuclear threshold is "to enter a world where we have no experience of control, much testimony against [limited war's] possibility, and therefore no moral justification for submitting the human community to this risk." Having made these firm and far-reaching moral judgments, the bishops do not go on to make equally firm and far-reaching recommendations for action on the basis of them. Rather, they subscribe to such moderate and partial proposals as the nuclear freeze and no first use. Like the peace movement as a whole, the bishops are not diagnostic radicals but prescriptive moderates. They reserve judgment on the deeper political questions, perhaps because they believe (as I do) that it is only on the prior foundation of a solid moral and intellectual understanding of the predicament that a sound political solution can be built. According to this line of thinking, the present system of deterrence, while possessing virtues that should not be overlooked, is a perfect example of a solution built on shaky foundations, and its recent disarray, which is due more to internal disintegration than to assault from without, is a symptom of its basic infirmity. Seen in this light, the political hesitancy of the bishops and of the movement as a whole must be judged a strength, not a weakness. It bespeaks a wise open-mindedness, not a fatal impracticality or a neglect of the realities of political life. It means only that the bishops are addressing the issue in the two stages recommended by the Pope: first the "conscious choice," then the "deliberate policy." Before the nuclear question could be re-answered, it had to be reopened, and they have reopened it. However, if those who have raised the question withhold judgment on the policy question for a prolonged period the strength will become a fatal weakness. Beyond a certain point, a failure to follow up the choice with a policy will breed discouragement. The peace movement, like the world as a whole, is in need of proposals for action which are commensurate with the hopes that it has raised, and are answerable to the moral standards it uses to measure present policies. If no such proposals are forthcoming, the peace movement seems sure to dissipate, just

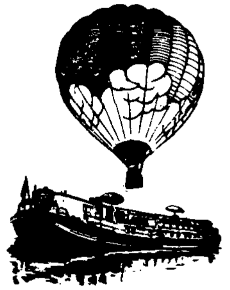


as peace movements in the past have dissipated. In that event, a yet more profound atmosphere of fatalism than people have felt so far seems likely to descend over the world, because people will be convinced that even popular action—previously their one untried hope—is helpless in the face of the nuclear peril, which will then truly take on the final aspect of a doomsday machine: something that has been made by human beings but has slipped beyond human control.

For the time being, the movement has given its backing to proposals that are somewhat more ambitious than those normally considered feasible by the arms-control experts but are still moderate enough to win widespread approval. In the United States, the outstanding proposal of this kind is, of course, the freeze, which from the moment it became widely known enjoyed broad public support. (In Europe, the comparable effort, which has now failed, was to block deployment of the Euromissiles.) In fact, the freeze proposal was adopted by the movement perhaps as much for its political "salability" as for its merits, which I believe are nevertheless great. The freeze answers the urgent need to head off the next advance in the arms race, which promises to be a particularly perilous one. The first-strike weapons already deployed by the Soviet Union and the United States have undermined stability, and the weapons planned for the near future—weapons such as the MX and the Trident D-5 missile—would undermine it further. Another peril to stability is the plan to put arms in space, by developing both anti-satellite weapons and space-based anti-missile weapons. Anti-satellite weapons are destabilizing because they threaten to blind the warning systems and the intelligence-gathering systems of one or both sides in a crisis, and leave the statesmen acting in the dark as nuclear hostilities begin. Space-based anti-missile weapons are destabilizing because they could menace the retaliatory capacity of the other side—a threat that would certainly be met either by a further buildup of missiles or by the development of still other weapons, designed to attack the space-based anti-missile ones, or by both. Still another technical development that threatens stability is the cruise missile, which promises to greatly complicate future arms-control talks. Unlike most ballistic missiles, which are large and relatively easy to spot by satellite, cruise missiles are small—as little as eighteen feet long and twenty-one inches in diameter—and therefore easy to conceal. Moreover, cruise missiles, whose eventual deployment may be in the tens of thousands, can be equipped with either nuclear or conventional warheads, and a rival power cannot always know from the outside which is which. Both this difficulty in determining which of them are nuclear-armed and the ease with which they can be hidden would make the verification of arms-control agreements incomparably more complicated than it is today.

While the freeze is fully defensible as a measure in its own right, virtually none of the advocates of the freeze (or of any of the other moderate measures that have been put forward by the peace movement) present it (or any of the others) as the final goal of their efforts. They are well aware that, as an answer to the question of what mankind should do about the threat of human extinction by nuclear arms, the proposal that one should freeze the doomsday machine in place would, if it were to be offered without promise of a further proposal, be a non sequitur. They all, therefore, regard it as only "a first step." A step, however, implies a direction, and a direction implies a goal. Neither the direction nor the goal has yet been defined. If one asks what "the next step" should be, the answer is very likely to be "reductions," or "deep reductions." But when one asks how far the reductions should go, and what sort of world they would lead to, haziness and ambiguity set in. The goal of complete nuclear disarmament is sometimes mentioned, but in a perfunctory, almost casual way. Few details are offered, and no convincing picture of a nuclear-free world has yet been presented.

These lacks are only part of another lack—the lack of any doctrine that could guide the steps toward the goal of complete nuclear disarmament. A doctrine is a comprehensive policy—or, if you like, a "deliberate policy"—for dealing with an entire issue. It offers both a broad picture of the world and long-term goals to strive toward, so that the short-term measures are not a groping in a void, and do not contradict one another. When the issue is nuclear disarmament, the basic question that a doctrine must address is the underlying political one of how, in a world in which war has become mutual annihilation, the bitterest and most intractable disputes among nations are to be settled. In other words,



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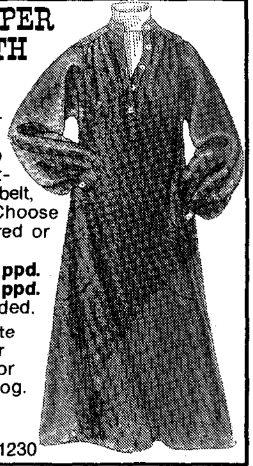

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the issue is nothing less than how the world is to be organized politically. Deterrence deserves to be called a doctrine because it offers an answer—however unsatisfactory one may find it—to the political question. It holds that the disputes among nations which in the past have been resolved through war must now be averted by the maintenance of a balance of terror with huge nuclear arsenals. It invites us to tolerate a degree of risk of extinction as the price for national defense and international stability. The proposal for world government, too, deserves to be called a doctrine, because it also answers the basic question—holding that these disputes must be resolved by civil procedures under a global authority. This solution invites us to revolutionize the politics of the earth as the cost of lifting the peril of extinction. Whatever one thinks of the bargain struck by either of these resolutions of the nuclear predicament, both deserve to be recognized as politically "serious," in the sense that both face the basic political issue without evasion. There have, by contrast, been any number of suggestions that have lacked seriousness in this sense. They may, for example, call for nuclear disarmament, or for total disarmament, but without acknowledging the need for the vast political changes that would enable nations to resolve their disputes bindingly by peaceful means, and without specifying any such means. Sometimes the intent behind such incomplete proposals may be purely rhetorical, as when a politician wishes to end his speech with an uplifting thought, and sometimes genuine political naïveté may be responsible. Inasmuch as the settlement of the disputes that arise among men is of the very essence of politics, these proposals are truly—to use a much-abused term—politically "unrealistic." They simply evade the political dimension of the issue altogether.

SO far, the current peace movement has not given any significant backing to proposals that ignore the political dimension of the predicament. Rather, to the extent that it has recommended actions it has largely insisted on political workability throughout, and has chosen the course of backing modest but useful plans of action, such as the freeze, within the framework of existing broad policy, and of leaving the deeper political question open for the time being. Uneasy with deterrence but uninterested in world government, the peace movement seeks to chart a new course, but it has not yet found a way to do it. Lacking any doctrine to call its own, the movement has been driven reluctantly to rely for now on the basic framework of deterrence to justify its moderate proposals. Thus, it defends the freeze in part on the ground that it will stabilize deterrence, and protect the nuclear balance from the technical developments that threaten to destabilize it in the near future. And, in fact, the broad acceptability of the freeze is probably attributable in no small measure to its compatibility with deterrence. (A recent poll showed that seventy per cent of the American public favored a freeze.) Accordingly, in putting forward the freeze the peace movement offers the world a new step to take but borrows an old doctrine to justify it. This borrowing is in itself unexceptionable (since it is a clear benefit to everybody for the present system to be made safer and for future deterioration of its stability to be headed off), but it has a high price attached if it continues for very long. For the premise of the doctrine of deterrence—that safety can be maintained only by the maintenance of large nuclear arsenals—is at odds with the deepest premise of the new movement, which is that we must somehow stop threatening ourselves with annihilation. The bishops' pastoral letter can again serve as an illustration.

The bishops begin by unequivocally condemning the mass slaughter of innocents with nuclear weapons. Yet deterrence requires such slaughter—or, at the very least, cannot promise to avoid it—simply because any large-scale nuclear attack, even if it is aimed at military targets, will involve the mass slaughter of innocents. There is, of course, a policy that would succeed in translating the pastoral letter's ban on nuclear mass slaughter into actual policy. It is unilateral disarmament—and not some unilateral "gesture" or other but the real thing: an immediate declaration by the President that he was dismantling the nation's nuclear arsenal in the shortest possible time, and that meanwhile he renounced the use of nuclear weapons. Yet if there are two words that in the present political climate doom a proposal to political oblivion even more swiftly than "world government" they are "unilateral disarmament," and the bishops explicitly reject this course. Nevertheless, they seem at times to steer in its direction. At one point in the letter, they observe that "the political paradox of deterrence has also strained our moral conception." Then they pose a series of questions: "May a nation threaten what it may never do? May it possess what it may never use? Who is involved in the threat each superpower makes: Government officials? Or military personnel? Or the citizenry in whose defense the threat is made?" This series of questions has the look of an exploratory probe of dangerous territory—a probe in which the bishops reconnoitre the perilous ground of unilateral disarmament only to veer away again. For if these questions are answered in a certain way they make the moral argument for unilateral nuclear disarmament: "A nation may never threaten what it may never do. It must never possess what it may never use. Not only government officials and military personnel but also the citizenry in whose defense the threat is made are involved in the threat." Judged by traditional ethical standards, including, specifically, the Catholic teaching on war, this position is not an extreme one. It does not rule out all killing, for example. It does not even rule out killing on quite a large scale. It merely spells out the measures necessary if the injunction against the mass slaughter of innocents is to be more than exhortation and become policy. The bishops boldly ask us whether we are willing, under any conceivable circumstances, to kill countless millions of innocent people, and to this their and our immediate impulse is to cry out "No!" And, indeed, at one point the bishops state that we must say a clear "no" to nuclear weapons. If I may use myself as an example, I know that if the nuclear button were on my desk and a nuclear attack were launched against the United States I would be unable to retaliate in kind. I would utterly lack

the "resolve" to do this. In fact, my whole resolve would be that it not be done. This "retaliation" would seem to me to be a separate, new, unspeakable crime in its own right, which was in no way an appropriate response to the unspeakable crime that had just been committed against my country. As I see it, it would, in fact, not even *be* retaliation, since most of the people it would kill—innocent citizens, including children—would have had nothing to do with their government's criminally insane decision. Yet I know that this unwillingness of mine would, if it were generalized into a policy, be so far outside the pale politically as to have virtually no acceptance. In that sense, to truly say "no" to nuclear weapons forces one into a position that is politically irrelevant—at least, as far as present policy is concerned. Although I can't speak for others, I suspect that there are many people who want to say a real "no" to nuclear weapons but find that majority opinion is overwhelmingly against them. So, in desperation, they, like the bishops, seek partial and gradual measures that, if they are pursued long enough, may enable us one day not only to say but to practice our "no."

The fissure that nuclear weapons have created between our political selves and our moral selves is precisely delineated by the fact that as long as there are nuclear weapons in the world we are compelled to choose between a position that is politically sound but immoral and one that is morally sound but politically irrelevant. The bishops, who have had the rare courage to articulate the dilemma, oscillate between these two positions and conclude with a compromise. Having begun by condemning the slaughter of innocents with nuclear arms, they appear to catch a glimpse of the political implication of that stand (unilateral disarmament) and reject it, and finally fall back on deterrence, to which they give a "strictly conditioned" acceptance—the condition being that deterrence be recognized as a provisional remedy while full-scale nuclear disarmament is being worked out. (On this point, I find myself in disagreement with the bishops. My unwillingness to support the use or the threat to use nuclear weapons is unconditional. There are simply some means that I think are wrong, no matter what the end pursued, and this is one of them. And if it is wrong in that sense, then it is wrong in all times and places and circumstances, including now, right here, and in our present circumstances. If we are attacked with nuclear weapons, I *want* the retaliation to be a phone call. Thus, unlike the bishops, I cannot support deterrence conditionally, because I think that it is as wrong conditionally as it is eternally. If, while awaiting a full solution to the nuclear problem, we, in obedience to the dictates of deterrence policy, take action that leads to the death of billions of people, they will not be conditionally dead. And if we extinguish mankind it will not be conditionally extinguished. It will be extinguished forever. At the same time, however, precisely because extinction is forever, I believe that moderate steps that fall short of a full solution to the nuclear peril should receive everyone's wholehearted support. We can and must morally boycott evil in this world, but we cannot boycott the world. The purity of an individual person's conduct has immeasurable importance for *the world*. But if in seeking to preserve our purity we let *the world* perish, of what use will our purity be then?) The bishops state that we must say a clear "no" to nuclear weapons. Ultimately, however, their "no" is qualified, and nuclear weapons are accepted, if only temporarily. The bishops articulate the soul's demand that we desist at all costs from carrying out mass murder and the extinction of our species, but they do not find a home for that demand in our present world. Yet the choked-back "no" continues to sound beneath the argumentation and compromise. It becomes the banked moral fire that is needed to keep the idea of disarmament active in our thoughts and efforts.

THE bishops' U-turn, in which they criticize but then embrace deterrence, although only provisionally and with barely contained revulsion, reflects the whole peace movement's rejection of the premises of deterrence and its simultaneous reliance on deterrence to justify the moderate and politically popular proposals that it has put forward. Moral and intellectual torment, of which the pastoral letter is a paradigm, is one of the results of that reliance. Another, which has greater practical consequences, is that of leaving the movement without any road map to full nuclear disarmament to offer the world—and, worse, we are all left to rely on a road map that specifically precludes full nuclear disarmament. For while the people of the peace

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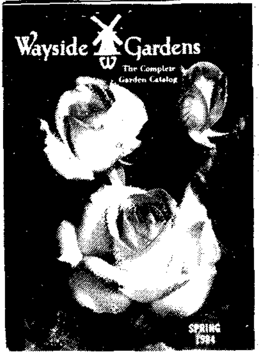

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movement have not examined in detail the possibility of nuclear disarmament in the framework of deterrence, the theorists of deterrence have, and they have all but unanimously ruled it out as unattainable—as "a fictional utopia."

The popular notion of a whole series of "steps," which evokes the image of a stairway, encourages the simple but hopeful idea that if enough steps are taken the top of the stairway will be reached and complete nuclear disarmament will be attained. And certainly the usefulness of distinguishing between short-term steps and long-term goals seems obvious and undeniable. It needs to be said—once and for all, one would hope—that there is no need whatever to choose between short-term, moderate "steps" that are within our immediate grasp and long-term, radical goals whose achievement would bring us real safety. Nothing is more arid and fruitless than the abuse-laden exchanges between the champions of these two approaches, with one side saying that the moderate steps are useless because they don't go far enough, and the other side saying that long-term goals should be barred from the discussion because they will distract us from moderate measures that we can really achieve. These arguments are like the wasted breath of two people standing at the bottom of a stairway arguing about whether it is more important to take the first step or the last step to get to the top. Isn't it self-evident that both are needed? The two camps would do well to call a ceasefire and become allies, with the short-term people gaining hope and a sense of direction from a new understanding that long-term goals are both essential and achievable, and the long-term people taking heart from the actual accomplishments of the short-term people. And then, of course, they could pit their combined efforts against the steady retrogression that has been our real record over the last thirty-nine years.

However, an agreement on the obvious point that all the steps—first, middle, and last—must be traversed if one is to get to the top of the stairs would hardly solve the substantive question of just *which* stairway leads to safety (if such a thing is attainable at all in the nuclear world). Close examination of the doctrine of deterrence dashes the hope that *this* doctrine is such a stairway. The problem is inherent in the very nature of deterrence as it is currently practiced. Under deterrence, "safety" lies in the weapons themselves, and in the terror they inspire. More particularly, it lies in the power of each side to destroy the society of the other side after suffering a first strike. If that power is lost, then the balance of terror is lost, and deterrence dissolves. Deterrence thus establishes a level beneath which "reductions" may not go, and the level is the number of weapons necessary to destroy the society of the adversary in a retaliatory strike. This situation is often called "minimum deterrence," and it marks the lower limits of arms reductions under the doctrine of deterrence in its present form. Under deterrence, arms control can theoretically eliminate redundancy, but it must never touch the essential capacity for "assuring" the annihilation of the other side. In other words, it can get rid of the overkill but not the kill—an advance, but not one that offers much relief to people in the targeted countries. Indeed, in the light of the conclusion that even a fraction of the present arsenals could trigger a nuclear winter, it turns out that there might not even be any relief for untargeted nations, whose interests might otherwise be served by a policy of minimum deterrence. From the point of view of a mortal human being, the first time you lose your life is the time that counts, and whether or not your ghost is being stalked through the rubble by further nuclear explosions is a point of small interest. Another problem with minimum deterrence, which was seized on by Weinberger in his argument with Draper (who, however, favors not "minimum" but what he calls "sufficient" deterrence), is that it leaves the statesmen with an all-or-nothing choice as soon as the brink is reached, and deprives them of all flexibility.

Reduction to zero is, of course, ruled out. For, according to the terms of the doctrine, if nations had no nuclear weapons to threaten one another with, deterrence would evaporate. In fact, there is a sense in which even reductions are antithetical to the logic of deterrence: if under this doctrine safety relies on terror, then it may be dangerous—destabilizing—to undermine, or even to "minimize," that terror, because one might at the same time minimize the safety. The only reason to minimize the number of weapons would be to minimize the damage "if deterrence fails," but such minimizing runs directly counter to the essence of the logic of deterrence, which is that everyone will be dissuaded from launching an attack only because everyone knows that the damage to his own society will be the maximum possible. It can even be argued that overkill is useful in producing a deterrent effect. It may eliminate every last shred of doubt on either side that to make war in a nuclear world is to commit suicide. (And the recent statements by our own government officials show how durable the illusion is that one might survive—or even come out on top—in a nuclear war.)

A goal for arms control which does make sense under the doctrine of deterrence is stability, but stability is not necessarily served by reductions; rather, increases to assure "the survivability of the retaliatory force," for example, or to heighten that force's destructive power might in some circumstances be judged necessary. In fact, a minor argument has broken out in the arms-control world between the advocates of reductions and the advocates of stabilization. The former aim at reducing the numbers of nuclear weapons, apparently in the hope that the momentum achieved might lead the world to safety. The latter argue that, given the existence of nuclear arsenals, the numbers are unimportant, and the thing to do is to remove the technical imbalances and the political tensions that could lead to use of the arsenals—whatever their size. (The ultimate stabilization, of course, would be for the Soviet Union and the United States to come to an understanding regarding their international differences.) However, both schools accept the underlying framework of deterrence. Deterrence is a system—a way of organizing the nuclear world. As such, it has an underlying logic (though a flawed one), definite rules and provisions, and definite military and technical requirements. If in order to achieve the abolition, or even the severe reduction, of nuclear weapons this logic is to be abandoned, its rules broken, and its provisions violated, then some other system—some other way of organizing the world—has to be offered in its stead.

THE theorists of deterrence do not altogether rule out the abolition of nuclear weapons; they rule it out only as a measure that is possible in a world of sovereign states. If we are to achieve the abolition of nuclear weapons—not to mention complete disarmament—then, they say, we must establish world government. World government, they admit, could at least

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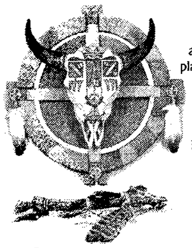

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theoretically replace deterrence. But they reject world government, and, with it, abolition. According to this view, we must choose between a nuclear-armed world of sovereign states and a nuclear-free world ruled by world government. The one thing they see as truly impossible, in the long run as well as the short run, is a world of still sovereign states from which nuclear weapons have been abolished. This is because they see no way that the political question—how disputes among nations are to be resolved—can be answered in such a world. They foresee that if in such a world a dispute arises and diplomatic efforts are unavailing, then one or both countries will shortly rearm, and war will break out. What is worse, in anticipation of such a conflict some nations may secretly stockpile or actually produce nuclear weapons, in undetectable violation of the abolition agreement, so as to have an immediate and overwhelming advantage over their potential adversaries—or, at any rate, to avoid being left at a hopeless disadvantage if it turns out that the adversary has cheated. And the deterrence theorists note, as a clinching argument, that even if it should happen that no one was violating the agreement the knowledge of how to make the weapons would remain in the world, and nations could rebuild nuclear weapons openly as soon as some unresolvable political dispute broke out. Since in this view political disputes are sooner or later inevitable, it would not be long before the whole world had embarked again on a chaotic, pell-mell nuclear-arms race—the worst of all possible results. This line of thinking, though it is no secret, is not widely known among the public, yet among strategic analysts it is broadly accepted. And since it is to the analysts, by and large, that the politicians turn when they wish to translate hopeful rhetoric into action this view stands as a serious obstacle to any plan for full nuclear disarmament—and should so stand unless the points made can be answered. The following are but a few examples of this reasoning. Herman Kahn wrote in 1960:

> It has probably always been impractical to imagine a completely disarmed world, and the introduction of the thermonuclear bomb has added a special dimension to this impracticality. Given the large nuclear stockpiles in the Soviet Union, the United States, and the British Isles, it would be child's play for one of these nations to hide completely hundreds of these bombs. . . . The violator would then have an incredible advantage if the agreement ever broke down and the arms race started again. This surely means that even if all nations should one day agree to total nuclear disarmament, we must presume that there would be the hiding of some nuclear weapons or components as a hedge against the other side doing so. An international arrangement for banishing war through disarmament will not call for total disarmament but will almost undoubtedly include provisions for enforcement that cannot be successfully overturned by a small, hidden force. Otherwise it would be hopelessly unstable. . . .
>
> While total disarmament can be ruled out as an immediate possibility, one can conceive of some sort of international authority which might have a monopoly of war-making capability. . . . However, it is most doubtful in the absence of a crisis or war that a world government can be set up in the next decade.

"Living with Nuclear Weapons" makes some of these same points:

> Complete disarmament would require some form of world government to deter actions of one nation against another. In a disarmed world, without such a government armed with sufficient force to prevent conflict between or among nations, differences in beliefs and interests might easily lead to a renewal of war. But any world government capable of preventing world conflict could also become a world dictatorship. And given the differences in ideology, wealth, and nationalism that now exist in the world, most states are not likely to accept a centralized government unless they feel sure of controlling it or minimizing its intrusiveness.

And the M.I.T. political scientist and arms-control expert George Rathjens, in an essay published in 1977 in which he advocates large reductions in the nuclear arsenals of both sides, writes:

> We reject the possibility of complete nuclear disarmament as being unrealistic for the foreseeable future. This becomes clear as soon as one faces up to the changes in the political environment that would be required. . . .
>
> (a) All states would have to be parties to disarmament agreement. . . .
>
> (b) All would have to accept such intrusive inspection as to preclude weapons manufacture. . . .
>
> (c) To be sure of timely access to any suspected installation where nuclear weapons might be stored or produced, the forces available to the international authority would have to be sufficiently strong to overcome resistance rapidly. . . .
>
> We are, then, for all practical purposes, dealing with the question of the establishment of a world government (or something very close to it), and one with rather extraordinary powers of search and seizure at that.

As it happens, agreement on this point extends even to the advocates of world government. Both see an unbreakable linkage between full nuclear (or total) disarmament and world government. In "World Peace Through

World Law," published in 1958, which is one of the most carefully thought through of the proposals for world government, Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn spell out the minimum that they think would be necessary:

> Apart from an effective inspection system to supervise the disarmament process from the outset, it will be indispensable simultaneously to establish an adequate world police force in order that, after complete disarmament has been accomplished, the means will exist to deter or apprehend violators of the world law forbidding any national armaments and prohibiting violence or the threat of it between nations. It will then become equally clear that along with the prohibition of violence or the threat of it as the means of dealing with international disputes, it will be essential to establish alternative peaceful means to deal with all disputes between nations in the shape of a world judicial and conciliation system. It will doubtless also be found advisable, in the interest of a solid and durable peace, to include a World Development Authority, adequately and reliably financed, in order to mitigate the vast disparities between the "have" and the "have not" nations.
>
> The necessity will also be seen for a world legislature with carefully limited yet adequate powers. . . . In addition, it will be necessary to constitute an effective world executive, free from any crippling veto, in order to direct and control the world inspection service and the world police force and to exercise other essential executive functions. Finally, it will follow as surely as day follows night that an effective world revenue system must be adopted.

And, in 1955, Bertrand Russell wrote:

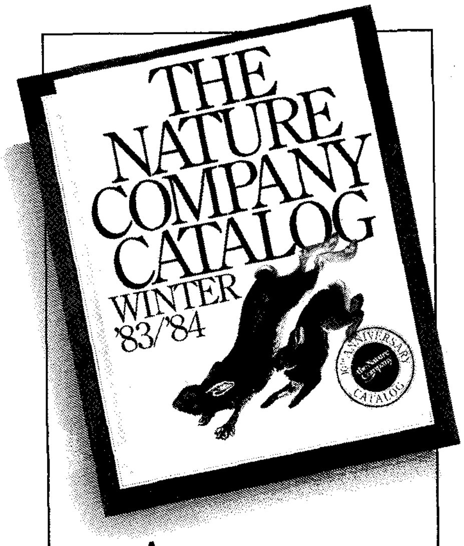
> It would be wholly futile to get an agreement prohibiting the H-Bomb. Such an agreement would not be considered binding after war has broken out, and each side on the outbreak of war would set to work to manufacture as many bombs as possible.

I might add that in my article "The Fate of the Earth" (in which I sought to define the political task posed by nuclear weapons but did not propose any course of action) I wrote:

> This task [of resolving the nuclear predicament] falls into two parts—two aims. The first is to save the world from extinction by eliminating nuclear weapons from the earth. . . . The second aim, which alone can provide a sure foundation for the first, is to create a political means by which the world can arrive at the decisions that sovereign states previously arrived at through war. These two aims . . . are intimately connected. If, on the one hand, disarmament is not accompanied by a political solution, then every clash of will between nations will tempt them to pick up the instruments of violence again, and so lead the world back toward extinction. If, on the other hand, a political solution is not accompanied by complete disarmament, then the political decisions that are made will not be binding, for they will be subject to challenge by force.

(I take the liberty of quoting myself again only because I wish to acknowledge my former adherence to a point of view with which I now propose to argue.)

These statements, and countless others that might be quoted, form a remarkable consensus. One school favors world government and the other opposes it, yet they agree that if full nuclear disarmament (or total disarmament) is to be achieved world government is necessary. They make different choices, but they agree on what the choices are, and they agree that between the two there is no middle ground. The changeover is from one fundamental organization of the world to another. And each organization has its own logic and fundamental structure, radically different from the other's. Deterrence, as we have seen, cannot countenance any reductions below what is necessary for "minimum deterrence," and even these reductions, it is sometimes argued, may be destabilizing. But world government, as the passage by Clark and Sohn makes clear, has an even more comprehensive and indivisible logic—one that moves from an inspection force to a police force, and from a police force to a court, so that by the time you reach the end of the paragraph you have a "World Development Authority," set up to hand over the money of the "have" nations to the "have not" nations. The real problem with world government, as this passage suggests, is not that it is "impossible," or "utopian"—for if enough people want it they can surely have it—but that if we choose it we get more than we want. The heart sinks at the thought of world government not because it is "unrealistic" but because it is all too real. To use a homely metaphor, it is like one of those mail-order clubs in which to receive an attractive introductory offer of, say, a book or a plant one must accept for the rest of the year a monthly book or plant that one may not want. We want relief from the nuclear peril, but if we sign up for world government as the means of getting it we find that global institution after global institution is inexorably delivered on our doorstep thereafter, each one equipped to meddle in some new area of our lives. We are caught up, seemingly for purely technical reasons, in a whirlwind of politi-



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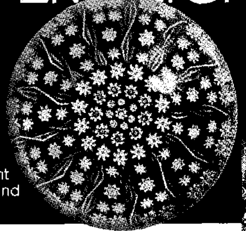

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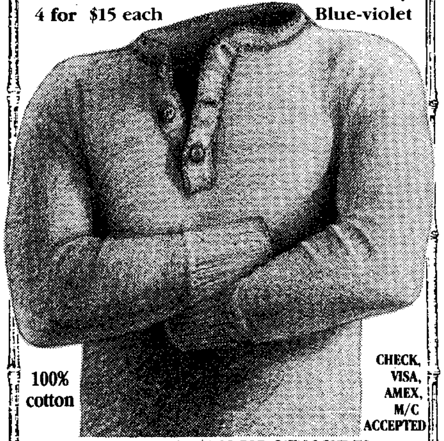

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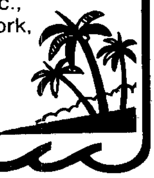

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cal change that, in and of itself, we do not want. (The reason for what seems the illimitably sweeping character of world government is easier to understand when one recalls that it is being instituted as a replacement for war, which was previously the "final arbiter" of *all* international disputes, no matter what their character or origin might be.) We would like world government to make just one decision—to "ban" (as it's often put) nuclear weapons—but we find that in order to do that it must apparently have the power to make almost any decision we can think of. And from this unlimited delegation of power we shrink back. (Most proposals for world government, and particularly those made by Americans or Englishmen, are hedged about with all kinds of restraints, but, while the restraints might indeed work and be useful, experience tells us that they can always break down, and it is hard to place much trust in them.)

IN sum, I am suggesting that the reason we have failed to achieve nuclear disarmament in the last thirty-nine years is not merely that we have lacked the fortitude or the will or the moral sensitivity (although we can hardly exonerate ourselves on those counts) but also that even on the purely intellectual level we have been missing a piece of the puzzle: a way of abolishing nuclear weapons that does not require us to found a world government, which the world shows virtually no interest in founding. The requirement for world government as the inevitable price for nuclear disarmament is at the heart of the impasse that the world has been unable to break through in almost four decades of the nuclear age. It stops citizens and government officials alike from clearly advocating the natural and obvious goal of their anti-nuclear efforts: the abolition of nuclear arms. The linkage is in itself paralyzing. Until it is removed—until we find some way of ridding ourselves of nuclear weapons without having to establish world government, or something like it—major relief from the nuclear peril seems unlikely.

Once the early hopes for a nuclear-free world raised by the advocates of world government had, in the late nineteen-forties, been effectively buried, the tone and content of the continuing discussion of the nuclear question in official circles came to be conditioned by a key piece of reasoning. The reasoning ran: if nuclear weapons are to be abolished, there must be world government; world government is impossible; therefore, we must arm ourselves with nuclear weapons. Once this piece of reasoning was accepted, the greatest of the human and moral questions that were raised by nuclear weapons—questions such as whether it was acceptable to annihilate whole nations, or whether it made sense to build the machinery for the self-extermination of mankind—were, in effect, ruled out of order. For if there was only one path—world government—that led to complete nuclear disarmament, and that path was blocked, a nuclear buildup became inevitable. There is moral responsibility only where there is choice, but here no choice was seen, and therefore no responsibility was seen, either. While the necessity for threatening to use, and perhaps one day actually using, nuclear weapons was certainly regrettable, it was suggested that there was no sense in losing sleep over it until someone showed a plausible way of abolishing them. The remaining questions were details: how many millions you had to threaten to kill to make deterrence take effect, how many bombs you needed to do it, how to keep your retaliatory force safe, etc. The underlying logic constituted a license, which has been honored until the present, to "think the unthinkable" without any qualms. And if anyone protested the amoral coldness of this thinking, the burden of proof was on him. Did he propose world government? Did he suppose that it could be established, and established in time to prevent a nuclear holocaust? Could he point to some other way of abolishing nuclear weapons? If not, it was said, he should hold his tongue. In 1961, James Newman, an editor on the staff of *Scientific American*, reviewing Herman Kahn's book "On Thermonuclear War" in that periodical, described it as "a moral tract on mass murder: how to plan it, how to commit it, how to get away with it, how to justify it." Kahn's book was exactly that, but so was every book on nuclear strategy—unless it advocated unilateral disarmament—and if Newman could not show the way to avoid this mass murder, then the question was whether he really had the standing to complain. He could be seen to be just as deeply implicated as Kahn was, the only difference being that Kahn was ready to think about the mass murder and talk about it, while Newman was not. (So firmly rooted was the underlying justification for nuclear strategizing that the theorists of the unthinkable at times assumed an air of martyred dignity, as though they were being held in disrepute for volunteering to take up a necessary but painful burden that the rest of society was too weak or squeamish to shoulder. And the theorists were absolutely right—as long as everyone agreed that a nuclear-armed world was the only realistic one.)

The new peace movement now finds itself in the same position as James Newman. Its members have exhumed the elemental human and moral questions that are posed by nuclear weapons. They have discovered their revulsion against the idea of enjoying a precarious "safety" at the price of holding hostage the life of every human being on earth and every future, unborn human being. They have awakened with shock and horror to the realization that, like a demented person who has filled the basement of his house with TNT and threatens to set it off, the human family has crammed its planetary home, unmenaced by any outside power, with nuclear weapons. They have rebelled against the belief that mankind's "no" to nuclear slaughter and self-annihilation is untranslatable into action, and must always be blocked by an impenetrable shield of political impossibility. And all this has been essential work, without which mankind would never be able to escape from its self-constructed trap. But now they are asked —and rightly—what plan they have to offer to show the way out of the impasse. If they have none, it is said, they are airing their anguish and indignation before the public for nothing —behavior comparable to running up to someone on death row and shouting "You must die! You must die!" Their challenge, and everyone's challenge, is to unmake the chain of reasoning that locks us in inaction, to break through the shield of political impossibility, and to chart the path that leads back to survival. —JONATHAN SCHELL

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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A POLITICAL JOURNAL

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THIS year simply refused to end tidily. The closing weeks felt more like an overture than the conclusion of much of anything. Most years close out, just as this one is doing, amid talk here—often for lack of other things to talk about—of Administration deliberations on the next year's budget. But this year ended with the sense—even leaving aside, if possible, the fact that next year is an election year—of a large number of big questions pending, and of a great deal going on. There are the questions of whether the Administration will find a way to extricate itself from Lebanon anytime soon and whether it will have any more success on arms control than it has had so far, and there are also a number of vexing domestic questions facing the Administration. The President's job-approval ratings as measured in the polls have risen to the highest point since the early months of his Presidency, but—assuming that Reagan will run again—his most thoughtful advisers are taking nothing for granted.

Ever since Reagan's triumph, in his first months in office, in getting Congress to pass a bill cutting taxes by an estimated total of seven hundred and fifty billion dollars, it has become a year-end ritual to have a public airing of the debate within the Administration over whether taxes should be raised. This year's round simply became more unseemly, and even White House aides—in particular, James Baker, the chief of staff—who had led earlier fights to get the President to raise taxes felt that things had got out of hand. Martin Feldstein, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers and a traditional conservative economist, and Donald Regan, the Secretary of the Treasury, whose views have proved more adaptable, had been arguing for months over how serious the projected deficits are. Feldstein's sin was that he talked so much out loud about the need to increase taxes (the White House aides, in previous years, had been more circumspect) and also that he said recently that the projected deficits—about two hundred billion dollars a year, indefinitely—were the result not of increases in domestic spending but of the tax cut and increases in defense spending. Feldstein did speak out more than usual for an Administration member. (He went as far as to point out that domestic spending had been dropping as a percentage of the gross national product.) Even some of the President's Republican allies on Capitol Hill had long been arguing—since the fall of 1981, actually—that domestic-spending cuts had gone about as far as they could until some political accommodation was worked out to do something about such middle-class entitlement programs as Social Security and Medicare, and that the increases in defense spending should be curbed. (An accommodation was worked out on Social Security earlier this year, as the result of work done by a bipartisan commission.) And this year congressional Republicans took the lead in reducing the President's requested increase in defense spending from ten per cent to five after inflation. (One problem is that many of the things being added to the defense arsenal cost less in the early years than they will later on, so a built-in increase has been enacted.) The President was successful in getting Congress to approve the MX. Now Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger is back arguing for another large increase—at first, it was twenty-two per cent, and the Administration is said to have agreed to ask for an amount ranging from ten to fourteen per cent more.

Reagan, according to his closest aides, does not accept the judgment that cuts in domestic spending have reached the permissible political limits. Still, the Administration will make some proposal to raise revenues, if for no other reason than to produce a lower deficit figure in its proposed budget. How realistic its proposal will be—various ones are under consideration—and how hard it will push for it are in question. (It did not push for this year's proposal of a "contingency" tax—contingent on budget cuts Congress did not want to make.) Some members of both parties on Capitol Hill believe that if the President would stay out of the matter—that is, not actively oppose a tax increase—Congress might do something serious about the deficit next year, election or not. If economic conditions got worrisome enough, the President could accept a tax increase that had been worked up by Congress, as he did in 1982. Reagan is often more flexible than he sounds. That way, he gets credit both for "leadership" and for being pragmatic. This year, some incipient efforts were made in Congress to raise taxes, but they fell through. The feeling on Capitol Hill that something should be done about the deficits has, as usual, a variety of motivations, and the question of what is to be done about them naturally elicits a variety of responses, but there is an unusual consensus on the nature of the problem: that the deficits are keeping interest rates too high; that the high interest rates threaten the recovery, discourage investment, hurt exports, and exacerbate the debt problems of Third World nations; and that the obligations for future government interest payments on the debt are simply too great. (It is estimated that by fiscal 1988 it will take eighty billion dollars just to pay the interest on the national debt.) Everyone is agreed that the economy is recovering strongly from the worst recession since the Great Depression—the third-quarter growth was 7.7 per cent, for a recovery rate of 6.6 per cent so far this year—and unemployment in the month of November stood at 8.4 per cent, the lowest figure in two years. The rate of inflation is now about 5 per cent. Actually, what worries some members of the Administration—and also some officials at the Federal Reserve—is that the recovery may be too quick and, given the size of the deficits, require a further tightening of credit, and thus still higher interest rates, perhaps at a politically inopportune time next year. Real interest rates (that is, after inflation) are more than double what they were in 1980, and the rate of business investment in plant and equipment is lower than it was in the 1979-81 period. However, Reagan is a man of formidable skill at defining things his way.

There was near-apoplexy among some of the President's advisers when Edwin Meese, counsellor to the President, said in an interview with some wire-service reporters a couple of weeks before Christmas, "I don't know of any authoritative figures that there are hungry children. I've heard a lot of anecdotal stuff, but I haven't heard any authoritative figures." And he went on to say that "people go to soup kitchens because the food is free and that's easier than paying for it." Then, a few days later, he gave what he presumably thought was an amusing speech at the National Press Club, in which he said that he, like Scrooge, was the victim of a bad press and that Bob Cratchit wasn't so badly off. The "fairness issue" is one of the tenderest ones for the Reagan Administration: for some time now, there has been evidence—and several authoritative reports—that the number of people in this country who are without sufficient food has been growing, and we have been seeing on our television screens pictures of people lining up at soup kitchens. This week, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, who has held five regional hearings on the subject, will issue a report saying (with statistical backing) that the need for more nutritional help "is not anecdotal, but overwhelming," and that hunger is on the increase in America for the first time since the nineteen-sixties, and possibly since the Great Depression. The Kennedy report places the blame on the recession and the Reagan Administration's budget cuts. Other reports by outside groups are in the works. The recession and cuts in various domestic programs produced a larger number of needy people, and at the same time the Administration cut food programs—food stamps and children's nutrition programs—by several billion dollars, and would have cut them by about twice as much if Congress had not objected. The President's attempt to quiet the controversy stirred by Meese's remarks was not entirely successful. He said that "as long as there is one person in this country who is hungry, that's one person too many," but he also backed Meese up by saying that it was "logical" that, just as there were welfare cheats, there were people going to soup kitchens who didn't really need to. Reagan may have a small point, but it misses the much larger point, and his selective indignation keeps causing him trouble—aimed, as it is, at the poor. And he seems to be frequently explaining things that Presidents shouldn't have to explain: just as this time he had to say he was against hunger, in November, following the showing on ABC of the film "The Day After," about a fictional nuclear attack on Kansas City, he had to explain that he was against nuclear war. Now the Administration is in a bit of a trap on the hunger issue, because last August, in the face of increasing criticism of its policies, the President appointed a commission that, as he put it, was to find out why federal food programs were not taking care of the hunger problem. The commission's report is due in January. It has been assumed within the Administration as well as outside that the commission was safely stocked with members who would not cause the Administration embarrassment, but the problem is that the Administration will be caused embarrassment no matter what the commission says in its report.

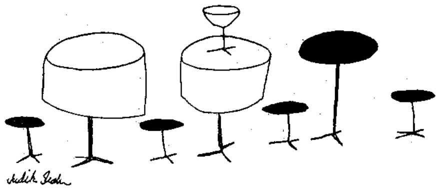
Meese, an affable man of ruddy complexion and conservative beliefs, presides over the most ideological shop at the White House—one that is often at war with the "pragmatists," headed by James Baker—and he often reflects and reinforces Reagan's own instincts. Moreover, Meese has served Reagan for a long time—since Reagan was elected governor of California, in 1966. Meese was the architect of the recent triumph—or fiasco, depending on one's point of view—of reconstructing the Civil Rights Commission. The commission, which was established in 1957, has often been a nuisance to Administrations, since it has issued reports critical of their enforcement of the civil-rights laws. But only the Reagan Administration has gone as far as to try to fire members of the supposedly independent commission in order to gain control of it—an action that is legally questionable. The argument over this became entangled with the issue of extending the life of the commission, which was due to expire at the end of November. In the end, a bipartisan group on Capitol Hill struck a deal with the White House—or thought it had done so—to reconstitute the commission, so that it would be composed of eight, rather than six, members, four of them to be chosen by Congress and four by the Administration, and to arrange for the reappointment of certain former commission members. But two reappointments—those of Jill Ruckelshaus and Mary Louise Smith, both prominent moderate Republicans—were not made. This guaranteed the Administration control over the commission, but to several of the President's advisers the victory wasn't worth it. (Congress's action reëstablishing the commission mooted a court case regarding the firings.) At the end of the year, the Administration and Congress were still at loggerheads over the Legal Services Corporation, which the Administration has tried to kill—Reagan and Meese had found this program bothersome ever since their California days—and, while Congress has balked, the Administration has repeatedly submitted nominees to the Legal Services Corporation's board whom the Senate, although it is controlled by Republicans, has found unsuitable. None of the Administration's nominees to the Legal Services board—several sets have been proposed—have been confirmed.

Jill Ruckelshaus's husband, William, who was brought in in May to head the Environmental Protection Agency after Anne Gorsuch Burford was forced to resign, and whose appointment was supposed to help Rea-

gan with the environmentalists, has been blocked by the Administration from presenting a plan to control acid rain. The E.P.A. has, however, just recently come up with a policy to deal with dioxin, one of the most dangerous chemicals. In December, Rita Lavelle, who had headed the E.P.A.'s hazardous-waste-cleanup program, returned to our consciousness when she was convicted of obstructing a congressional inquiry into the program, and of perjury before Congress about when she learned that her former employer, Aerojet-General, had dumped wastes at the Stringfellow Acid Pits, in California. James Watt, the former Secretary of the Interior, was at year's end happily making a fortune on the speaking circuit—at fifteen thousand dollars a lecture. The President, not content to let the situation alone, devoted one of his Saturday radio talks recently to a defense of Watt's record.

SEVERAL foreign-policy matters were refusing to yield to the Administration's desires by the year's end, and this situation has been making a number of the President's advisers nervous. Now that the Administration has its second Secretary of State and third national-security adviser in three years, controversy over the conduct of foreign policy has calmed down a bit, but deep divisions over policy remain within the Administration. The Pentagon, headed by Weinberger, and the State Department, headed by George Shultz, do not see eye to eye on many questions, and it is reliably said that the National Security Council, headed by Robert McFarlane, has been more interested than either of the two departments in aggressive action in Lebanon. The Pentagon was unhappy from the outset about its role in Lebanon, figuring—rightly, as things turned out—that it was being put in an impossible position. Grenada was, of course, a political triumph for the Reagan Administration, and the American combat troops were removed by December 15th—thus meeting the deadline voted by both the House and the Senate under the War Powers Act—but three hundred military people are to remain indefinitely. (At last report, eighteen American servicemen died in the invasion, and a hundred and sixteen were wounded; and, according to a Washington *Post* report, at least a hundred and sixty Grenadians and seventy-one Cubans were killed. The State Department puts the number of Grenadians and Cubans killed much lower. A mental hospital was accidentally bombed. Because of the tight restrictions on press coverage of the invasion, Americans saw little of the carnage.) Grenada provided the American people with a "victory," and even a number of Democrats were reluctant to be critical of the invasion, not simply because of the popular reaction but also because they thought maybe it wasn't a bad idea to remove a Cuban beachhead. (Few bought Reagan's argument that the American medical students on the island were in danger of being taken hostage.) While the Grenada adventure is usually cited as the reason for the rise this autumn in the President's job-approval ratings, Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, suggests that the underlying reason for that rise was the improvement in the economy—that that gave people more confidence in Reagan and made them more willing to support him on other issues. Grenada, Wirthlin says, seemed to validate Reagan's "get tough" policy, and did so at a time when people were very emotional and wanted a success. The Grenada invasion, after all, followed the tragedy of the truck-bomb attack on the Marine headquarters in Beirut that killed two hundred and forty-one Marines, according to the latest official count—an event that could have been quite a political liability for Reagan. Wirthlin says that the speech Reagan gave the following Thursday, on the subjects of both Lebanon and Grenada, changed public attitudes more than any other speech of his Presidency, and had a more lasting effect than such events usually have.

Still, many of the President's political advisers have been quite worried about the potential impact of Lebanon and other foreign-policy developments on Reagan's standing. A total of two hundred and fifty-seven Marines have lost their lives in Lebanon. (Moreover, the question of how it was that the Marines were left in such a vulnerable position is not closed. A recent House subcommittee report was quite critical of the security arrangements and criticized the entire military chain of command; the Senate Armed Services Committee is still investigating, and a Pentagon report, which is due to be made public shortly, is also said to be very critical.) Eventually, the question gets to not just the precise security arrangements but also the civilian decisions that determined the nature of the Marines' mission, and how they were to operate. The fiction that the Marines are in Lebanon as a "peacekeeping" force has just about disappeared. Lately, the Administration has been searching for a way to maintain them there as a "presence"—to give the Lebanese government time to strengthen its hold and its army while negotiating with rival factions—without being so vulnerable. There is talk now of removing the Marines from the airport, where they can be shot at from the surrounding hills, but there is the problem of how they can maintain a "presence" and be invulnerable. In any event, it is widely agreed that if the President really means what he has been saying—that the Marines will not be removed until stability is restored to Lebanon and all foreign forces (meaning Israeli and Syrian) are withdrawn—the Marines will be in Lebanon for some time. The President recently added the possibility that the Marines would return home if there was "a complete collapse" in Lebanon, but this was simply stating the obvious. Still, he was constrained to say at his recent press conference that maybe this had been "a bad choice of words" and that he "wasn't trying to send anyone a message or anything." (There had been some concern that the President's earlier remark would be interpreted as pressure on Gemayel, and would encourage the Syrians to hold out.) There is almost no support, even within the President's own party, for the increased military action against Syrian-held areas of Lebanon—a bombing raid in retaliation for Syrian attacks on American reconnaissance planes, and shelling from warships stationed offshore, including the New Jersey, which has the largest guns of any naval vessel afloat. In the bombing raid, on December 4th, two American planes were shot down; one airman was killed and another was captured. (The New Jersey's sixteen-inch guns weren't used at first, Administration officials explained at the time, because their shells were so large and their aim was so imprecise that they might cause civilian casualties and excessive damage.) It is a fact that the Administration (or part of it, at least) had been looking for a way to make a military point to Syria, which it holds responsible for the attack—and which it believes was carried out by Shiite Muslims with connections to



Iran—on the Marine headquarters, and also for a way to persuade Syria to withdraw from Lebanon. Within the Administration, there is much disagreement over the substance as well as the politics of the Lebanon "policy." Several officials want the Administration to reduce its goals in Lebanon and slip away soon. Actually, it is clear from conversations with Administration foreign-policy officials that much of the policy is travelling on hope and crossed fingers. One hope is that Israel, with which the Administration has had a somewhat turbulent relationship—it encouraged Israel's advance into Lebanon last year, then encouraged Israel to withdraw, and then was unhappy that Israel withdrew so far so fast, leaving the area around Beirut open to new strife—will once again play a more active role in Lebanon, and will bring its influence to bear upon those Lebanese factions with which it has influence. Another hope is that Amin Gemayel, the President of Lebanon, will share power with the Muslim majority—this means give up power—sufficiently to calm things down. One very high Administration official offered the thought recently that one reason things might calm down in Lebanon is that "the glue that held that place together for a long time was that everybody made money," and that this couldn't happen under current conditions. (The Shiite Muslims, now the largest group in Lebanon, were not sharing in the money-making.)

The extent to which the Administration is prepared to accept some Syrian sway over Lebanon—Syria was invited into Lebanon in 1976 to protect the Christian government, and the United States approved the move—is one question. Whether the Administration understands Syria, or Lebanon, is another. Some Middle East experts here say that the Administration committed a major blunder in negotiating a withdrawal agreement between Israel and Lebanon last May and in assuming that this would induce Syria to withdraw. Syria objects to both the terms and the fact of the agreement. Yet a high Administration official said the other day that he couldn't for the life of him understand why Syria objected to the Israel-Lebanon agreement, and that he assumed that Syria's position was a bluff. The President did say toward the end of his press conference (remarking, in an indication that he had forgotten part of the rehearsal, that he should have mentioned it earlier) that the Administration has believed all along that the settlement in Lebanon "must be political," that the situation "can't be settled by force."

There is some evidence that the Administration underestimated the reaction of other Arab countries to the new (albeit somewhat vague) security arrangements with Israel, and perhaps even underestimated the degree of reluctance within Israel to have much to do with Lebanon anymore. And the Administration, like other parts of the world, is grappling with the resurgence of Islamic fundamentalism, now in part taking the form of suicide-attack terrorism—such as that carried out against the American Embassy and the Marine headquarters in Beirut and, more recently, against the American Embassy, the French Embassy, and four other sites in Kuwait. (Washington itself has taken on something of the aspect of a protected camp. Security on Capitol Hill has become much tighter since a bomb exploded in the Capitol in early November. The bombing occurred late at night, and so there were no injuries, but there was damage to part of the Senate wing. And there are now security barricades at the White House and the State Department. These new arrangements are generally accepted as an unhappy necessity. Longstanding assumptions about security are gone. And recently we learned that surface-to-air missiles have been placed around the White House.) Though Congress is out of session, several members, including some—such as House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill and Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker—who supported the move earlier this fall to approve an eighteen-month extension of the Marines' tour in Lebanon under the War Powers Act, are publicly and privately expressing grave doubts about what is going on. Some are threatening to propose shortening the time period. Members of Congress are in a bit of a trap of their own, however: they do not want to appear to be responsible for the Administration's policy in Lebanon, yet they will also be reluctant, as they were this fall, to take responsibility for ending the Marines' tour there. Most people here think now that Congress will make a lot of noise about Lebanon but won't actually do anything—though the noise level might affect the Administration's thinking. One Presidential aide says he thinks it important to have the Marines out by the time the Democrats have a nominee; and it is widely assumed here that the Administration will somehow find a way out of Lebanon before the election. At his press conference, the President insisted that such a decision would never "be made by me for a political reason." Yet there are all sorts of ways to define the mission as accomplished. Some Administration officials say vigorously that they will work with all their might to keep Congress from cutting short the Marines' stay in Lebanon; a few say regretfully that the Administration will not be so fortunate as to be obliged by Congress to cut short the Marines' stay.

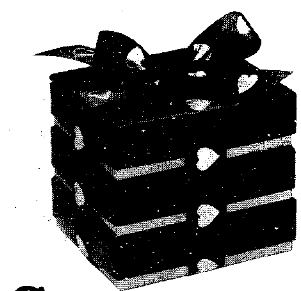
Some Administration officials portray the deployment of cruise missiles and Pershing 2s in Great Britain and West Germany this fall as a political triumph over the Soviet Union, and say that now the Soviet Union will be ready to bargain in earnest over intermediate-range nuclear missiles, despite its breaking off of the talks in late November. However, some important officials are pessimistic about the chances that these talks will resume. Moreover, it is said by many observers that our relations with our European allies have deteriorated considerably as a result of this and other foreign-policy matters. The Administration got off to a bit of a bad start on the subject of arms control because of officials' statements about limited nuclear war and nuclear "demonstration" shots in Europe, and it was slow to get around to dealing with arms control at all. Some officials believe that arms control, at least on any basis that is acceptable to the Soviet Union, is not in the United States' interest. Last year, in the Secretary of Defense's annual statement on our "military posture," Weinberger called arms control "a melancholy chapter in the troubled history of the last decade or two."

The Administration's arms-control policy has been marked by fierce internal battles, and those who have sought to put sand in the gears have been successful. Administration critics argue that opportunities were missed at the intermediate-range nuclear force talks. One very high Administration official said to me not long ago, talking about relations with the Soviet Union in general, that he wished the Administration had taken more of a problem-solving approach to the Soviet Union, instead of constantly questioning its morality, and even its legitimacy. Now the Pentagon opponents of arms control are working to block what many have seen as the one way to get an I.N.F. agreement: merging the talks on intermediate-range weapons with those on strategic weapons, so that more items will be on the table for trading. Some Administration officials are more optimistic that the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks, or START, which have recessed without a date for resumption, will in fact resume, but not a great deal of hope is expressed that they will be successful.

There is a fair amount of alarm within the Administration that the government forces in El Salvador, backed by the United States, will collapse before long. This seems to be one reason that Administration officials have been publicly outspoken about the increasing activity of the "death squads" in El Salvador, saying that they operate with the government's approval. Both Reagan and Vice-President George Bush have made strong representations to the El Salvadoran government. One concern is that unless the death-squad activity is reduced Congress will cut off military aid to El Salvador; another is that neither a military victory nor a negotiated settlement is possible as long as the death-squad activity continues. Yet on the same day that Kenneth Dam, the Deputy Secretary of State, made a strong speech on the subject, Reagan remarked in a television appearance that he suspected that some of the death-squad activities were committed by left-wing guerrillas, in order to halt United States aid to El Salvador. It was because the death-squad activity was so out of hand, people here believe, that Reagan vetoed a bill extending the law calling for him to certify that progress was being made on human rights in El Salvador in order that military assistance could be continued. Reagan signed such statements in the past, but this time it would be too much. There is a division of views within the Administration on how seriously to regard feelers that have been coming from Nicaragua on the possibility of the Sandinista government's reaching an accommodation with the United States, which is backing efforts to overthrow it.

MEANWHILE, the President's aides and other political advisers have been gearing up for some time for a presumed Reagan reëlection bid. Although there remain a few reservoirs of doubt here, the President's men say they would be astonished if he did not run. The President and Mrs. Reagan went through the pre-Christmas round of White House celebrations in good cheer, and the President looks remarkably well. He does not seem to worry—that is part of his public appeal. And recently we were treated to a picture of him, on the cover of *Parade*, pumping iron. Still, the White House is not a particularly happy place these days. A number of people there are worn down by the nearly constant ideological fights, and a few are leaving. James Baker, having lost out on a bid to become national-security adviser, is staying, but he has made it clear he wants to move on after the election. (Four years as chief of staff is a long haul for anyone, even in a more harmonious Administration.) There was also the matter of the Justice Department investigation of senior White House aides with regard to a leak about Lebanon policy earlier this fall—a leak that the White House was at no pains to deny at the time. The investigation, which was instigated by William Clark, the former national-security adviser, and by Meese, was another chapter in the ongoing saga of the hard-liners versus the moderates. (The Justice Department ended the investigation without identifying the source of the leak or finding that it had caused any serious problem.) And there remains the cloud of the briefing-book question—whether sensitive documents, including the briefing book prepared for Jimmy Carter for the debate with Reagan in 1980, were stolen from the White House and used by the Reagan campaign. The contradictory statements of James Baker and William Casey, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, have not been reconciled, and a House subcommittee will hold hearings on the matter early in the year. While the polls are comforting to the President's advisers, they are far from conclusive. According to the latest Gallup poll, Reagan's approval rating is fifty-three per cent (Wirthlin puts the number at sixty-two)—the first time it has been over fifty per cent in two years. And Reagan has consistently run close to either Walter Mondale or John Glenn—and sometimes behind them. A recent Washington *Post*-ABC poll had him running behind Mondale. Several of the President's political advisers have come around to the view that Mondale would be the strongest opponent for Reagan, and they say that they believe it will be a tough, close election. They say this in part because they want to prevent complacency among their own troops, but also because they believe it to be true.

—ELIZABETH DREW



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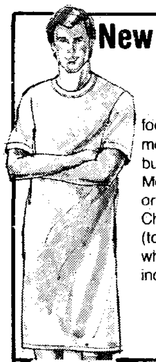

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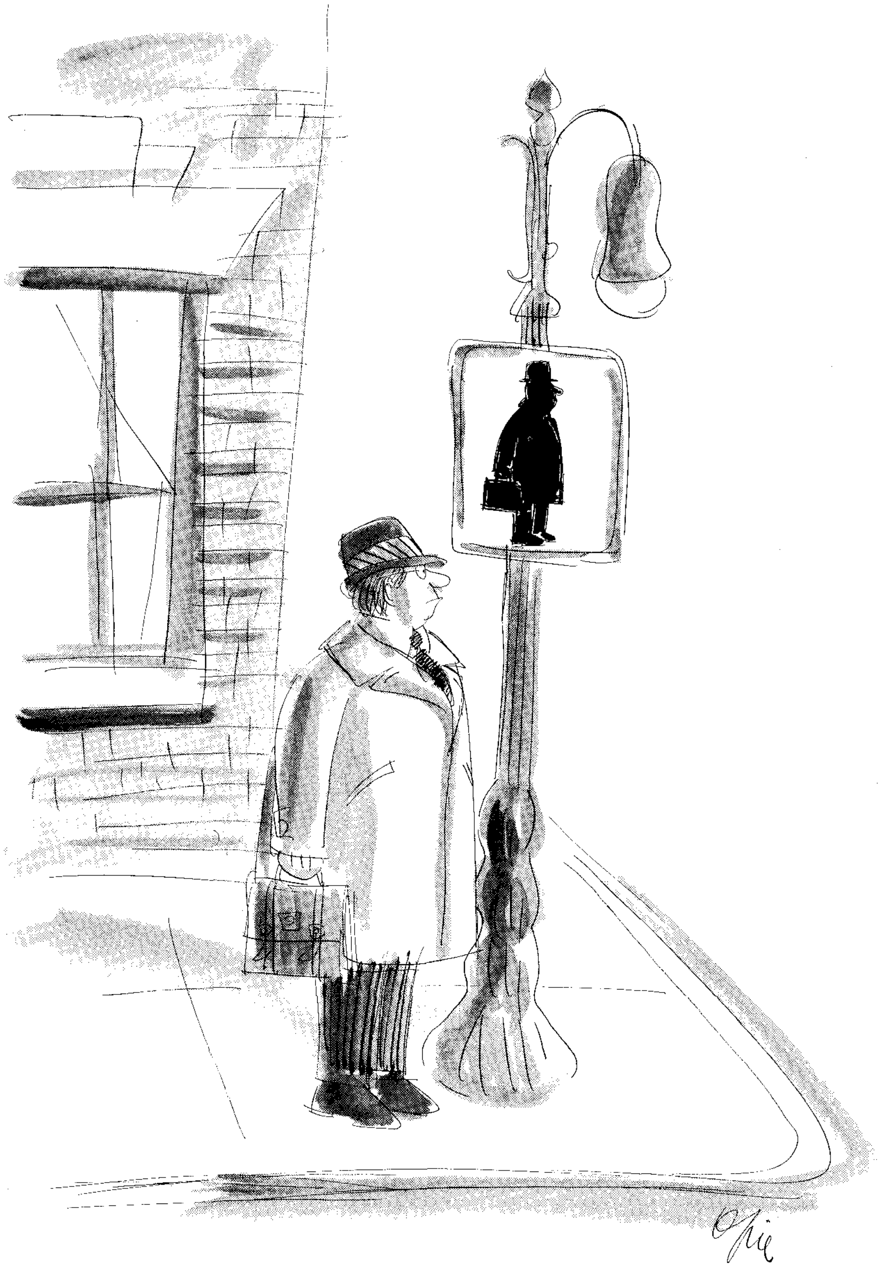
THE THEATRE

Dancing Feet

BREVITY may or may not be the soul of wit, but it is at the very least a sign of compassion, and there is scarcely a word that I feel inclined to write about "The Tap Dance Kid," now at the Broadhurst, beyond saying that it is a musical that strives mightily to succeed and is unable to do so. Notoriously, there is no such thing as an A for effort in the arts, and the talent, energy, and discipline that have been lavished upon this earnest, didactic work have gone almost wholly to waste. The story concerns a prosperous black family living in a duplex apartment on Roosevelt Island. The father is a lawyer who has lifted himself up by his bootstraps and is determined that his two children be eager to make good in the same profession. The mother, though less vehement than the father, is, like him, an overachiever. Emma, the daughter of the family, is an intelligent, overweight adolescent, already dazzlingly learned in the law. Willie, the son, at the age of ten is in open rebellion against his father; he wishes to become a professional tap dancer, like his Uncle Dipsey and his late grandfather, who had his name in lights on Broadway. The conflict between Willie and his father furnishes the only significant action of the show and is the occasion for two or three rousing dance numbers, in which even the ghost of the grandfather nimbly takes part. (You might expect a ghost who tap-dances to tap-dance silently, but you would be wrong.) Scattered among the dance numbers are scenes of domestic quarrelling which paralyze one's brain with their tiresomeness.



The book of "The Tap Dance Kid" is by Charles Blackwell, the music is by Henry Krieger, and the lyrics are by Robert Lorick. The scenery, which moves about with high-strung adroitness, is by Michael Hotopp and Paul dePass, the costumes are by William Ivey Long, the lighting is by Richard Nelson, and the direction is by Vivian Matalon. The cast is able and pleasing as well as hardworking. It consists of, among others, Alfonso Ribeiro, as Willie; Samuel E. Wright, as the hard-pressed father; Hattie Winston, as the mother; Martine Allard, as Emma; and Hinton Battle, as Uncle Dipsey.

"THE BIG APPLE CIRCUS" is inhabiting an appropriately gorgeous, multicolored (and well-heated) tent just to the south of the Metropolitan Opera House, at Lincoln Center, and I cannot imagine a more agreeable family treat than to fill one of its boxes at ringside, where the odors of sawdust and popcorn mingle with the stentorian tones of the top-hatted ringmaster, Paul Binder, as one marvellous feat after another—some death-defying, others only breathtaking—presents itself to one's astonished gaze: Katja Schumann on her waltzing horse, Heidi Herriott on the high trapeze, Luis Munoz on the tight wire, the Wozniaks on the teeterboard, the Teeterboards on the wozniak, and the awesome juggling of Francis Brunn, who when he runs out of hands and feet to juggle with makes do with the top of his head, his nose, his chin, and his teeth. Have I left any valued performer out of this list? Oh, yes—the elephants! They are there, all right, our solemn, pachydermatous friends, rolling their tiny eyes and shuffling their big feet with every evidence of satisfaction at our applause. I get the impression that they think *we* are elephants, small for our age and not as sophisticated as they are. It may be so. —BRENDAN GILL

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Log of the Canton* (*Mass.*) *Journal*]

2:00 p.m.—Resident reports someone came into his house while he was sleeping and turned his TV upside down without waking him.

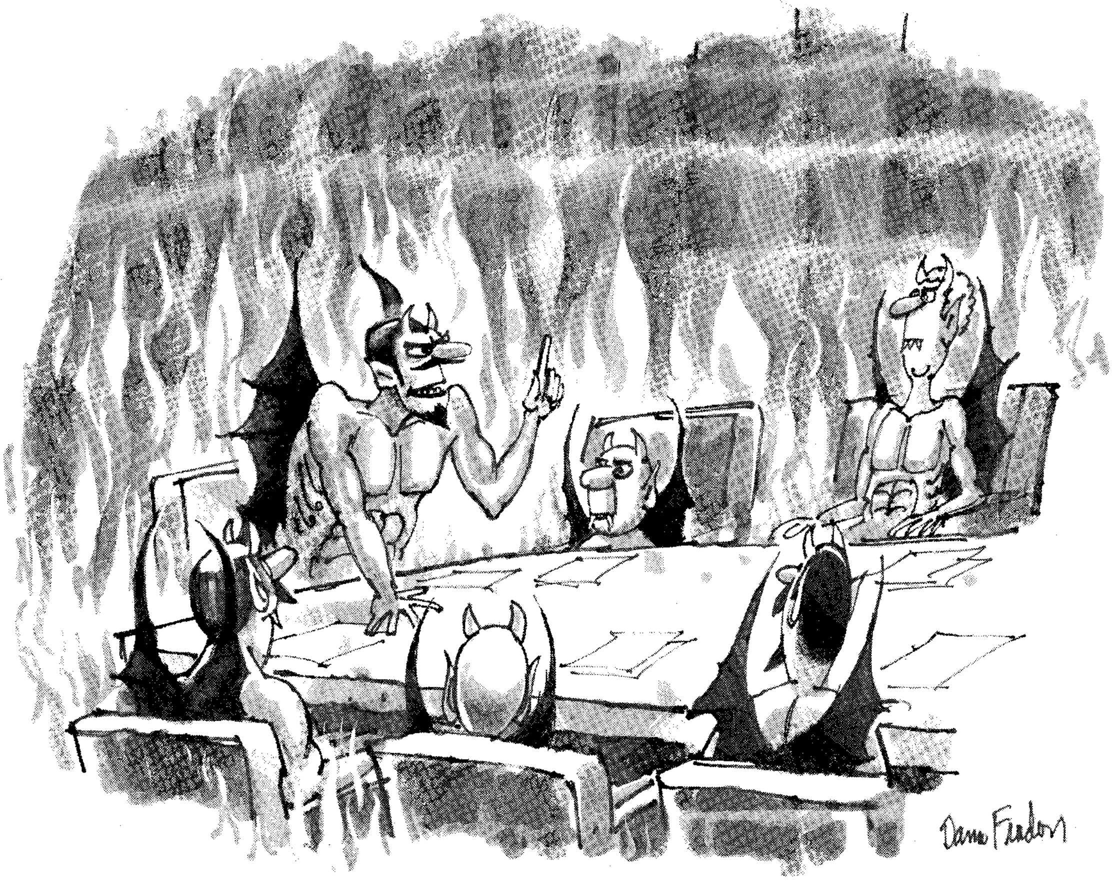
DANCING

Mark Morris Comes to Town

Curly-Haired androgynously handsome young dancer-choreographers who look like Michelangelo's David have been a feature of the dance scene for some time. Unlike the shaggy hippies whom they replaced, they can be found in ballet as well as in modern dance, in Europe as well as in New York and other American cities. They seem to have come in on the wave of seventies glamour—unisex, it was called then—that is now at flood tide among the young. It's a look I can do without, and I wouldn't be bringing it up except for the fact that Mark Morris, who closed the fall season at Dance Theatre Workshop, has that look without the aureole that puts me off. Morris is a serious choreographer. He has talent, and also, along with his self-awareness, the self-possession that makes the androgynous-youth look stand for something besides dime-store narcissism. Actually, he does sometimes make it stand for that, but it's a precisely identified attitude—one can smell the popcorn in the air.

Morris, whose ringlets are brown—not blond, like the other michelangelini—has some of Sylvester Stallone's droopy-lidded sultriness, but he's saved from absurdity by toughness of mind. He doesn't use his soft, pretty-boy looks on the audience. He doesn't flash camp messages with his eyes, or messages of any kind—not even when he does a turn in drag. The meanings are all in the movement. From up close, which is how you see him in D.T.W.'s loft theatre, his eyes while he dances are blind with fatigue; they have the permanently bruised look of insomnia. And he dances with insomniacal energy. His large, wide-hipped body, his big legs and feet are all over the place, lunging, clomping, skittering. Every movement is clear and precise, yet bluntly delivered; strong, yet with a feminine softness. Even the big Li'l Abner feet are never rough. Prepared to laugh at the drag act, the audience is silenced by the lack of imposture in it. It isn't an act; it's Morris declaring an aspect of his nature as matter-of-factly as the Japanese *onnagata*—female impersonator. It's impersonal impersonation. He defuses dangerously gaudy material by shaping it into a dance that presents itself—presents *dance*—as the true subject. In the second of two concerts, he performed a companion piece in a business suit, discarding jacket and vest as he entered. The differences in the quality of the movement were in structural, technical, and musical details, not in sexual ones. Morris turns the transsexual chic and the frivolous passions of his generation into pretexts for dances. He's committed to his time and place, he seizes on the theatricality of it, but he doesn't try to be anything more than a good choreographer and a completely sincere theatre artist.

Morris works in the time-honored tradition of the modern-dance choreographer who breeds a company and a repertory entirely out of his own dance style. His performing background includes ballet, modern and postmodern groups, and folk dance. His dances, among which solos number far less than pieces for large and small ensembles, blend all these influences into an indefinable Mark Morrisian brew. His own physical versatility is the model for the group (seven women, six men), but he doesn't set up unfair terms of competition. Much of his choreography is plainly set out, and all of it is musical. The sharp musical timing gives the dancers another standard to aim at; they aren't lost if they can't move just like their leader. But they have to be able to handle radical dynamic changes (Morris shows more variety here than any five other choreographers his age) rung on a restricted range of steps. Not easy to make so little count for so much. Morris's inflections of a single step or his combination of many steps in a single phrase are a real test of virtuosity. He sometimes loads a phrase beyond his dancers' capacities—requiring them, for example, to fall splat and spring erect on one count. But Morris is a witty taskmaster who can make a virtue of sloppy recoveries. His invention is at its richest in the exigencies that come about through



"I ask you, gentlemen: How come hell hath no fury like a woman scorned?"

having to create choreography for other people. "Bijoux," his solo for the small, light, and agile Teri Weksler, filters her style sympathetically through his own. I was able to see only a first-night performance of this piece, when Weksler was slightly less in command than she usually is. The music, a suite of nine brief songs by Satie, was on tape. Live, it might have exerted less harrowing pressure. So musical a performance—such musical choreography—needs accompaniment that breathes. The occasional impression of steppiness I get from this and other Morris pieces is an effect of density created from limited means. He really doesn't have a lot of steps, and, though he may not think so, he doesn't need them—neither does Paul Taylor. (Morris's combination of musicality, sprawling energy, and sparse vocabulary may remind you of Taylor; to sharpen the resemblance, Morris also has a flair for comedy. But his originality defeats comparisons.) In another Satie piece, he reversed the proportions of "Bijoux": instead of many brief packed solos for one dancer, a woman, he created, to the music of "Socrate," an extended slow-moving frieze of discontinuities for six soloists, all men. Draining his line of the high-contrast dynamics that give it shape, color, and texture, Morris offered us the nothingness of steps. "The Death of Socrates" was a parched and static vista peopled by boys in Greek tunics. As a picture, it had life and thought; its intentions were clearly stated. But as a dance it was inert.

What does Morris do that's funny? Well, he always includes one or two mime pieces to pop music on his programs. I like them less than his dances, particularly when they're accompanied by country songs with long spoken inspirational texts. Audiences find these semi-captioned displays of Morris's hilarious. I prefer the Thai or Indian numbers, where the expostulatory gestures chatter alongside incomprehensible ditties and aren't upstaged by a corniness already familiar and complete in itself. Best of all are the pieces that blend mime and dance, and the best of *these*, like Morris's "masculine" solo, or like "Dogtown," are both funny and unfunny. In "Dogtown," done to the quizzical songs of Yoko Ono, Morris actually makes dogs. He contracts his palette to a few crouching, crawling, prostrate forms interspersed with frisky leaps, usually by one dancer upon the unsuspecting rump of another. But the amazing thing about "Dogtown" is that it doesn't operate literally. The dogginess of it all is a continual shadowy implication in movement as finely drawn and cunningly interlocked as the pattern on an ancient Greek jar. In the title number, the rhythm of forms is so beautifully controlled that it wins laughs from the sheer electricity of its timing. It's the *design*, not the subject, that becomes funny.

This mastery of mimetic implication in the logic of forms is a mark of wisdom as rare in choreography as musical mastery. No other choreographer under thirty has it; the few of those over thirty who have it have been great. Like musicality, it is a gift, and it appears right away. (No use waiting for those other bright young choreographers to get the idea through observation or experience. If the things that root their art in life are not instinctively understood, they are not understood at all.) Morris comes from Seattle, where he will return later this year to teach at the University of Washington. His first New York concert was held in 1980. I encountered his work two years later, and the wonderful effrontery of it still hasn't left me. Nothing in his biography, training, or performing history explained how he could have come by such technical sophistication. This year's concerts show him using and flexing his technique with even greater assurance. "Canonic 3/4 Studies," a parody of human beings in ballet class, is one evolutionary step ahead of "Dogtown." In its investigation of three-quarter time and in nearly every other way, it is an improvement on 1982's "New Love Song Waltzes," the piece that most of Morris's admirers love best and the one that stunned me with its precocity. Seen again this year, much of it seemed too big and splashy for the Brahms liebeslieder-walzer it was set to. It remains Morris's purple ballet, his moment of excess before the reining in that signifies the start of true growth. Next to "New Love Song Waltzes," "Canonic 3/4 Studies," to an arrangement of ballet-class tunes, appears cautious, but it is the more secure piece by far—less in need of contrapuntal commotion and shock effects to keep the audience in a state of excitement. (During an adagio in the Brahms, a body is dragged backward across the floor, right over another body, which is lying there prone.) One of the "studies" has two women being alternately lifted by one man in minimal arcs that zip back and forth and forth and back. Like "Dogtown," it is the kind of number that, once seen, is never forgotten.

There *is* a kind of cautiousness in Morris's current work: he tends to make each piece a batch of exercises or lampoons that don't quite add up to a complete entity with a point of view (though the suite "Dogtown" comes close). Instead of a conclusion, he reaches an arbitrary cutoff point. It is obvious that he is still learning, but it is also obvious that no one is teaching him. His "technique" is something he was born with. The raw gift of choreography may be the most individualizing of all gifts to experience. Those who possess it are enclosed in a kind of sanctuary. No word or sound contaminates the freshness of their language, and dance language as we have known it—old academic or anti-academic usage—falls from their bodies like rags. In its place are new sights, which we perceive with a thrill of recognition. The Mark Morris experience is like nothing else in dance but quite like a lot of things outside it—especially in the streets and shops of lower Manhattan. I imagine that the younger you are the more of these things you recognize. For me, Mark Morris is a dancemaker and a spellbinder. That is enough to make him transparently a symbol of his times. —ARLENE CROCE

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THE CORPORATE MIND AT DINNER

[*From the Reporter, newsletter of the La Costa Hotel & Spa Conference Center, of Carlsbad, Calif.*]

La Costa's sales department and special events coordinators sometimes get some rather unusual and bizarre requests, but Electrolux, the national vacuum manufacturing company, has to be near the top of the list in originality for its recent national sales managers' meeting at the resort.

At the meeting's dinner banquet, the room was divided with chicken wire and the company's top grossing sales managers sat separately from the others during the evening. Caterers decorated one side of the room with tables covered with white cloths, china, silver and fresh flower centerpieces from those bringing the best number of sales to the company.

On the opposite side of the room, those sales managers who were not in the top achievement category were greeted with dead flowers, used candles, paper plates, plastic eating utensils and tables draped with old newspapers.

The top sales managers dined on filet mignon, potatoes, asparagus and chocolate mousse, while their counterparts on the opposite side of the banquet hall ate baked beans, jello, washing it down with a cup of hot water laced with a single coffee bean.

MUSICAL EVENTS

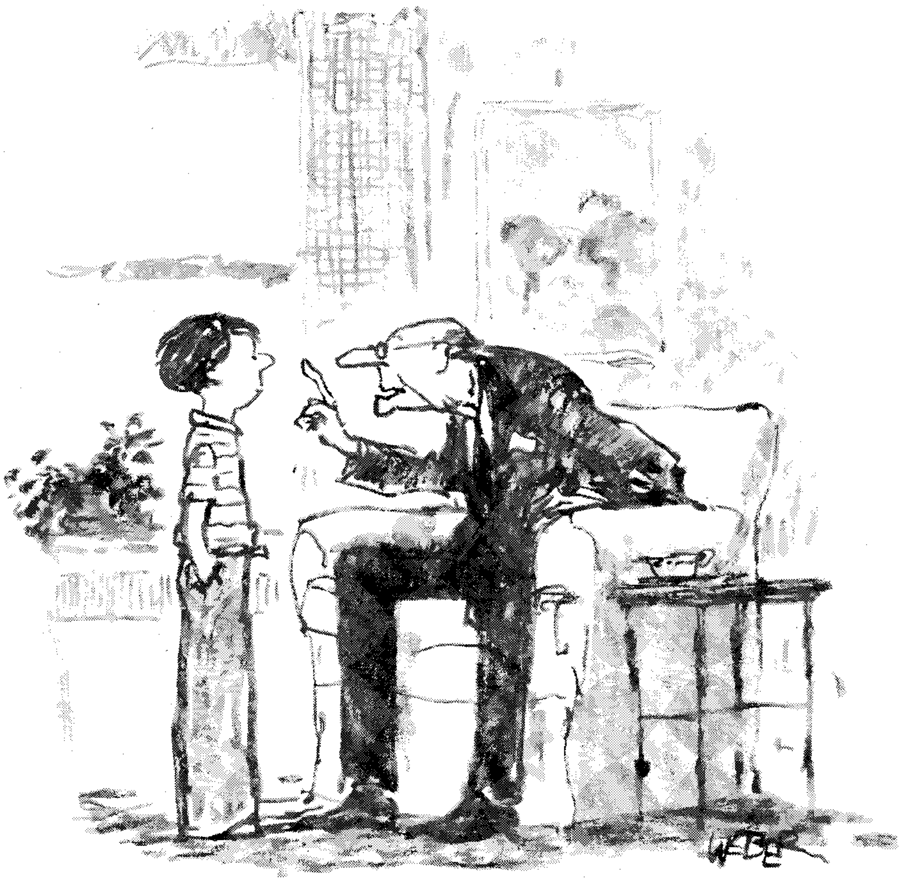
Songs with a Mind

Elliott Carter's seventy-fifth birthday has been widely celebrated, on both sides of the Atlantic. On the day itself, December 11th, his three latest compositions were played at a Speculum Musicae concert at the Ninety-second Street Y: the song cycle "In Sleep, in Thunder" (1981), receiving its first performance in this country; the Triple Duo (1983); and "Changes" (1983), a guitar solo, which had its first performance. They were preceded by the First String Quartet (1951)—the work, written without regard for the difficulties performers and listeners might encounter, that put the seal on his reputation.

"In Sleep, in Thunder," commissioned by the London Sinfonietta and first played in London in October, 1982, is a setting for tenor and fourteen players of six poems by Robert Lowell. Carter's score is headed "In memory of the poet and friend." In early years, Carter set Emily Dickinson, Hart Crane, and Mark van Doren. There followed a long period of purely instrumental music, and then he returned to song with the Elizabeth Bishop cycle "A Mirror on Which to Dwell" (1975), for soprano and nine players, and the cantata "Syringa" (1978), a setting of a John Ashbery poem troped with a Greek anthology, for mezzo-soprano, bass, and eleven players. Both works last about twenty minutes, and so does the new cycle. The three form a kind of triptych inspired by contemporary American poets. In "Mirror," poems of observation and description alternate with poems founded on the affections. "Syringa" is classical: the Greek text assembled by the composer—lines from Homer, Aeschylus, Euripides, Plato, Sappho, and lines that have been attributed to Orpheus himself—underpins Ashbery's temporal reflections. For the London commission, Carter first considered setting a group of poems from "The Dolphin," written after Lowell's move to England. Then he thought of grouping some late poems in the context of Lowell's "In the Ward" (from the last collection, "Day by Day"), a memorial for the composer Israel Citkowitz, the second husband of Lowell's third wife. It contains the lines:

> . . . the precision
> and daimonic lawlessness
> of Arnold Schönberg born
> when music was still imperfect science—
> Music,
> its ever retreating borderlines of being,
> as treacherous, perhaps, to systems,
> to fecundity,
> as to silence.

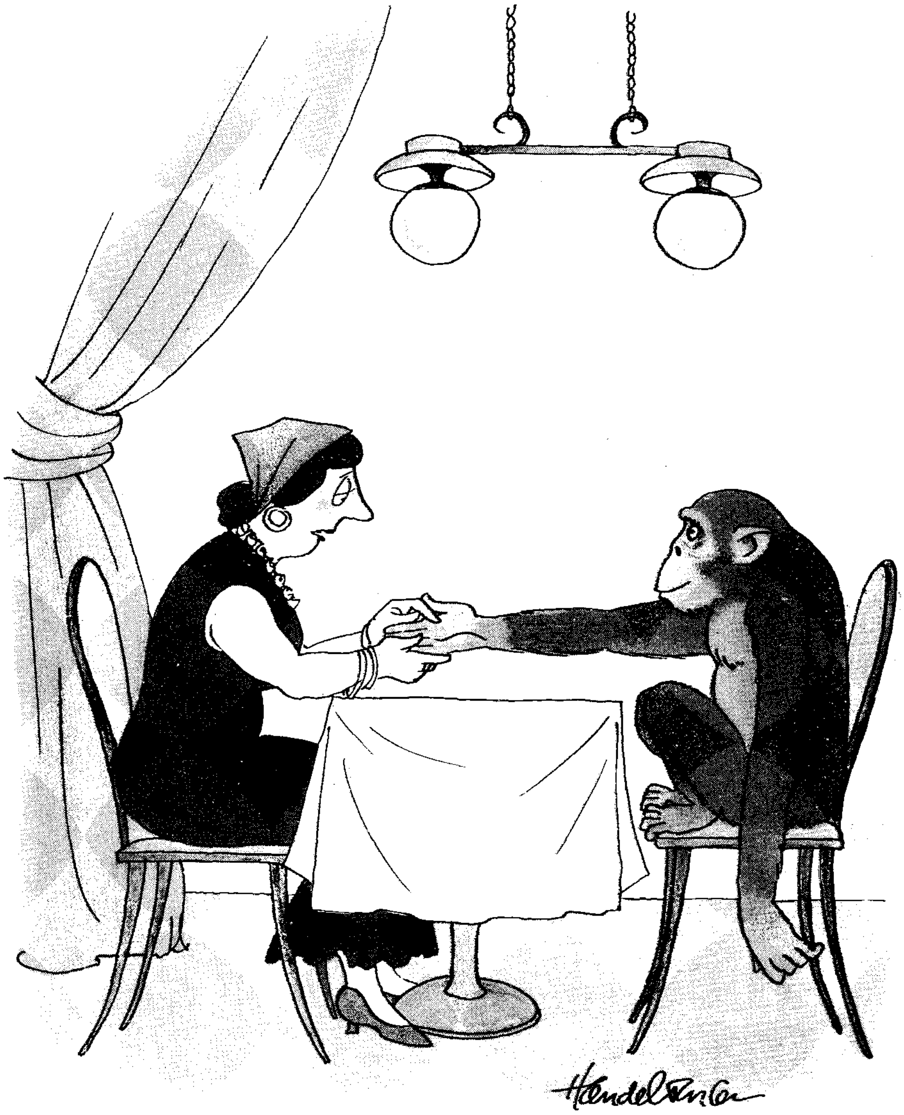
Then, after sketching a dozen or so songs, Carter decided on a group of six of the fourteen-line poems—unrhymed sonnets—that make up the three collections Lowell published in 1973: "History," "For Lizzie and Harriet," and "The Dolphin." (The first two volumes were quarried from the earlier "Notebook;" Carter uses the revised versions.) In a program note, the composer says that "what attracted me about these texts were their rapid, controlled changes from passion to tenderness, to humor, and to a sense of loss." He starts with the poem "Dolphin," which stands like a dedication at the close of Lowell's sequence (and again at the close of his "Selected Poems"); it begins beautifully and then moves to an octave that Adrienne Rich once described as—it is hard to disagree with her—empty eloquence, a poor excuse for a cruel book. He ends with "In Genesis," the fifth poem of "History." In a *Tempo* essay on the new cycle, David Schiff, the author of "The Music of Elliott Carter" (Da Capo), says, "Clearly Carter wanted the poems themselves to suggest a form; and the pattern that eventually emerged was a portrait of the poet. . . . Carter removed the poems from their narrative contexts to heighten their reflections of Lowell's character and his obsessions; as he told me: 'There are three poems about women and three about God.' " The Lowell portrait of "In Sleep, in Thunder" is probably best viewed with some knowledge of those narrative contexts and of Lowell's life and his work. The poems can stand on their own but are also a part of what Lowell called his "verse autobiography" (which "sometimes fictionalizes plot and particular") and make fuller sense if one knows which "you" he is addressing in any of them; knows that in "Careless Night" his thought swings from the Christ Child to his own newborn son, and that "Dies Irae" arises from one of his spells of madness.



"When I first arrived in this country, I had only fifteen cents in my pocket—and a willingness to compromise."

Ian Hamilton's biography of Lowell records several visits to the opera. In

Brussels in 1952, Lowell saw five Mozart works in six days, and then, in London, "Der Rosenkavalier," "Wozzeck," and "Fidelio." (I remember those performances; Erich Kleiber conducted the first two, and Clemens Krauss conducted "Fidelio.") He declared himself "nuts about opera," read Tovey's analytical essays, and tried "to imagine, though tone deaf, modulating from the tonic to the dominant." In 1960, he was awarded a Ford Foundation grant to attach himself to the Met and the City Opera as a potential librettist. Melville's "Benito Cereno," Richard Hughes' "A High Wind in Jamaica," and Büchner's "Dantons Tod" were subjects he considered. He said he was feeling "wonderfully athletic, hackish, and ready for opera," and wondered "if 'Phèdre' or something like it could be given in a singing version." In September, he moved from Boston to New York and met Rudolf Bing, who recommended him to attend a Columbia beginners' course in opera. In November, the Washington *Star* reported that he had attended four Puccini operas in a week (presumably "Manon Lescaut," "Bohème," and "Butterfly" at the Met, and another "Bohème" or "Butterfly" at the City Opera). No Lowell opera resulted, although "Benito Cereno" was worked as a play. At some point, Lowell suggested to Carter that he should compose music for his "Phèdre" translation; Carter had already considered setting some Lowell poetry.



"You have a strongly developed Mount of Jupiter, showing pride and ambition, but hardly any Mount of Apollo, which suggests that you are an ape."

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Music is quite often referred to in Lowell's pages; Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert songs, the "Archduke" Trio, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf appear. Yet before "In Sleep, in Thunder" there was doubt about how well his lines might lend themselves to music. I'd heard no previous settings (except Britten's "Phaedra" cantata, whose heroic couplets are a special case). In a *Paris Review* interview, Lowell said of Theodore Roethke—a poet who has been much set, notably by Ned Rorem and William Bolcom—"He wants a very musical poem and always would quarrel with my ear as I'd quarrel with his eye. . . . He rejoices in the rhetoric and the metrics." But there is a record of Lowell reading works of his at the Ninety-second Street Y, in 1976 (Caedmon TC 1569), which is filled with "music"—with timbres (vowel colors more distinctly sounded than by many singers), carefully controlled pitches (the range employed generally narrow, the departures from it striking), and, above all, a wonderful play of rhythm, accent, and pace. This is the "voice" that sounds in the Carter cycle, although it wasn't heard at the British première. (I was not there, but, like most important European premières, it was broadcast, and soon circulated on tape.) The soloist was Martyn Hill, a sensitive, cultivated lyric tenor who has recorded much early music and attractive recitals of Reynaldo Hahn and Massenet songs. The New York soloist, Jon Garrison, was more robust, more forthright, and altogether admirable. And he had the advantage of speaking American, as Lowell did and Carter does. To British ears, Lowell's own speaking voice carries inflections and colors closer to forceful North Country speech than to standard southern British. One would not ask an English singer of the cycle to adopt a fake American accent, but if a Lancashire tenor were to essay it he might do well to use North Country pronunciation. (I longed for those broad, singable vowels in my own Wagner translations: when "one" must be prolonged, better "wahn" than "wunn.")

Carter is a composer who as a point of honor does not repeat himself. The panels of the triptych are sharply distinguished. It was Lowell who directed him to Elizabeth Bishop when, intending to write a cycle for soprano, he sought poems by a woman, not a man, to inspire him, so that the singing would be emotionally direct. The vocal line of "Mirror" is but one strand in a chamber composition, prominent only because it articulates words. Each song has the Vermeer-

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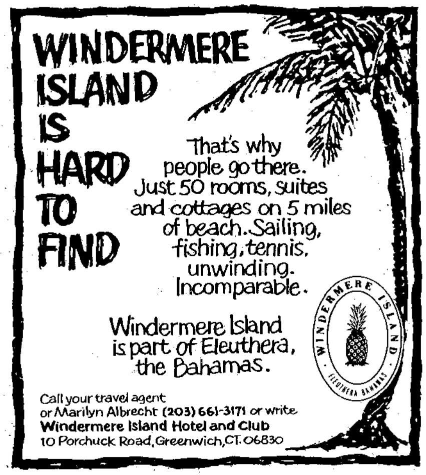
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like precision and balance of fine details found in its poem—a product of the "unerring Muse who makes the casual perfect" (Lowell's phrase for Bishop in a sonnet of "History"). "Syringa" is different. The bass, with guitar accompaniment replacing Orpheus' lyre as he enters the modern world, sings lyrically, in classical Greek; the mezzo patters the Ashbery poem. Two notions of time are superimposed, as so often in Carter's compositions—both measurably and on imaginative levels. The texture of "In Sleep, in Thunder" is different again. The singer is emphatically to the fore. The charge of the poems is carried in his line. (In practice, the instruments may overwhelm him at times, but that is an accident of a particular performance; the work is not easy to balance.) The vocal writing is more evidently vocal. The songs would make sense in a voice-and-piano reduction. They would be eloquent—as "Mirror" and "Syringa" would not—even if sung unaccompanied. This is not to say that the instrumental writing is any less intricate, fascinating, or picturesque but only to suggest Carter's differing approach to each poet. (Schiff recalls a remark of his, made "with an eager tone of creative delight," during the composition of "Syringa": "I'm setting John Ashbery's poem because it will force me to do things I've never done before.") The three works have in common a quick, vivid response to the pictorial imagery of the poems. In the setting of Lowell's "Across the Yard: La Ignota," the trumpet carols the exuberant song the poet tells of, and the line "Brunhilde who could not rule her voice for God" is introduced with a subliminal touch of "Hojotoho!" In "Dies Irae," the trombone—Mozart's *tuba mirum spargens sonum*—is prominent. In the first song, "Dolphin," only strings are used; Schiff's observation that as Lowell invoked his muse Carter's thoughts turned to the string quartet is surely right. The bright details—a soaring, lyrical flute solo and a still, wide-flung string chord setting the scene for "Careless Night;" densely black, stark chords opening "In Genesis"—are picturesque but not merely incidental. They rise to the surface of structures taut yet flexible, and are part of them. This is music that etches itself on the mind and the emotions.

Speculum—versed in Carter's music, first interpreters (though the personnel has changed much over the years) of "Mirror" and "Syringa"—gave what seemed to me a marvellous performance. Robert Black conducted.

THE Triple Duo, composed for the Fires of London and first played by them, at Symphony Space, last April, is a stretch of instrumental discourse marked by uncommon wit, attractiveness, and brilliance. The Fires treated it as chamber music; in the Speculum performance the six players had a conductor (Donald Palma). Their version was bolder and brighter than the Fires' but a shade less smiling. There was less sense of six individuals in conversation, but the definition of each phrase was sharper. The Fires' handling of the piece—as I noted after hearing two London performances of it this summer—has become more buoyant and confident than it was at the première. Speculum's handling will no doubt in time become more relaxed and joyous, without losing its virtuoso glitter.

MANY modern composers have written substantial works for the guitar, and usually for a particular guitarist. Britten, Henze, Tippett, Peter Maxwell Davies, and Roberto Gerhard have written for Julian Bream. (His autobiographical "A Life on the Road" has just been published, by Franklin Watts.) In this country, more than a hundred pieces have been dedicated to David Starobin. Carter's "Changes" is the latest of them. (Mr. Starobin played the important guitar part in the CRI recording of "Syringa," and asked for more.) In a strange way, composers seem to become quintessentially themselves when writing for this instrument, unrivalled for intimacy and delicacy except by the clavichord yet able to summon tempests and pour out throbbing passions. The composer's own description of "Changes" can hardly be bettered: "music of mercurial contrasts of character and mood, unified by its harmonic and rhythmic structure." The piece lasts about eight minutes, and, in Mr. Starobin's performance, it proved captivating. —ANDREW PORTER

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Francisco Daily Commercial News*]

Bank of America Thursday unveiled its new $1.7 million Los Angeles foreign exchange trading center in Los Angeles which the bank says represents recognition of Southern California's emergence as a minor world money center.

BOOKS

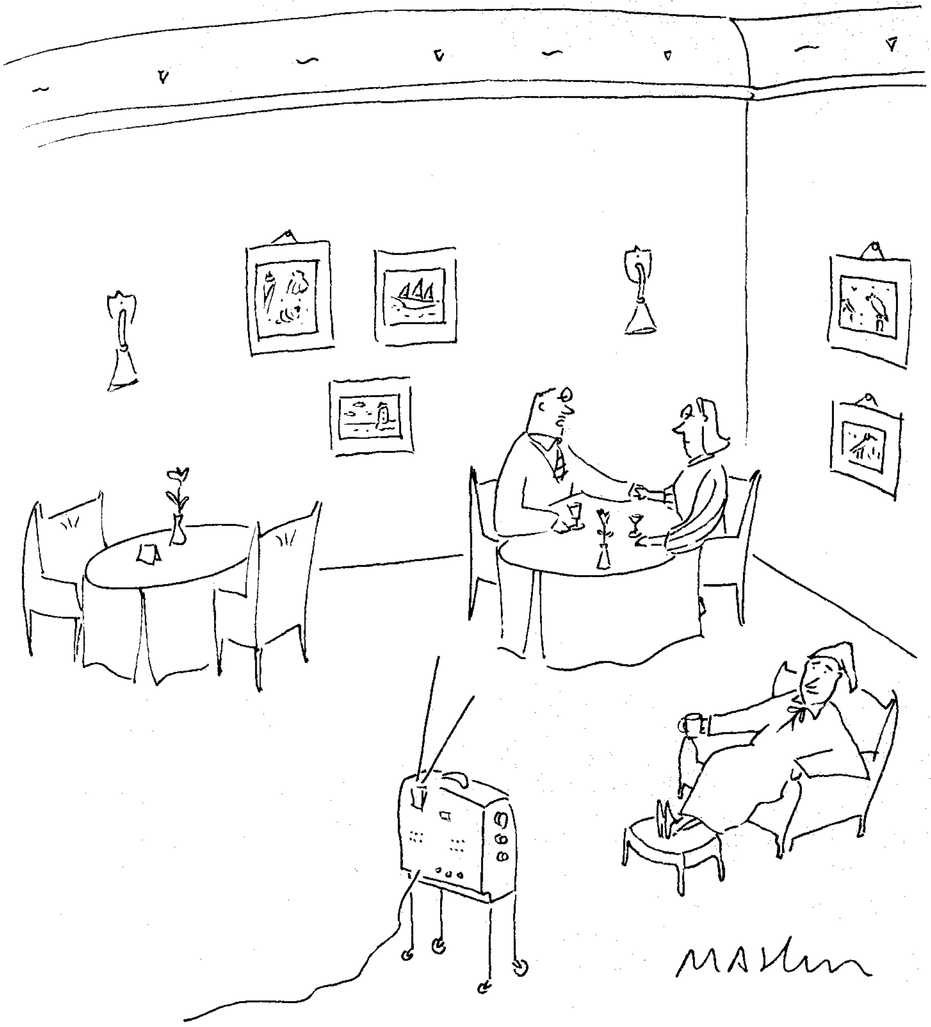
As Others See Us

Lars Gustafsson is a Swede who has read, among much else, Nietzsche; from the German rhapsodist he has learned to combine philosophy and play, a sense of *homo* as both *ludens* and *in extremis*. The first of his intricate, slim novels to be translated into English, "The Death of a Beekeeper," took the form of a dying man's diary, and presented piquant apian facts and the soft gray winter landscape of rural Sweden intermingled with the drastic pain of terminal cancer. The second, entitled "The Tennis Players" (translated from the Swedish by Yvonne L. Sandstroem; New Directions; $13), is also in the first person—a reminiscence by an affable professorial type who calls himself Lars. He remembers "a happy time" as a Visiting Professor of Swedish Literature at the University of Texas at Austin in the fall of 1974. Besides edifying innocent young Americans in the dark ways of Strindberg, Brandes, and Nietzsche, our hero works hard on his tennis game and gets involved in a spooky doubles match whose other participants are Abel, a former pro and tennis mystic in a wide-brimmed leather hat; Polly, a tiny girl who turns out to be a Texas princess in disguise; and a math whiz called Chris, who works part time for the Strategic Air Command, monitoring the Southern Air Defense District's operations computer in Fort Worth. One of Lars' students, a "very tall, very skinny, and quite mad" black called Bill, has located, in the remote top reaches of the university library (housed, as it happens, in the tower from which the deranged Charles Whitman shot and killed fourteen people one August day in 1966), a book printed in Paris in 1899, "Mémoires d'un Chimiste," by one Zygmunt I. Pietziewzskoczsky; Pietziewzskoczsky's memoirs indicate that in fact Strindberg was *really* being poisoned and was not just paranoid during the crisis described in his well-known (in Scandinavia) novel of 1897, "Inferno." At Lars' suggestion, Chris tries to collate "Inferno" with "Mémoires d'un Chimiste" on the giant government computer, precipitating a brief crisis that coincides with a university strike over the political implications of performing "Das Rheingold" and not "Aida" in a campus production, and with a local bigwig's being caught committing an immoral act in the batter's box of the local ballpark.

It is farce, but underplayed, and swiftly over, leaving a certain resonance of the personal; the conjunction of sunstruck Texas realities with the intellectual murk of fin-de-siècle Northern Europe—"a time of coal smoke and absinthe, when Europe starts to give up hope"—is of course one the author lived through. Such cultural simultaneity is a campus commonplace, here especially embodied in the person of Doobie Smith, a Lou Salomé look-alike from Dallas so immersed in her reading that for her "Berlin was still a city of gaslights and dark hansom cabs going through cobbled streets." Lars, who has been to Berlin, tells us, "She would get impatient with me because I didn't know literary coffee shops that now exist only as building materials for some hundred feet of the Wall." Doobie, with her blond hair and chubby hands, was "one of the most committed Nietzscheans I've ever met." It is always interesting to see yourself as others see you, and Mr. Gustafsson's impressions of America, though not notably harsh, are bracing:

> There are hundreds of Reserve Policemen in every American city. They carry a special kind of heavy, watertight flashlight that can be used as a nightstick. In the sixties, they always used to be called up every time there were racial disturbances: they were drawn from approximately the same group as the subscribers to those brightly colored gun magazines one sees on all the newsstands.

> Some things about [the students] never cease to amaze me. Their emotional brittleness, their perfect tennis serves, their almost frightening capability of grasping things: Gunnar Ekelöf's Akrit poems, non-Abelian groups, and Nietzsche's *Beyond*



"This place is, perhaps, too intimate."

> *Good and Evil,* almost in the same breath; their strange conviction that the world outside of Texas is meant for war and tourism.

It is such postcards home, rather than the Nordic basketwork intertwining themes from Strindberg, Wagner, and Nietzsche, that catch the American reader's eye. Mr. Gustafsson is himself both affable and semi-opaque; he uses himself as a prism, deflecting light into unexpected corners. The net effect combines high seriousness and offhand charm. If Susan Sontag were to meet Woody Allen halfway, we might get *jeux d'esprit* of such gently skewed vision and good-natured intellectual effervescence.

Fumiko Enchi is, according to her American publisher's flap copy, "generally regarded by the Japanese as their most important woman writer." She was born in 1905, and "Masks" (translated from the Japanese by Juliet Winters Carpenter; Knopf; $11.95) has waited twenty-five years for its publication here. The daughter of a well-known Meiji scholar, and the author of a ten-volume translation of Lady Murasaki's classic "Tale of Genji," Mrs. Enchi in this short novel describes "a crime that only women could commit" and sheds, in passing, considerable scholarly light upon Noh masks and "spirit possession in the Heian era." Psychological possession in the modern era enables Mieko Toganō, a poet and widow in her fifties, to manipulate her beautiful widowed daughter-in-law, Yasuko, in a simultaneous romance with two men—Tsuneo Ibuki, a gaunt, married teacher of literature, and Toyoki Mikamé, an overweight, unmarried psychologist. Akio, Yasuko's husband and Mieko's son, was killed in an avalanche on Mount Fuji four years before, a scant year after his marriage. Mieko, it develops, conceived Akio and his feebleminded female twin, Harumé, not with her own late husband, Masatsugu, but with a nameless lover who died in 1937 with the Japanese Army in China. Other characters include Sadako, Ibuki's businesslike wife (in whose honor he coins the epigram "A rational woman is as ridiculous as a flower held together with wire"); Yū, the elderly maidservant who has been witness to all that has transpired in the twisted Toganō household; Toé, the daughter of Yorihito Yakushiji, a dying Noh master; and the Rokujō lady, a sinister figure from "The Tale of Genji," who haunts Mieko's thoughts and the spectral level of this novel. Some of the Noh masks are almost characters in themselves, and the novel's three chapters are titled after masks: "Ryō no Onna," the "spirit woman" and emblem of female vengeance; "Masugami," a mask representing a young madwoman; and "Fukai," meaning "deep well" or "deep woman," used in roles depicting middle-aged women.

"It's very Japanese," a character says at one point, and so "Masks" does seem. The descriptive prose sometimes has the evocative precision and quickly shifted perspective of haiku:

> Patches of snow a few days old lingered here and there in the shadows of buildings and around tree roots in hollows in the ground. The sight of the snow, frozen hard now in odd shapes, reawakened in his senses the soft chill of the new-fallen flakes.

Other passages have the flatness of Japanese paintings, full of carefully indicated textures and angles:

> Yasuko sat up so suddenly that the quilt fell back in a triangle, revealing Mieko's slim figure lying gracefully draped in a sleeping-gown of patterned silk crepe, her legs bent slightly at the knee.
>
> Viewed from the bathroom window, overlapping rooftops on a steep and narrow alleyway formed a succession of triangles tumbling down to where the sea (this, too, a triangle, standing on its head) lay softly blue and sparkling.

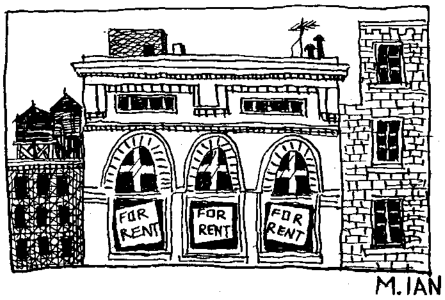
Sometimes the prose seems as hard-breathing as a sumo wrestler:

> Her expression was calm and unflickering as always, but beneath the chill weight of her sagging breasts her heart raced in a mad elvish dance, while from hips to thighs a powerful tension enveloped her, anchoring her to the floor.

Perhaps the translator should share the blame for the effortfulness of a sentence like

> The road down which she must blindly grope her way, helplessly laden with that unending and inescapable burden, seemed to stretch before her with a foul and terrifying blackness.

But the author alone has produced the overload of symbols and melodramatic insistences and *dei ex machina* lowered creakily out of the classic literature and drama of the past. Mrs. Enchi's interpolation of a ten-page essay on the character of the Rokujō lady and the frequent depiction of her own heroines' faces in terms of masks—"[Mieko's] was a face like a Nō mask, while the impression it gave was one of even greater obscurity and elusiveness"—muffle rather than articulate what is going on among Mieko, Yasuko, and Harumé. Our sense of human event fights through, as it were, the wraps of decreed meaning.



The life that this delicate, mysterious book does have surfaces in startling, grotesque gestures and images:

> Mieko patted and brushed back the cold sweat-soaked strands of hair along Yasuko's brow. At the same time her legs began a smooth, rotary motion like that of paddle blades, softly stroking and enfolding Yasuko's curled-up legs.

We read that Harumé suffered brain damage from the pressure of Akio's feet in the womb, that Akio's body when found after five months under the snow had been torn to the bone along one side of his face, that Yasuko's body after beginning her affair with Ibuki had in Mieko's nostrils a peculiar smell—"the sharp pungency of a fish just taken from the sea." Ibuki, after an interview with the mother and daughter-in-law, "recognized the viscid flow of emotion between Yasuko and Mieko as, he felt, unclean, yet he was aware also of his own paradoxical desire to enter that unclean moistness." The Japanese psyche, without significant prompting from Christianity or Freud, seeks its own underworld, the fervid unclean flow behind the impassive mask. This restrained culture has produced, in its novels and films of this century, an art of violent imagery and painful beauty. Yasuko remembers how, searching for her husband beneath the snows of Mount Fuji, she thrust down the long steel rod she had been given and it left each time "a tiny deep hole of a blue that was so pure, so clear, so beautiful, it took my breath away," and one night she dreams that she stabbed "his dead face straight in the eye."

The transaction among the women of "Masks" is tortuously complex: Yasuko under Mieko's spell causes Harumé to be impregnated by her own drugged lover, and the new life thus brought into the world in some way replaces and revenges the child that Mieko miscarried when she was tripped by a nail maliciously fixed at the head of a stair by her husband's jealous mistress, Aguri. Jealousy, grief, sensuousness, and passivity contribute in inscrutable proportions to this "crime that only women could commit;" the mask of Fukai conceals a deep well indeed. As in Mr. Gustafsson's brief novel, Americans are seen with a slant from another culture. Yasuko and Ibuki, about to commence their adulterous affair, observe a young American couple on a train—a woman with flaxen hair and a man whose hair "resembled the fur of a small animal." The couple caress each other fondly and then "they were asleep, leaning against one another like a pair of tame animals." To the Swede, as of 1974, we are killers; to the Japanese, as of 1958, we have the innocence of animals.

Tadeusz Konwicki is a Polish writer and film director, born in 1926, who has gone from being an officially approved Socialist Realist to being a dissident whose fiction can be published only in the underground magazine *Zapis* and in the West. A previous novel, "The Polish Complex," appeared here last year; "A Minor Apocalypse" (translated from the Polish by Richard Lourie; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $16.95) extends its predecessor's jaunty, picaresque manner deeper into desperation. In both novels, Konwicki's heroes have his name and personal history, as if to say the times are too ramshackle and weary for the conventional concoction of an alter ego. "Weariness and powerlessness were overcoming me. My life was repeating itself and I was repeating myself. . . . My art, like my life, could be sliced like a sausage." In this novel, Konwicki awakes with a hangover, though he has not been drinking, and is visited by two fellow-writers, Hubert and Rysio, who tell him he has been chosen to set himself on fire at eight o'clock that evening, in front of the Party Central Committee building, as a protest. Our hero's friends explain to him that since he is a prominent but not indispensable writer, and long obsessed by death anyway, he is a natural candidate; in truth he does not reject their proposal out of hand but mulls it over during a long day of wandering, during which he allows himself to be equipped with a can of gasoline and Swedish matches (Swedish because Polish matches tend not to ignite). Warsaw is collapsing around him—bridges fall, electricity fails, slabs of sandstone fly from the Palace of Culture in the wind—and the city is in the grip of an immense drunken celebration of what on various pages is identified as the fortieth, fiftieth, thirty-fifth, and sixtieth anniversary of the Polish People's Republic, which dates from 1952. Not only the calendar but the weather is unsteady; the day begins as one of "autumn's hopeless days" but enjoys some summery intervals and ends in snow. Konwicki visits old friends, an uproarious restaurant called Paradyz, and a Polish film called "Transfusion," which is advertised on the marquee as a Russian film called "The Radiant Future." During his perambulations, he has various companions, of whom the most constant are Pikush, a many-colored dog, and Tadzio Skorko, an ardent Konwicki fan and aspiring poet who also seems to work for the secret police. Konwicki is repeatedly stopped by different varieties of police and is tortured by one set of them. He makes love to a red-haired Russian beauty, Nadezhda, and attends a kind of witches' congress of the fifteen women whose lover he has been at various times of his life. He engages in a great many excited conversations, with representatives of both the establishment and the opposition; but, so long has the unhappy Polish situation been marinating, it is hard to tell one from the other, and no marked conflict exists, just a tangle of wry and futile palaver.

Like such other anarchic spirits as Flann O'Brien and Céline, Konwicki has a lovely light way of writing, which never clogs chaos with self-pity and bestows upon the direst pages sentences of casual magic. He is especially good with women, to whom all sorts of delicate fragrances cling. Here is Nadezhda, being seduced:

> She smelled like water that had been warmed by the sun, and she also had the sharp, enticing aroma of birch leaves . . . We could hear the desperate pounding of each other's hearts and the polyphonic cry of the birds, like some rising reminder. . . . She had closed her eyes so tightly the lids had turned white. Sharp, predatory teeth gleamed in the heathery pinkness of her mouth.

Konwicki is effortlessly witty, and dizzies the Western reader with the convolutions of the vitiated Polish situation as it drowns in its ironies. A Marxist philosopher explains to the author that Communism has saved Poland from being absorbed by a vital, enterprising Russia: "You should pray every day and thank your gods that the Russians have been rendered inert by that idiotic doctrine, depraved by that ghastly life, exhausted by that moronic economic system." A Party official, Comrade Kobialka, who renounces his career by undressing at a televised Party celebration, appears no less absurd than the televised embrace of the two all-powerful Secretaries: "Two fat men were kissing each other on the mouth." The peculiar demeaningness of television has crept into Poland; all political gestures are aimed toward it, while it turns every event into a trivial flickering. Misery becomes trite, and happiness is absurd, whether it is Kobialka's happiness as he is hauled in a padded straitjacket to the security of the state insane asylum or that of the lusty retired minister, now a painter of nudes, as he rushes off to the outer regions where "you can still find girls who'll put out for good old Polish zlotys" (as opposed to the Warsaw whores, who demand hard currency). Even interrogation by torture is farcical; the police inject Konwicki with a drug that makes him so sensitive he can be agonized by the snap of a fingertip and the battering of a paper ball. At his ordeal's end, he thinks, "Some sort of confused play was over." That Communist governments are atrocious is familiar news; less familiar is Konwicki's repeated point that dissidence, too, has something weary, corrupt, and pointless about it. By now, in Poland, evidently, the motions of opposition, like those of governing, are a kind of sleepwalking. A race has grown up of "dissidents with lifetime appointments. The regime has grown accustomed to them and they've grown accustomed to the regime." Konwicki notices of his young fellow-conspirators that "they were all small, thin, shaggy. But it was in them alone that any resistance to the authorities had smoldered. Over the years, the authorities had grown ugly, too, but in a different way—they had turned into fat, growing sideways; they had become womanish."

No Americans are seen in this long Warsaw day—a blend of Bloomsday and, the reader is often reminded, the Stations of the Cross—but a "senior journalist with the Associated Press" telephones toward evening, saying, "I wanted to ask what was going on in Warsaw today." Konwicki tells him, "Nothing too interesting. The usual holiday commotion." The answer is accepted. The West in general, far from being seen as a superior system to that decaying in Poland, is involved in the same entropic deterioration. Kobialka claims, "The West . . . started running away when we started chasing them, and then they slowed down when we eased up. They're exhausted, too. They're straddling the fence, too." As of 1979, from the Polish slant, we are neither innocent nor dynamic. In regard to the captive plight of Eastern Europe, the free world has proved helpless; capitalism has become not Poland's savior but her creditor. In Paradyz, "the disabled veterans' co-operative band was playing a medley of American tunes but, to disguise them, was playing them backward so they wouldn't have to pay any royalties in hard currency." Poland can only afford to import black humor. Instinctively, Konwicki assumes the tone of absurdist fiction, that tone which says "This happens, that happens, don't expect me to make much of it, because life is meaningless; don't expect me to work you, gentle reader, up into much of a tizzy of caring, either." When, at the very end of "A Minor Apocalypse," we are expected to care, the rhetoric embarrasses us, so thoroughly have our expectations been lowered by the deflationary slapstick of Konwicki's hopeless world.

—John Updike

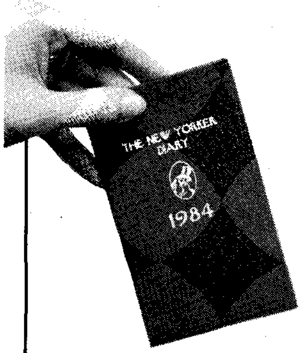
BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Nicholas Hilliard's Art of Limning, transcribed by Arthur F. Kinney, with commentary by Linda Bradley Salamon (Northeastern; $25). Like one of Hilliard's exquisite miniature portraits—of Elizabeth I, say, or Sir Francis Drake—set in its jewelled and lidded case, "A Treatise Concerning the Arte of Limning" is enhanced here by a setting of brilliant scholarship. Hilliard (1547-1619) was the son of a goldsmith and lived for much of his life at The Maidenhead in Gutter Lane; in 1617 he was decreed a "Gentleman," on the license that gave him a monopoly on royal portraits. Mr. Kinney, in an introduction, concedes that Hilliard's treatise is "at times slackening, often rambling." Mrs. Salamon's essay is just the opposite, as she examines everything from Hilliard's unstable social status, in an age that saw "the rise of cultivated taste as a mark of aristocracy," to his art's source in the medieval art of illumination (whence the word "limn"). Hilliard conceded to one of his patrons, Robert Cecil, his "ffault in speche," but today's reader will treasure the treatise for details that are as fine, in their own way, as anything he limned: when to use "sugar candye" and "eare waxe" in the concoction of jewel-like pigments ("Take heed of the dandrawe of the head sheading from the haire"), or how to burnish silver armor, "with a small Wessells tooth handsomly Fitted into a' Pensill stick." With a chronology, illustrations in color and black-and-white, extensive notes, an eight-page bibliography, and an index.

Class: A Guide Through the American Status System, by Paul Fussell, with illustrations by Martim de Avillez (Summit; $13.95). A brief, diverting, and superficial survey of some signs of class distinction in the United States. Mr. Fussell recalls a few other observers' systematizations of American classes before outlining his own. Many of his findings are scarcely surprising—most readers already know that rich people live in bigger houses than poor people—and several of his comments strain at humor about realities that are not inherently funny, such as working-class bitterness and middle-class insecurity. As one might expect from a specialist in literature (his best-known work is "The Great War and Modern Memory"), Mr. Fussell's remarks on the use of language in different classes are his most acute contributions: he notes that, of all words, "the upper class probably likes *secure* or *liquid* best." He consistently refers to this magazine as quintessentially middle-class, and asserts, as proof, that it "rarely runs unfavorable book reviews." This is a so-so volume with very good pictures.

Clara Schumann, by Joan Chissell (Taplinger; $19.95). The biography of a musician of great gifts and considerable historical importance. Clara Schumann was born in 1819 in Leipzig, where her father,



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Friedrich Wieck, taught music; he was determined to produce a pianistic prodigy, and was furious when an interloping husband, the not very steady or solvent composer Robert Schumann, carried off his property. Her marriage, in 1840, placed Clara in the musical avant-garde. The Schumanns' dearest friend was Felix Mendelssohn, and they were friends and partisans of Chopin and Berlioz. Clara developed sympathetic friendships with the singers Jenny Lind and Pauline Viardot. Among the next generation of musicians, her closest ties were with the violinist Joachim and with Brahms, and, through them, her influence—she died in 1896—extended into this century. Her repertory brought forward the piano music of Beethoven, which had been neglected because he was considered a symphonist, and of Bach and Schubert, which had been simply neglected. Clara Schumann affects not only what we hear today but how we hear it, for she and her colleagues struggled against the nineteenth-century vogue for virtuosic display and taught audiences to listen for musicianship as well as technique.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS: FAMILY AND VALUES IN JEFFERSON'S VIRGINIA, by Jan Lewis (Cambridge; $24.95). The life of Thomas Jefferson—1743-1826—spans not only a series of great events but a transformation of sensibility. In this study based on letters and diaries, the author follows Virginians along the road from classicism to romanticism, from stoicism to sentimentality, from deism to evangelicalism, and from an optimistic, outgoing concept of happiness found in action in the public arena to a view of happiness as unlikely to be found outside the family, and even there under threat of disease, death, and debt. These emotional or spiritual changes were part of a worldwide trend, as Dr. Johnson and Voltaire gave way to Byron and Chateaubriand. Virginia was a special case, however. In the eighteenth century, lucky and pertinacious acquisitors had assembled estates large enough to endow all their children, but by the early nineteenth century, when the soil had been depleted by tobacco culture, these properties could not support gentry without the most scrupulous attention to the details of money-making. Many of the younger Virginians moved to take up new land to the west or south; some of the others succeeded in holding on in Virginia, and some failed. The author writes sympathetically of the gentlewomen whose absolute dependence on troubled men was a trouble of its own, and of the disappointment and perplexity of people who had been given all they could want and found it not enough.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BURGLAR WHO PAINTED LIKE MONDRIAN, by Lawrence Block (Arbor House; $14.50). Another amoral adventure starring Bernie Rhodenbarr, New York antiquarian bookseller and sometime burglar. Both his occupations are in evidence here. He is hired by a rich resident of the luxurious Charlemagne apartment house to appraise his library and, after doing so, yields to temptation and burgles another place, a couple of floors below. This involves him in a murder and the mysterious coming and going of a painting by Mondrian. None of this makes any kind of sense, but Mr. Block's pace, dialogue, and genuinely good humor keep us trotting happily along at his side.

DEAD IN THE WATER, by Ted Wood (Scribners; $11.95). What kind of a guy is Reid Bennett, the Canadian cop who gets top billing in this lively first novel? Well, here he is on page 1: "It could have ended there, with one dead, if the second one hadn't come at me. I pinned him but the third one didn't take the hint and so I had to break the arm on the one I was holding and put the third one down. He had a knife so I hurt him." Bennett is the one-man (plus a dog) police force in the little summer-resort town of Murphy's Harbour, Ontario, and although assorted villains come at him from every direction on every page he is more than enough for them. And he also gets a lovely blond girl from New York City. Pretty good stuff.

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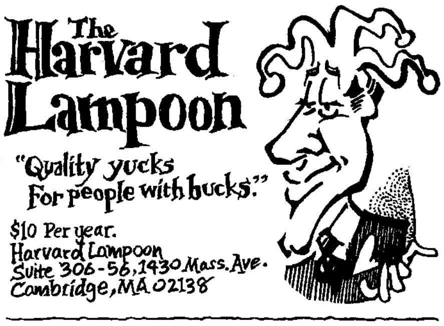
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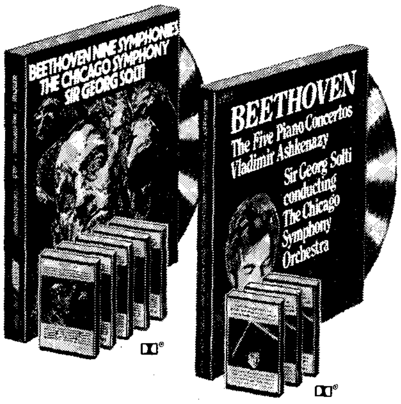
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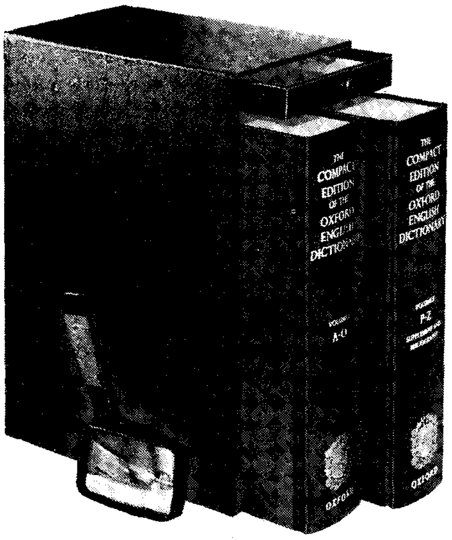
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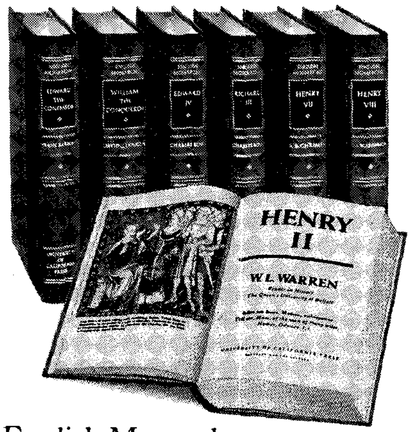
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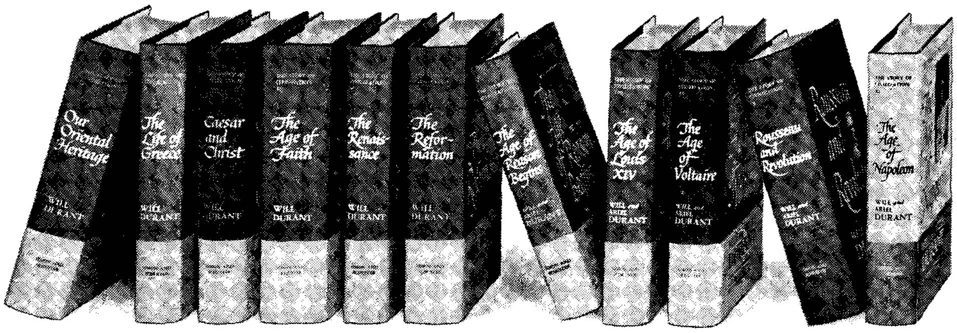
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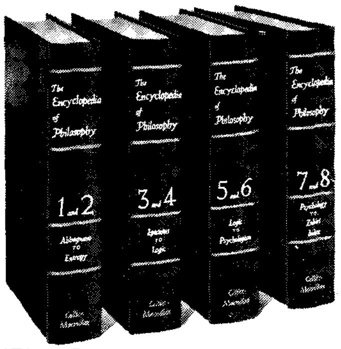
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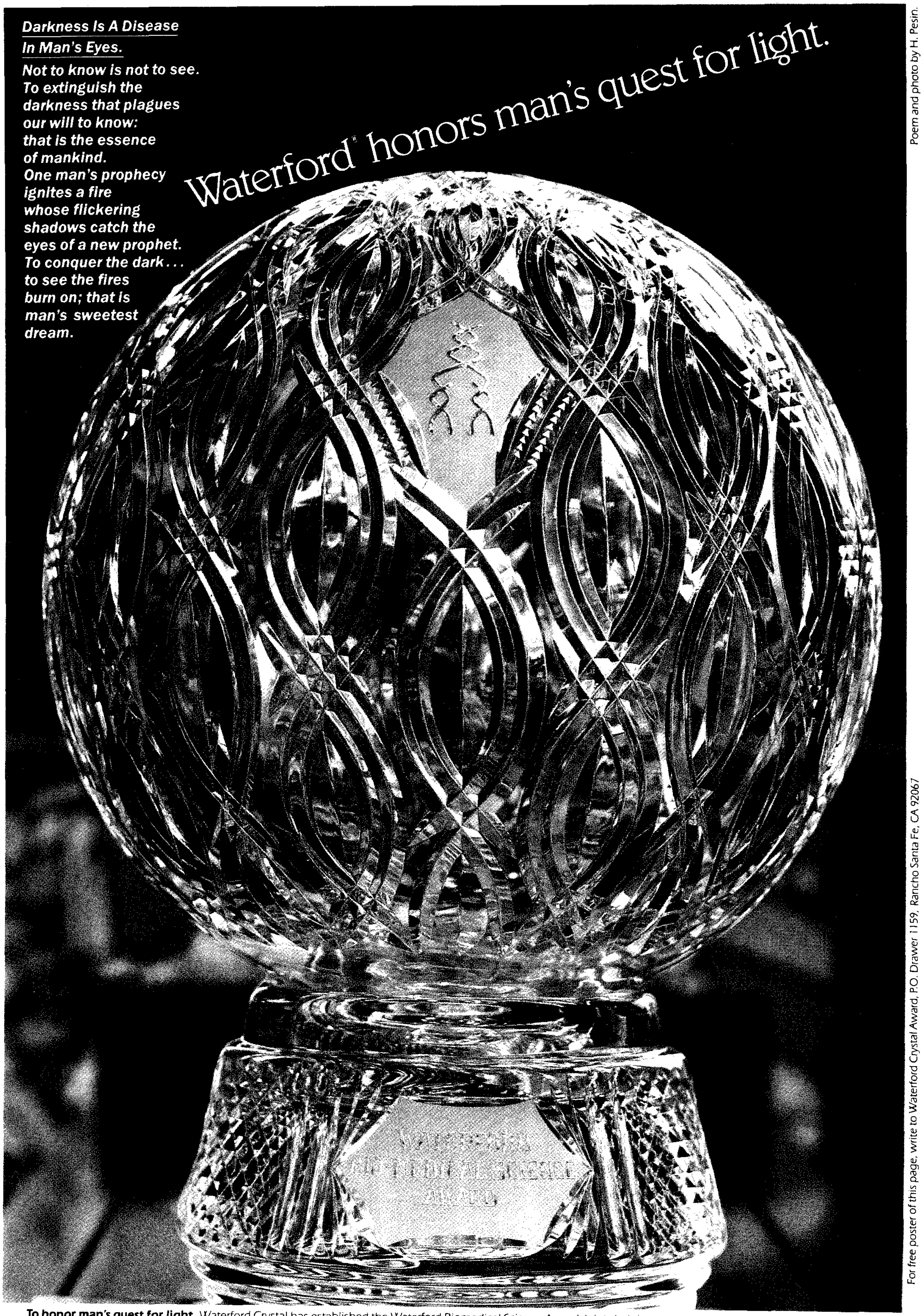

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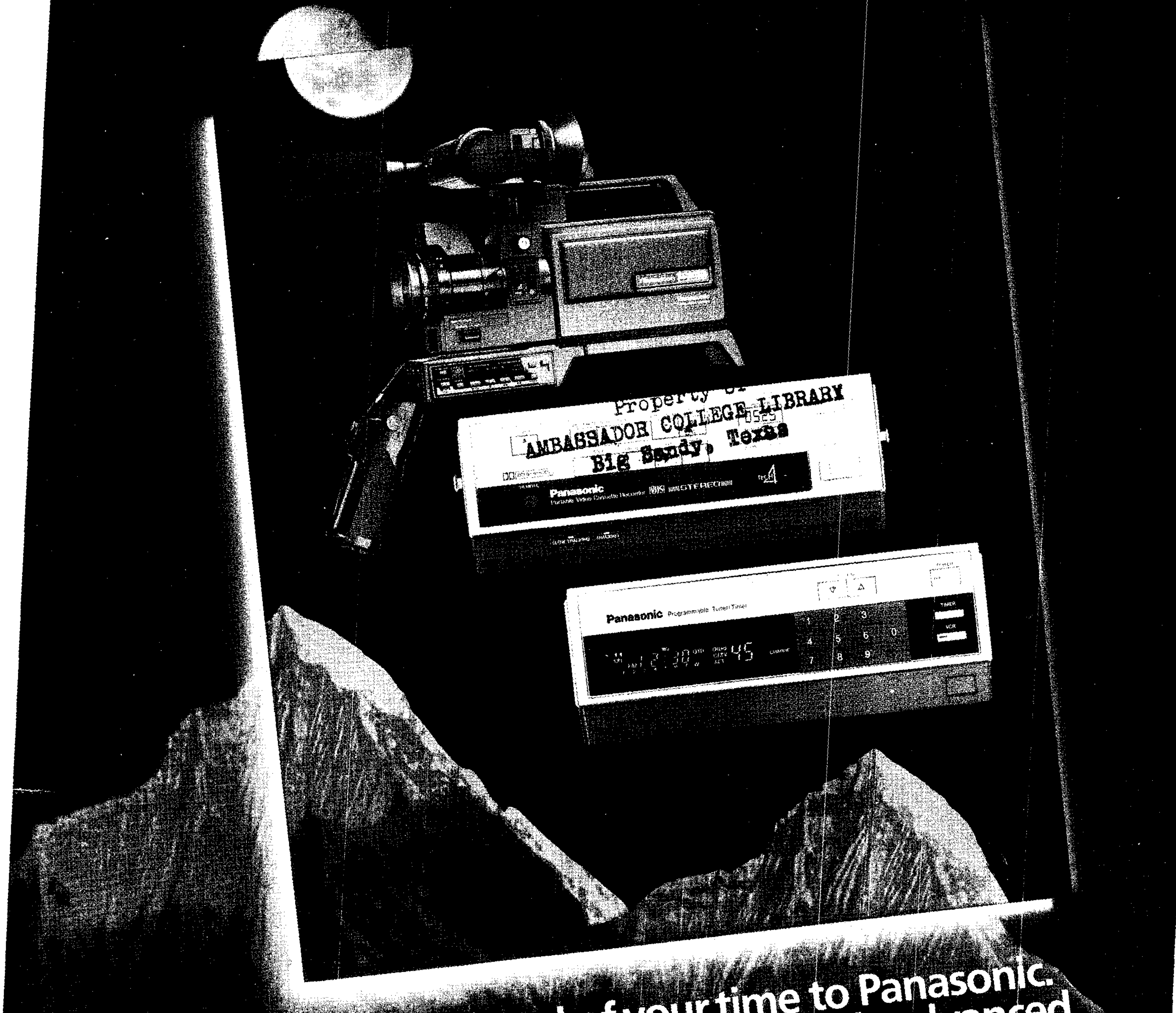
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